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AUGUST
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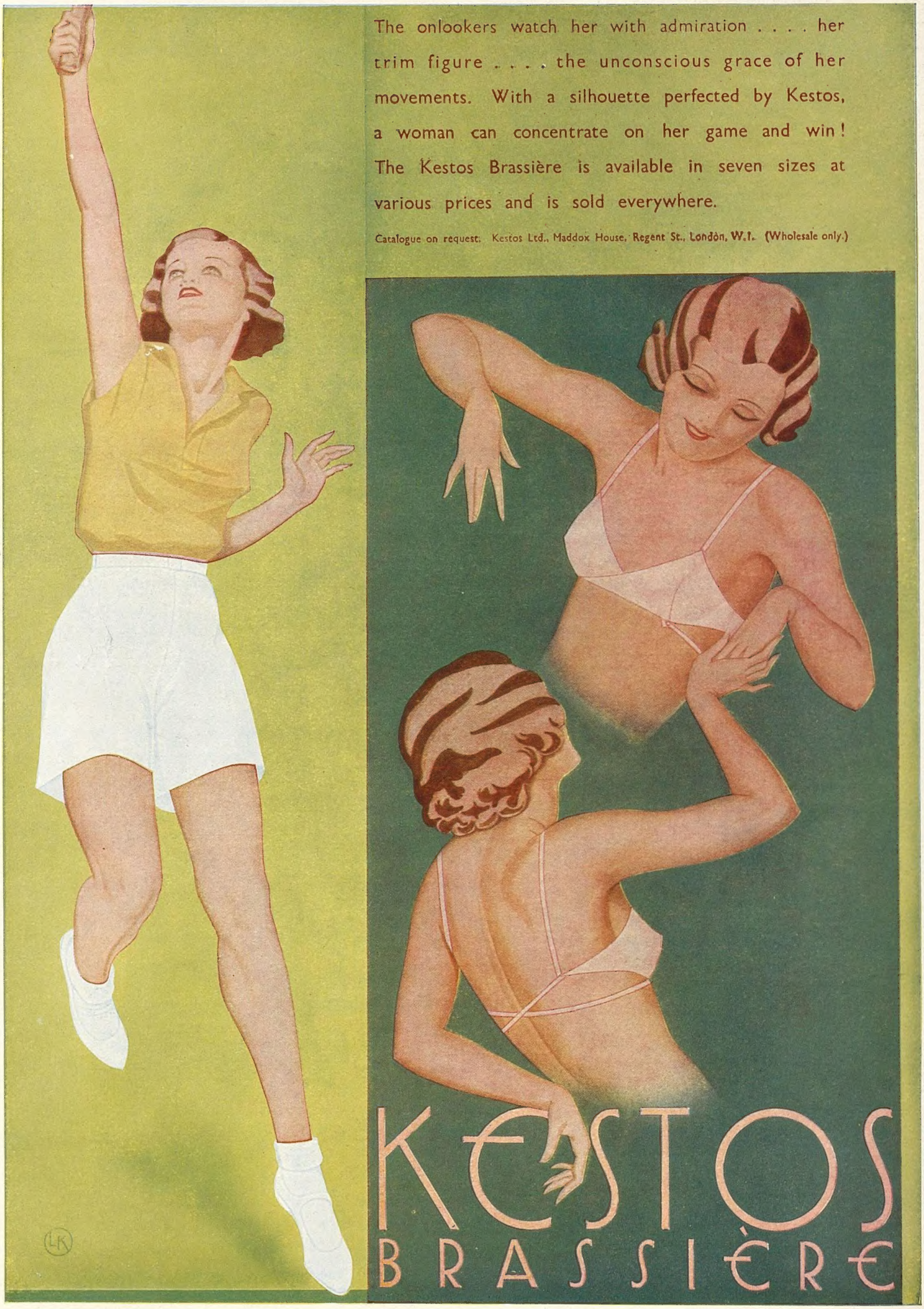

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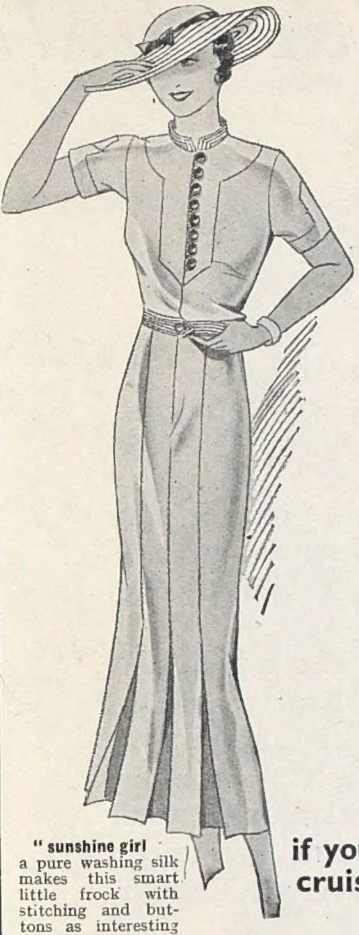

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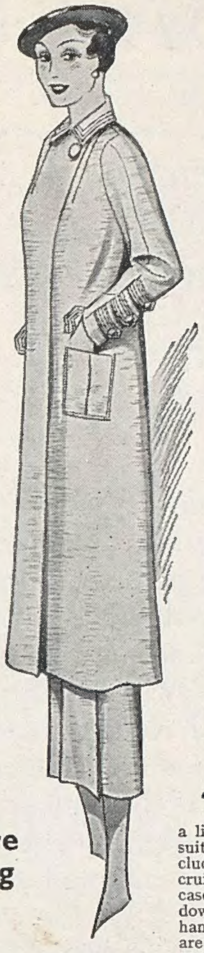

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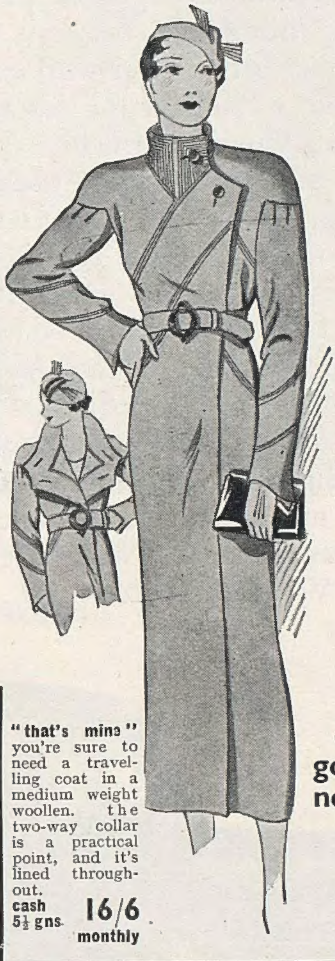

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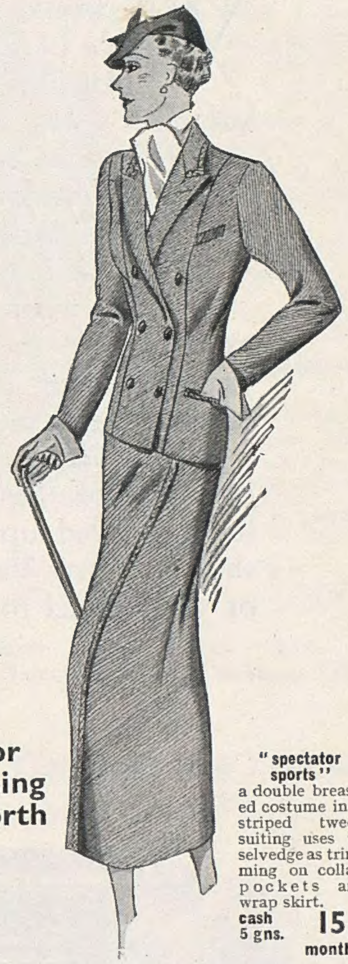

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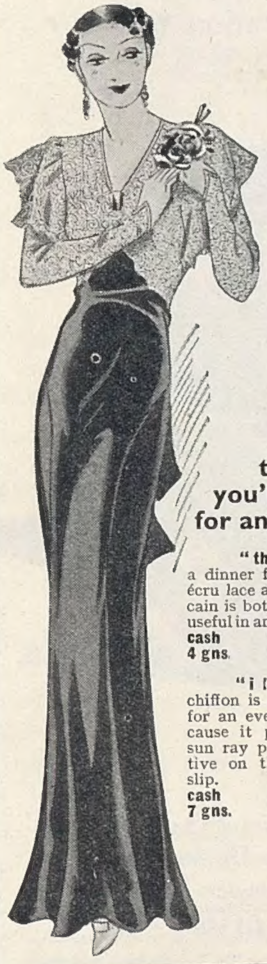

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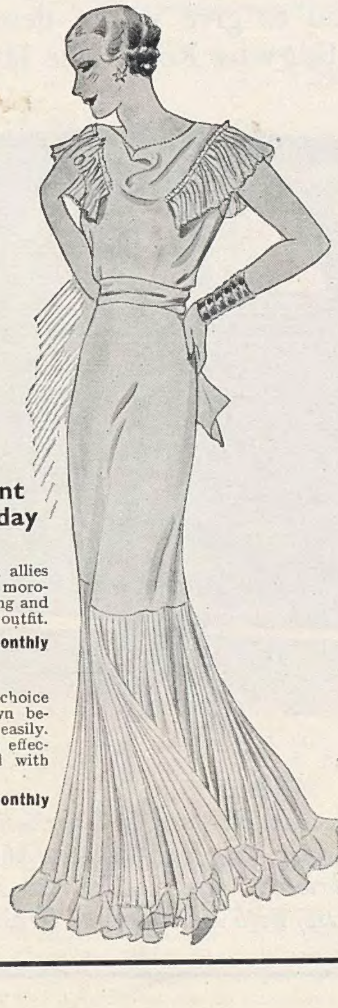

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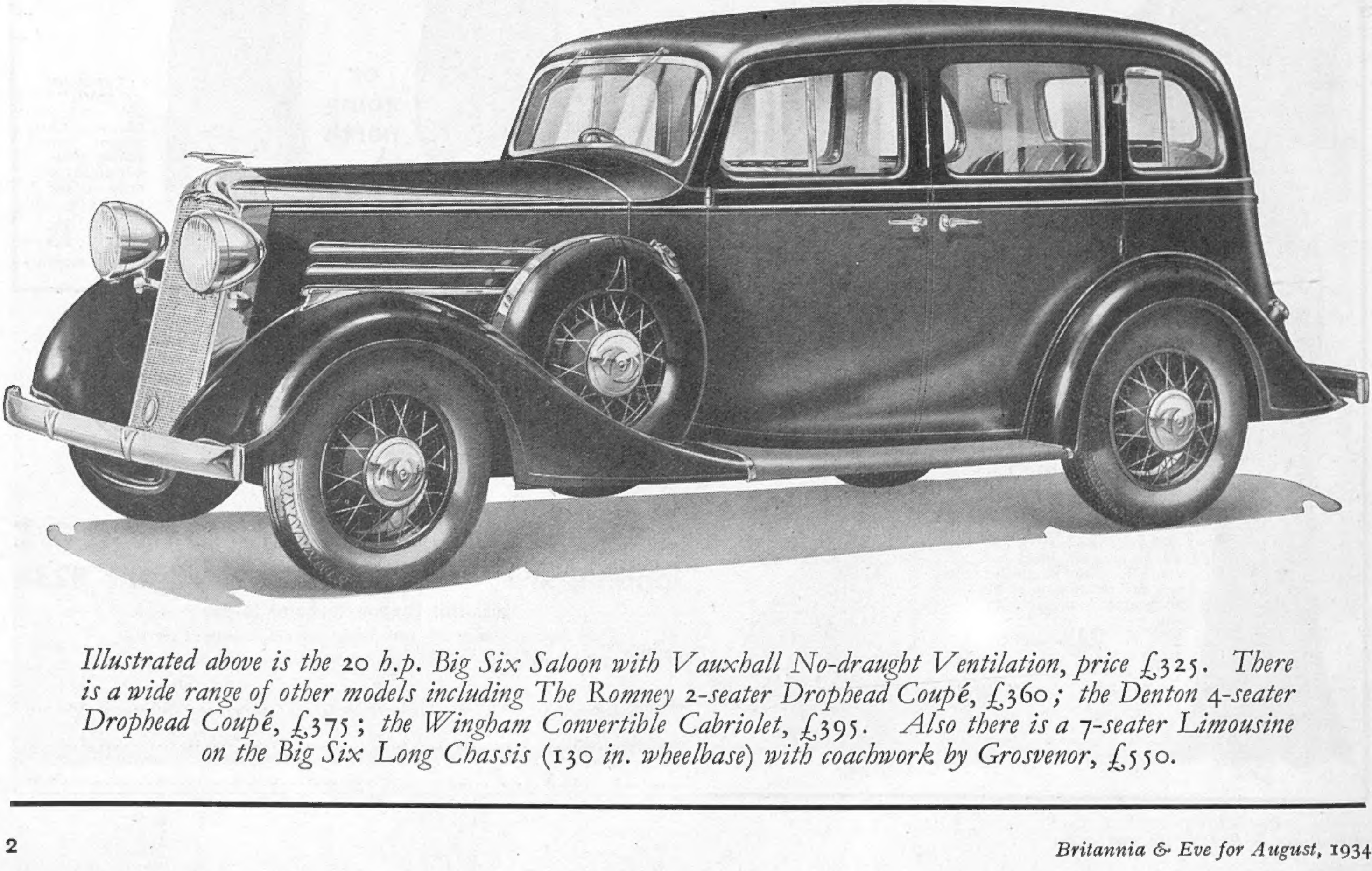

Illustrated above is the 20 h.p. Big Six Saloon with Vauxhall No-draught Ventilation, price £325. There is a wide range of other models including The Romney 2-seater Drophead Coupé, £360; the Denton 4-seater Drophead Coupé, £375; the Wingham Convertible Cabriolet, £395. Also there is a 7-seater Limousine on the Big Six Long Chassis (130 in. wheelbase) with coachwork by Grosvenor, £550.

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 9, No. 2. AUGUST, 1934

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 116. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

ARE
YOU
READING
BRITANNIA AND EVE
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instructions she received; she kept herself secluded in her apartments until she was called. The tension of her nerves reached breaking-point when she heard the arrival of a retinue of cavalry as they swept over the cobbles of the courtyard—the horses to the stables; the men to the castle.

FOR nearly two days Malatesta was her father's guest before Francesca caught a glimpse of him.

It was towards sunset when two of her ladies rushed into her room, radiant and too excited for coherent speech.

"Come, come, Madonna Francesca."

"We have seen him."

"He is handsome as the blessed St. Michael."

"Come, Madonna Francesca."

"Happy the lips to touch that mouth."

Coldly Francesca arose. "Are you sure it is he?"

"Yes, Madonna, it is he, Malatesta, your betrothed. *Paolo il bello* (Paul the Fair)."

The girls, oblivious of etiquette, took their mistress by the hands and pulled her towards the door. Under the portico they collided with another group of maids, also coming to fetch Francesca. On every lip bubbled eulogy of the visitor, eulogy couched in the high-flown phrase, the ecstatic rhetoric, of the thirteenth century, the Age of Faith.

Pale of face, Francesca descended the stairs leading to the garden. Paolo, she was told, was strolling behind the low wall. In a moment he would reappear from behind the base of the tower.

The maidens left their mistress and gathered together under the portico, where they stood motionless—a group of living statuary frozen into momentary immobility.

Francesca stood by a rose tree, and, gathering the rioting blooms in her slender hands, buried her face in their crimson fragrance. . . . The slow rhythm of oncoming footsteps roused her . . . she turned. . . .

She was face to face with Paolo, the predestinate lover with whom her name is linked throughout the history of

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Fancy 25 years of suffering from ulcerated stomach; in and out of hospital, living on nothing but grated fish and milk. Even operations did no good. Would you not give up hope like Mrs. Terrell, of Talbot Road, London?

Yet you could be cured, as Mrs. Terrell was, by taking a short course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Here is her letter.

"I have had an ulcerated stomach for about 25 years and have been in hospital about 8 or 9 times for about 11 weeks. I came out last August after a serious operation. I had three previous operations. I was told I was cured but after a month I was just as bad as when I was taken away. I was seven weeks unable to do any housework or washing which my husband did when he came from work. I was living on nothing but grated fish and milk. I was just beginning to give up hope when I started taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I have never had such relief for years. Your Powder gave me the best Christmas I have had for years. I am now able to eat anything and get not the slightest pain."

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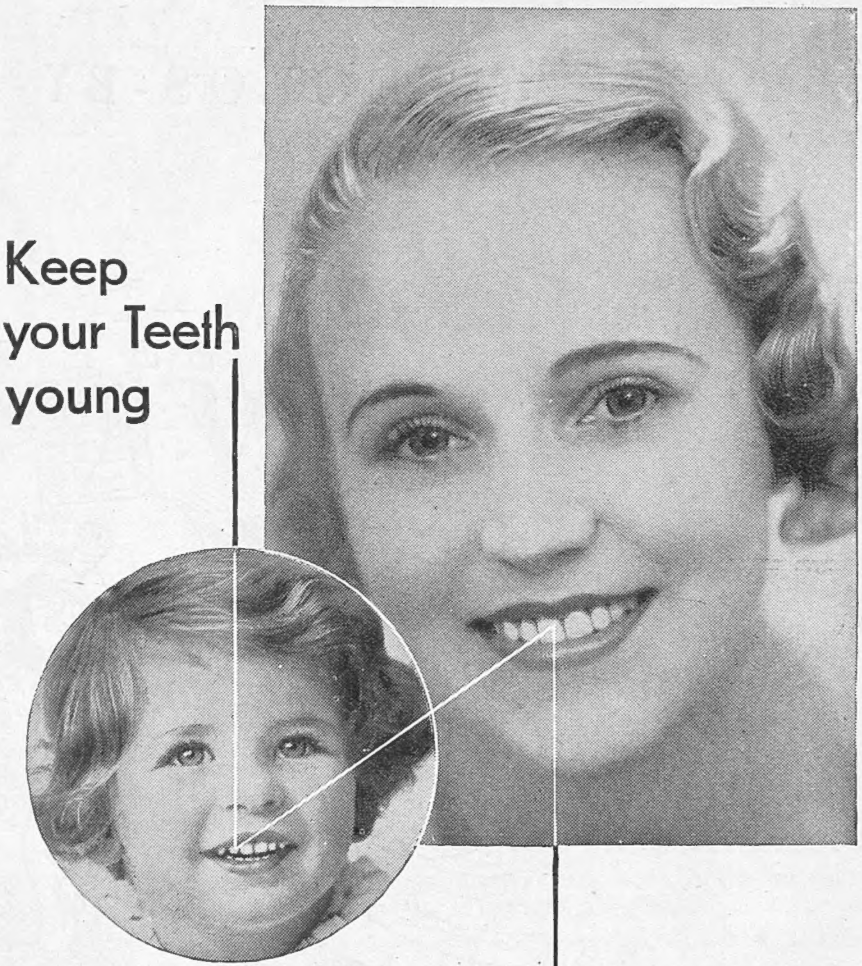

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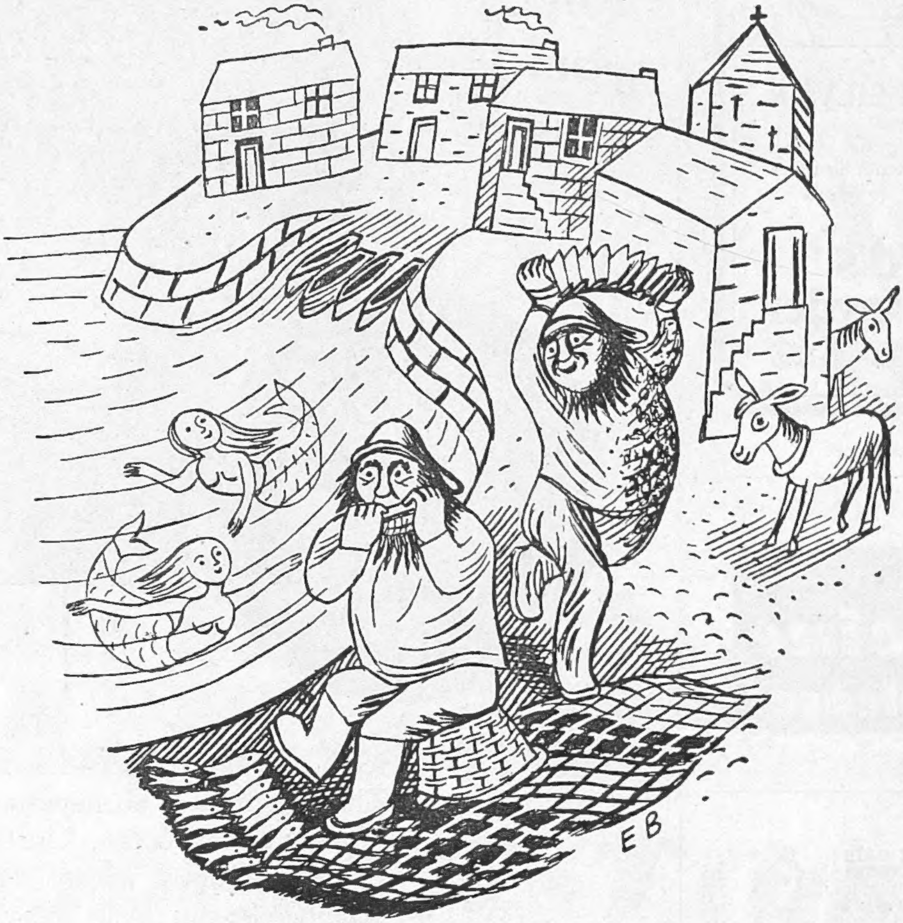

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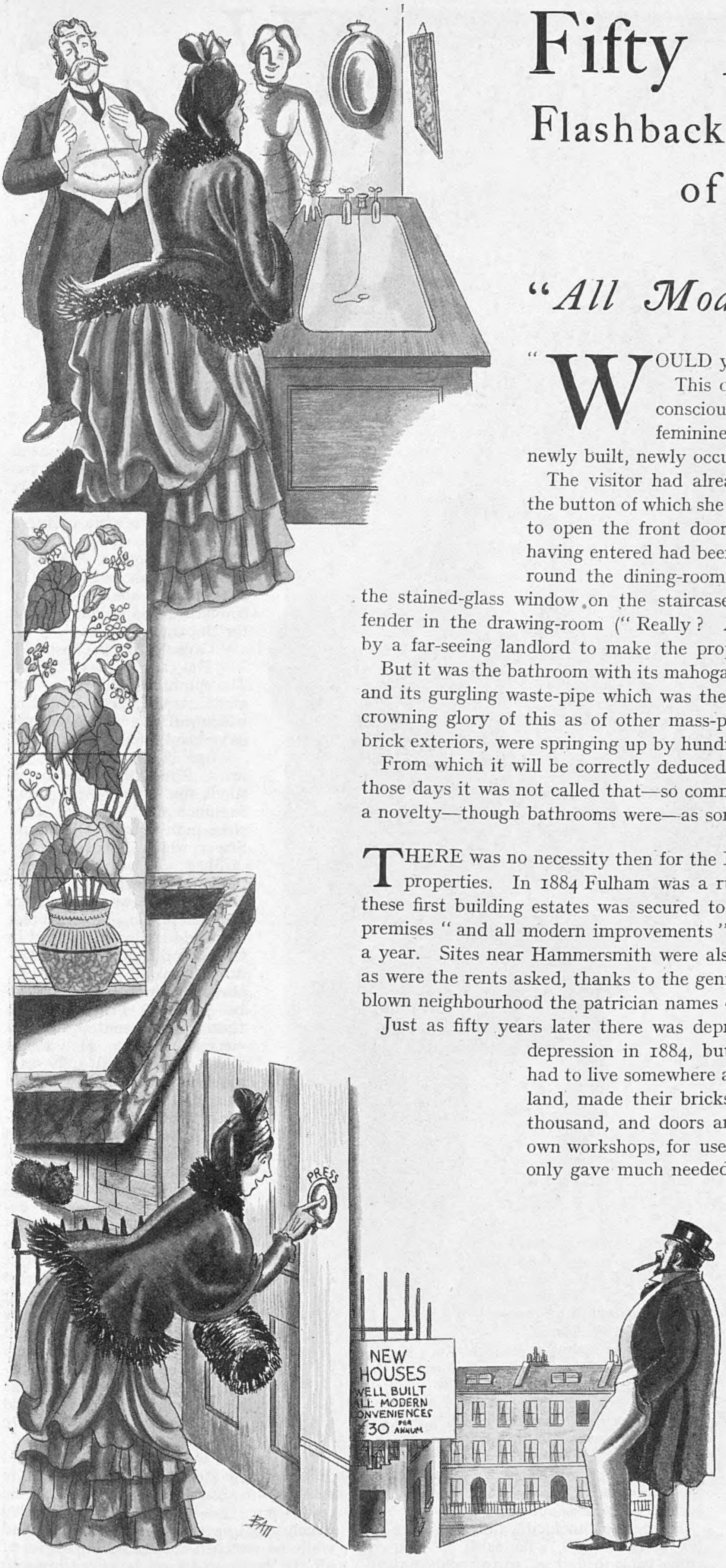
Fifty *Years* Ago

Flashbacks on the Screen of History

No. 8

"All Modern Conveniences"



"WOULD you like to see the bathroom ?"

This question would obviously be asked with conscious pride by the hostess of one of her feminine friends who had called to admire the newly built, newly occupied house fifty years ago.

The visitor had already been intrigued by the electric bell, the button of which she had pressed to summon the maidservant to open the front door ("How neat and how clever!"), and having entered had been shown by her friend the encaustic tiles round the dining-room fireplace ("and it saves black-lead"), the stained-glass window on the staircase ("very effective"), and the marble fender in the drawing-room ("Really? *Real* marble!"), all fixtures thrown in by a far-seeing landlord to make the property more attractive.

But it was the bathroom with its mahogany-encased bath and its taps (H. and C.) and its gurgling waste-pipe which was the novelty, the *pièce de résistance*, and the crowning glory of this as of other mass-produced houses which, with warm, red-brick exteriors, were springing up by hundreds in London suburbs.

From which it will be correctly deduced that house mass production—though in those days it was not called that—so commonplace nowadays, is not quite so great a novelty—though bathrooms were—as some people might imagine.

THERE was no necessity then for the Londoner to travel far afield to view such properties. In 1884 Fulham was a rural village, and it was here that one of these first building estates was secured to provide the householder with fair-sized premises "and all modern improvements" at the reasonable sum of thirty pounds a year. Sites near Hammersmith were also chosen; there the houses were bigger, as were the rents asked, thanks to the genius who gave to that then somewhat fly-blown neighbourhood the patrician names of West Kensington and Baron's Court.

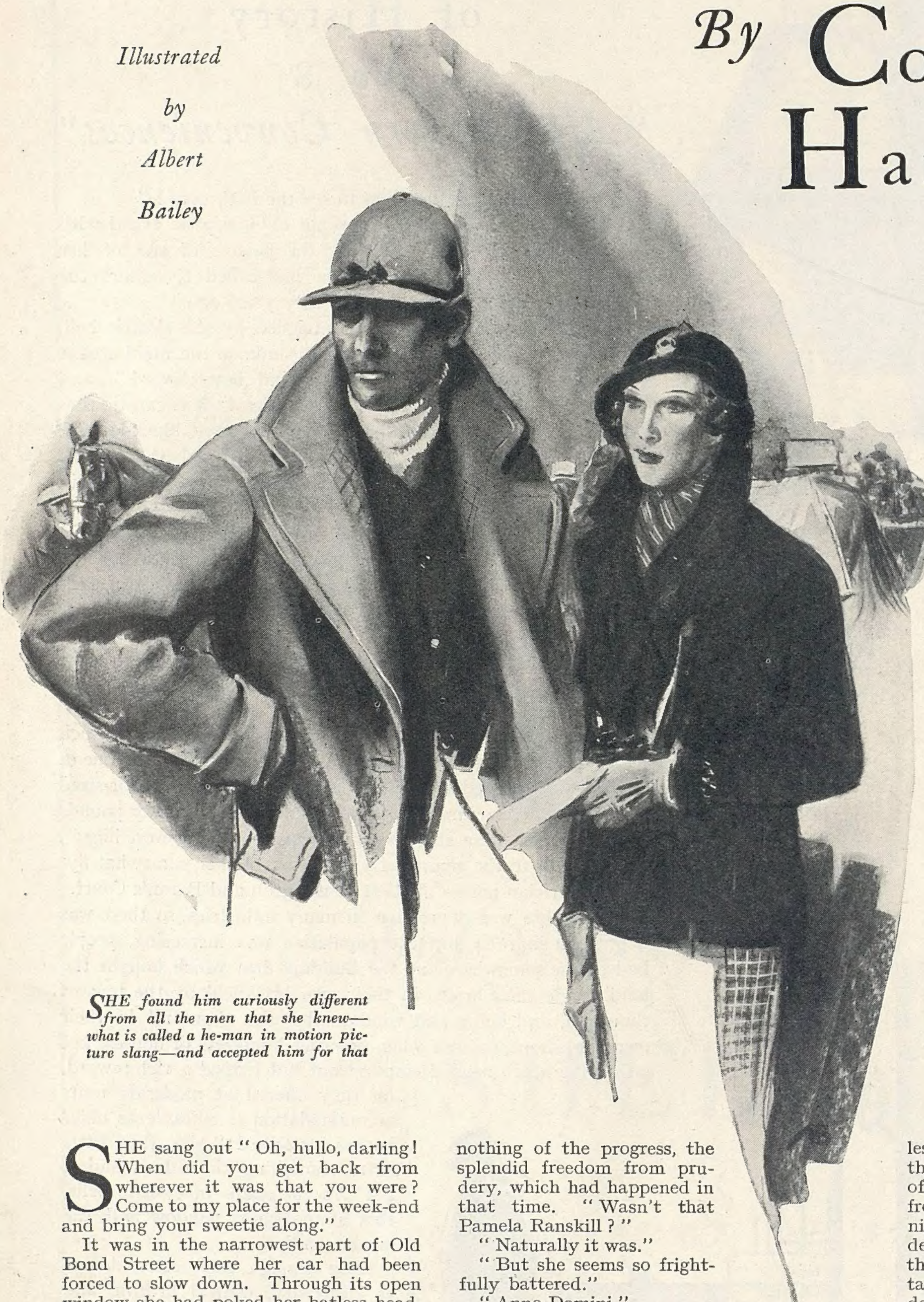
Just as fifty years later there was depression in many industries, so there was depression in 1884, but the population was increasing, people had to live somewhere and the building firm which bought the land, made their bricks in their own brickfield by the tens of thousand, and doors and windows by the thousand in their own workshops, for use when erecting hundreds of houses, not only gave much needed employment but reaped a rich reward, for they offered at moderate rents accommodation as suitable as older houses possessed "plus that little extra something the others hadn't got" in the shape of electric bells, that stained-glass window and the marble fender.

Even though such conveniences as electricity, central heating and refrigerators, which are commonplaces in all sorts and conditions of houses to-day, were not then thought of, yet it is doubtful whether any of them gave that thrill of possession which the housewife of 1884 secured when asking "Would you like to see the bathroom ?"

And Now—What?

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



SHE found him curiously different from all the men that she knew—what is called a he-man in motion picture slang—and accepted him for that

SHE sang out "Oh, hullo, darling! When did you get back from wherever it was that you were? Come to my place for the week-end and bring your sweetie along."

It was in the narrowest part of Old Bond Street where her car had been forced to slow down. Through its open window she had poked her hatless head. Her hair had been newly tinted and her face, which once had been lovely, was fresh from the rescuer's hands. And she spoke, as was her habit, at the top of her carrying voice. Her father in a spectacular prime had commanded the Grenadiers, and had left her that at least.

Brecon turned to Harperley in the utmost astonishment. He had been three years out of England and knew nothing of the progress, the splendid freedom from prudery, which had happened in that time. "Wasn't that Pamela Ranskill?"

"Naturally it was."

"But she seems so frightfully battered."

"Anno Domini."

"And did she really mean that one can take a girl to her place? Or was she talking through her hat?"

"She hasn't got a hat."

"But, good Lord, I ask you, what sort of place does she run?"

Harperley chuckled a bit. "You're in for some shocks," he said. "You've come back to find us, so to speak, naked and unashamed. I mean mentally as well as physically, as you'll jolly quickly see. We're achieving civilisation. A spade's no longer a shovel and we're out of swaddling clothes. We're a little self-conscious about it but in the usual manner of converts are working hard for the cause."

"Cause? What cause?"

"The cause of civilisation. The summit of the arch. The great triumphant era in which all the old decencies have been happily cast off."

They made their way towards Piccadilly, mostly in single file. They were going to lunch at White's. There were many changes in Bond Street which Brecon greatly disliked. As a confirmed and inalienable Die-hard, everything in the way of change was deeply to be deplored. He could see nothing good in those shop-fronts with "modern" invisible glass or their slavish imitation of those to be seen in France. More than all he resented the red electric signs. He found them vulgar and ugly and annoying to the eye. He was definitely out of sympathy with the No-Hat Brigade, who evidently wished to turn London into a holiday resort. And as for the men who flaunted themselves in Hollywood plus-fours, better described as plus-fives, collarless and with sweaters tucked into these hideous things, he was bereft of words. Having only returned from Bermuda in time to dine last night, he had got to see red at the desecration of Berkeley Square and the frightful things which were taking place on the site of Lansdowne House. When he took his seat in the House of Lords he would have bitter things to say. Too late then perhaps.

But it was not until they faced death as they stood abreast in Piccadilly to cross to St. James's Street that he could put the question to Harperley which was uppermost in his mind. And while he watched the frantic struggles of all the buses and cars he asked himself,

An Earl, a Girl, and a Road House

with the wonderment of the last of the four-wheel cabs, "What's all the hurry about?"

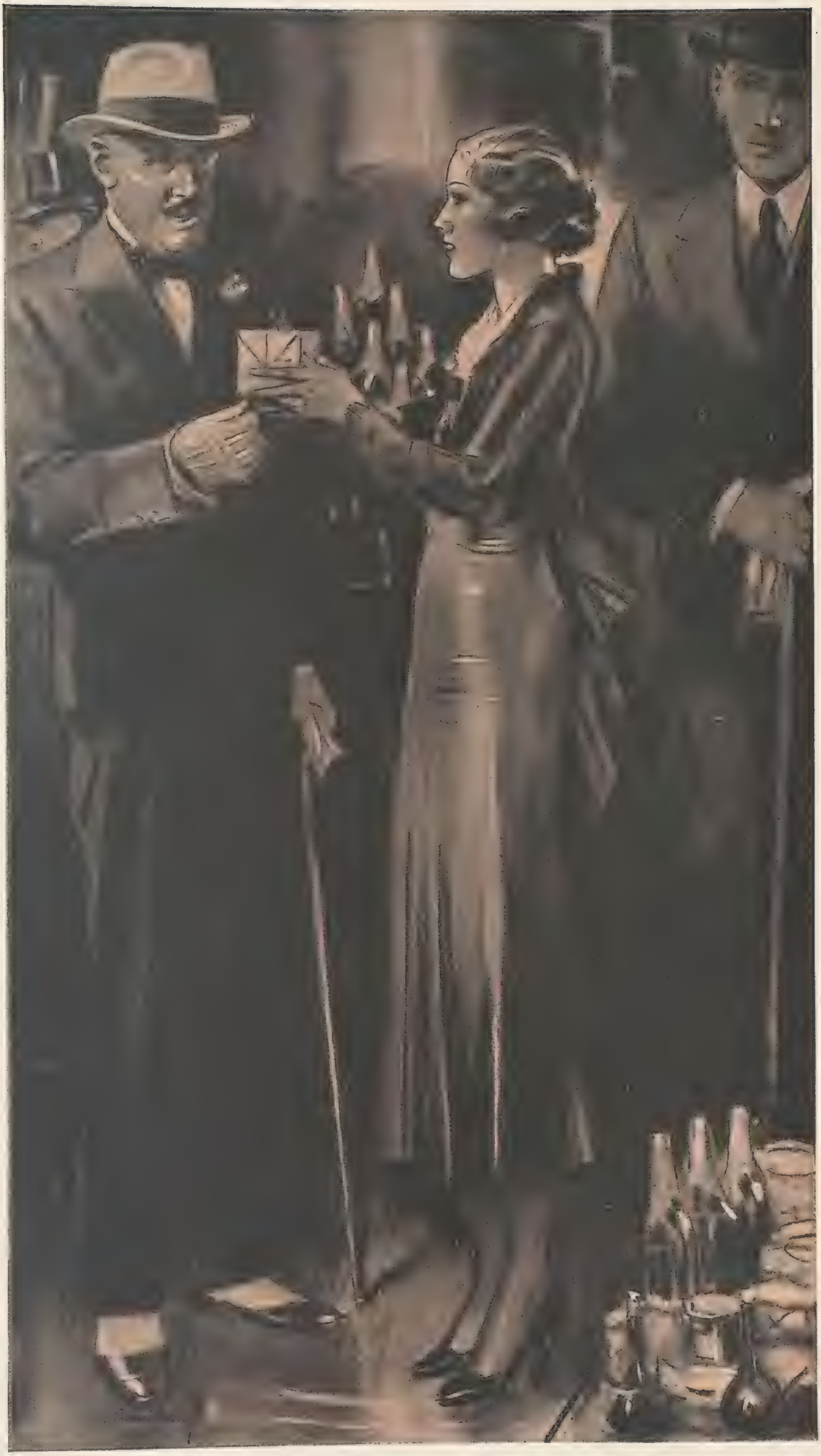
"Has Pamela left Old Manor, then, and been divorced by Bill?"

Harperley chuckled again. At school, and later at Sandhurst, it was one of his daily hobbies to pull old Brecon's leg. He had always been thought of as old. He took life so devilish seriously and with a sense of responsibility which had struck them all as absurd. Some of them called him "The Rock," because, like Gibraltar, he was impregnable to assault. He even resisted temptation and thus broke the most rigid of laws.

"No, for a wonder," he said. "They're almost the only couple who haven't sought release. They're still at Old Manor together as merry as ever they were. But when Bill went bust in '31 Pamela became heroic and at the same time businesslike. She made the place a road-house with an American bar, a bathing-pool, half a dozen tennis courts and a nine-hole links in the park. Last year in that freakish sunshine the place was like Juan-les-Pins. People swarmed upon it and they parked as many cars there as at the Aldershot Tattoo. There were only a couple of inches not brown on any woman there. Pretty soon, when the corpse of Dora has been put where it ought to be—she's been on ice for years—they'll start a smart casino with roulette and baccarat, and that'll smash Le Touquet and keep the English at home. Yes. You'll find that even the Government is moving a bit with the times."

Brecon said "Good God!"

And Harperley, whose latter statement was made with his tongue in his cheek, because the Government clung



WHAT was she doing in this confounded place—the girl who ought to have been the mother of his heir? Did this come under the heading of what Harperley called the Cause? Was it a part of progress for such girls to work in shops?

to Dora with a deep fanatical love, watched for the changing light. And then, with his hand on Brecon's arm, he crossed the street in safety to the bitterness of the cars. He said " If between now and Saturday you can pluck a nice little peach—there are thousands of 'em about—give the place a trial. It'll broaden you a bit."

Incredible as it is certain to be to every normal man, Brecon was impregnable in the matter of peaches too. But, although it was quixotic, he had a reason for this. Before he went to Bermuda to command the native police, a pleasant and easy job in so delightful a spot, he had fallen on his face at the feet of Norah Lynn. Nineteen she was at the moment to his twenty-nine. He met her at the wedding of his little sister Jean, a bridesmaid, one of eight, who, with her vivid beauty and exterminating smile, made the others invisible to his enchanted eyes. Just as she was his first love, she was bound to be his last. He was that sort of man.

To the people we have all met who always know what's what and indulge in criminal libels every time they speak, she accepted him for his title and the fact that he was heir to the portentous Earl of Knock. It goes without saying that it was defamation of character and out of key with the times, because, if she had wanted a title, she need only have bent down a little to pick one out of the heap. To have escaped the epidemic would have made her unique.

She found him curiously different from all the men that she knew—what is called a he-man in motion picture slang—and accepted him for that. It was an engagement of surprise. And she liked him for his height and strength and the fact that he rode in point-to-points and was invincible at squash. She liked him for his black hair and the Highland blue of his eyes. But, after a bit, his rockishness and inelastic views got badly on her nerves. He was safety first, it transpired. Being " out," she wanted to stay out and hit it up with the rest. Life was queerly short, and already nineteen years had gone in training for the event. He detested the progressive looseness which was seeping into things. To her, a recruit in the Youth Movement, it was all enormous fun. Then, too, the idea of Bermuda and a bungalow thousands of miles from Cannes and Biarritz, the prospect of an immediate baby to conform to the family wish, no theatres, night-clubs, and racing, or the sickening thrill of the parties in the all too numerous mews, was quite unbearable. And so, after three months of backwoodism, she asked him for the chuck.

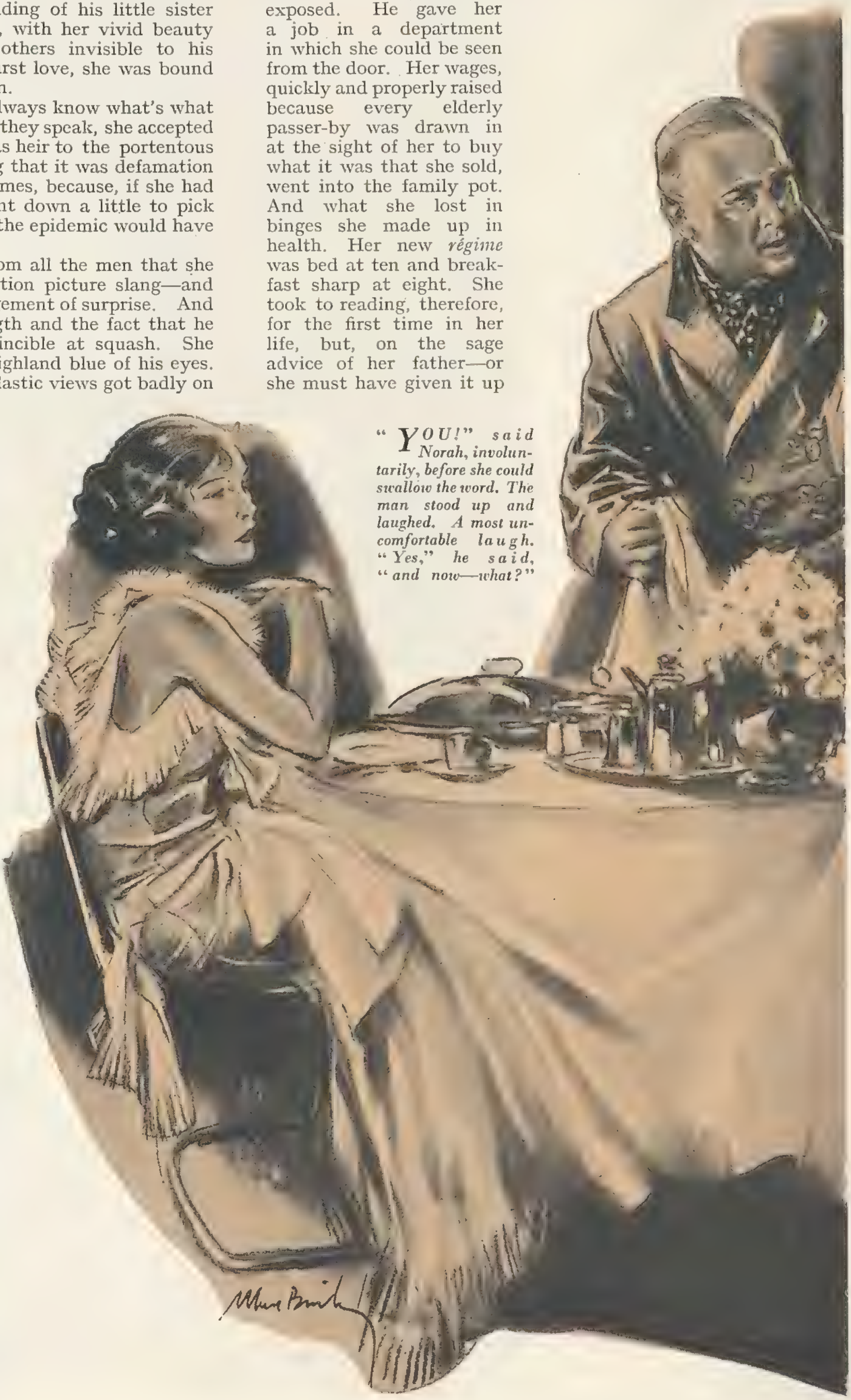
BRECON was appalled. Just as an umpire's verdict was an incontestable thing, so her decision must be accepted without comment or protest. It was done one night at the Café de Paris in the simplest and fewest words. She said as they were dancing : " Darling, it isn't a go. I vote we cut our losses and call the thing a flop." To which he answered steadily, though he died a little death, " All right, if that suits you." It was thereupon put in the papers that the marriage would not take place, and that, except for backchat, was the end of it.

Brecon pulled the proper string to get the Bermuda job, and left London looking healthy, but with a hole through his heart.

Glad, though hurt a little at his way of taking it—he might have put up a fight to please her vanity—Norah carried on. But she was moved to sudden emotion and a slight sense of shame by a note that she received from him the night before he sailed. " I shall love you all my life," he wrote, " and if ever you're in trouble and stand in need of a pal, I'll come to you from wherever I am if it's the end of the earth."

" Damn, oh damn ! " she said to herself. " It would have been an historical wow if only he weren't so Gib-ish, so fearfully pre-war." As time went on she missed him and found that he had captured the nicest part of her soul.

Away went thirty-one, two and three, good years for her though worse than bad for her father, nearly all of whose money was invested in New York. He saw his Anaconda, bought at 168, drop to and stick at 5 ! The rest had taken a similar toss and lay with shaken spines. And so Norah went with her old birds from a delightful house in Hill Street to an upper part in the purlieus of S.W.7. Much to their amazement, and somewhat to her own, she went at once to a man she knew who was one of the brainy directors of London's most famous shop in which everything to eat and wear was seductively exposed. He gave her a job in a department in which she could be seen from the door. Her wages, quickly and properly raised because every elderly passer-by was drawn in at the sight of her to buy what it was that she sold, went into the family pot. And what she lost in binges she made up in health. Her new *régime* was bed at ten and breakfast sharp at eight. She took to reading, therefore, for the first time in her life, but, on the sage advice of her father—or she must have given it up

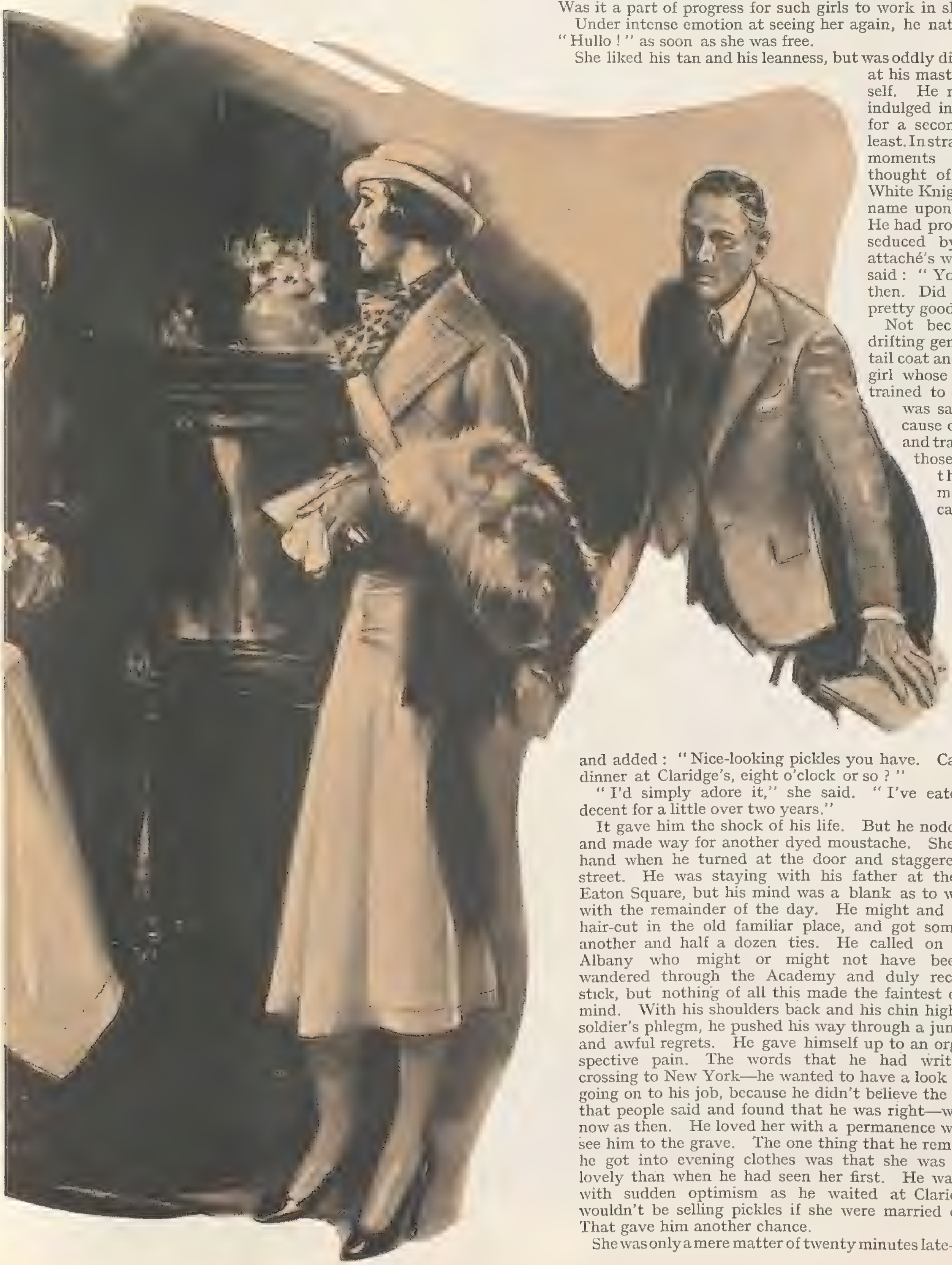


" YOU!" said Norah, involuntarily, before she could swallow the word. The man stood up and laughed. A most uncomfortable laugh. " Yes," he said, " and now—what?"

—with his books that were of the vintage of a hundred years ago.

It was at her that Harperley pointed with a quick jerk of his thumb as they passed the door of the red brick shop, after stoking up at White's. He said "Reverting to Pamela's road-house, there's a peach if you like. She'll be devilish glad to be given a spree after standing all day for a week."

He saw that Brecon's mouth fell, and that his eyes shot out of his head. He saw that a curious greyness undermined his sub-tropical tan. And before he could say "Jack Robinson"—not that he ever did—he saw him enter the building like an Arab to a well. He had known Norah Lynn in the old days, but who could expect his memory to reach back as far as that?



And so, with a hopeful feeling, he went his separate way. He had known a case where old Adam had brought a Die-hard down.

She was serving an Anglo-Indian who was obviously making a collection of pots of caviare. He bought them twice a day. He was shy, but optimistic. He had dyed his white moustache. She saw Brecon and cried out "Ronald!" touched his arm with her fingers and went on talking weather to the ex-commissioner.

Brecon stood easy therefore, but only with his feet. His mind was like somebody's washing in an Occidental wind. In God's name, what was she doing in this confounded place—the girl who ought to have been the mother of his heir? Did this come under the heading of what Harperley called the Cause? Was it a part of progress for such girls to work in shops?

Under intense emotion at seeing her again, he naturally said "Hullo!" as soon as she was free.

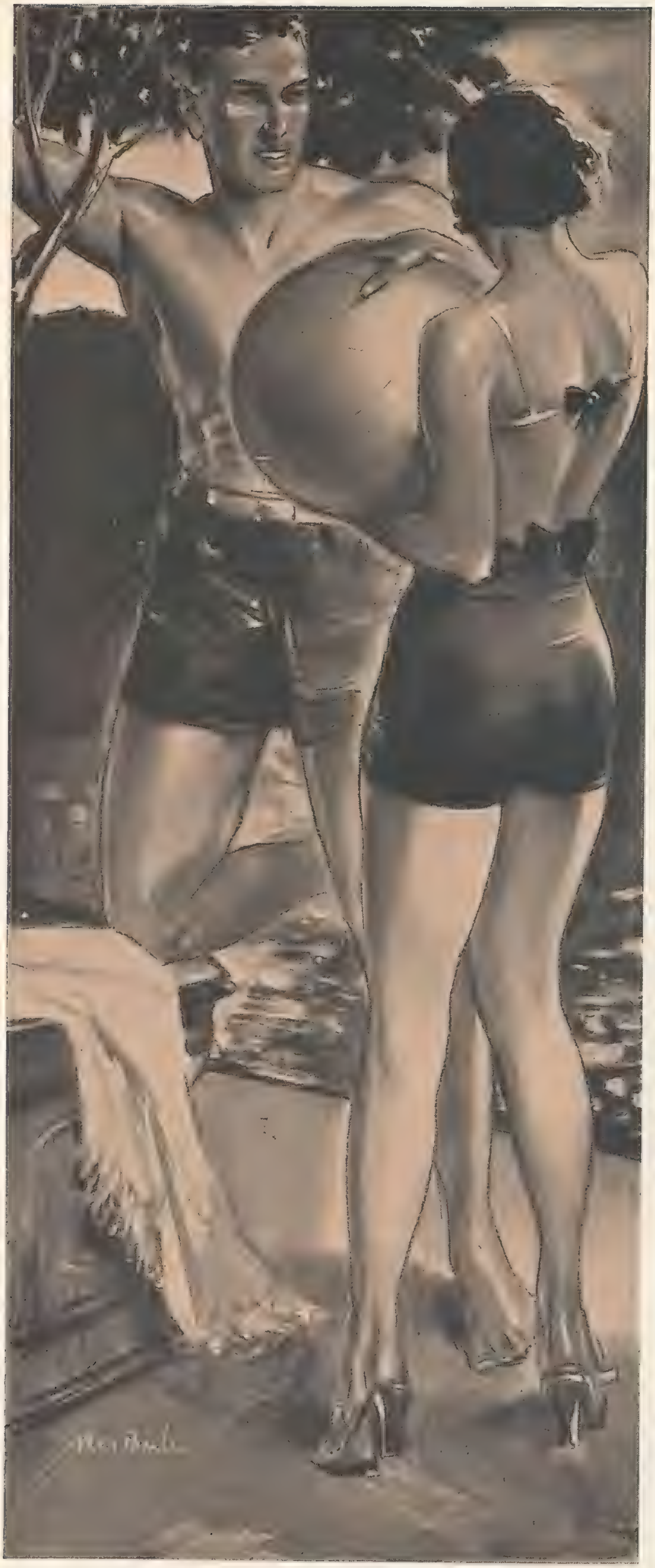
She liked his tan and his leanness, but was oddly disappointed at his mastery of himself. He might have indulged in dramatics for a second or so at least. In stray romantic moments she had thought of him as a White Knight with her name upon his shield. He had probably been seduced by a naval attaché's wife. So she said: "You're back, then. Did you have a pretty good time?"

Not because of a drifting gent in a long-tail coat and a near-by girl whose ears were trained to catch what was said, but because of character and tradition, and those other dead things, he made some casual reply, and added: "Nice-looking pickles you have. Care to have dinner at Claridge's, eight o'clock or so?"

"I'd simply adore it," she said. "I've eaten nothing decent for a little over two years."

It gave him the shock of his life. But he nodded, hatted and made way for another dyed moustache. She waved her hand when he turned at the door and staggered into the street. He was staying with his father at the house in Eaton Square, but his mind was a blank as to what he did with the remainder of the day. He might and did have a hair-cut in the old familiar place, and got some socks at another and half a dozen ties. He called on a man in Albany who might or might not have been in and wandered through the Academy and duly reclaimed his stick, but nothing of all this made the faintest dent on his mind. With his shoulders back and his chin high, and all a soldier's phlegm, he pushed his way through a jungle of dark and awful regrets. He gave himself up to an orgy of introspective pain. The words that he had written before crossing to New York—he wanted to have a look at it before going on to his job, because he didn't believe the wild things that people said and found that he was right—were as true now as then. He loved her with a permanence which would see him to the grave. The one thing that he remembered as he got into evening clothes was that she was even more lovely than when he had seen her first. He was swamped with sudden optimism as he waited at Claridge's. She wouldn't be selling pickles if she were married or engaged. That gave him another chance.

She was only a mere matter of twenty minutes late—and worth



IT forced him to quadruple his efforts to make her holiday good, so that he became a temporary convert to all the creeds of the Cause

it, as she knew. Although her frock was off the peg, her back was ravishing. Sleep, a minimum of cigarettes, a total absence of cocktails and the daily standing exercises at her noticeable job, had made her as fit as those German girls who throw up their arms to the crooked cross and goose-step in shorts. She was sorry that she wouldn't be seen by those of her former gang. But they never had dinner of course. They drank sherry from seven to half-past ten, packed together like sardines in their futuristic haunts, eating whatever was lying about in the way of sandwiches, and then adjourned to night-clubs for kippers and saxophones. But the people who worked and made money were there with bejewelled wives, and their gasps of admiration were very comforting. The atmosphere had dignity and the band played instruments.

The maître d'hôtel nearly snapped his spine as they entered the dining room. He had not seen any such couple since 1931. He helped Brecon to order a dinner which was 1929. He was almost moved to tears.

She laid her hand on Brecon's arm, which was as hard as his stringent rules. "Better than ever," she said. "Rough out a brief scenario of your life among the blacks." She toyed with Amontillado, nutty, light and gold.

He dismissed all that in a sentence which summed up with unconscious brilliance the whole of his dogged three years. "The footwork of my policemen is as smart as that of the Guards. Tell me about yourself."

"I was rather a foul little dog," she said, "not to have written at all. But I was never in what you call trouble, and so *mañana* held my pen. I've only to tell you that father, gulping down the microbe of American get-rich-quick, took it in the neck and couldn't rise to the count. And as he continues to be frozen, I'm one of the working girls. Yes, I could have been married during the year that you went away. But he charged into a motor-bus on the road to Camberley, and went out, poor dear, like a match. Since then, except in the Navy, no one marries, you know. The high cost of living and income tax have almost stamped it out. As well as the mood, of course. Although mine, just lately, has changed."

"Oh!" was all he managed to say, though he nearly dropped his knife. Was it in range of blessedness that it had changed since seeing him?

"Definitely good, this soup. A man who's very successful and wallows in the stuff—armaments, I suppose—has been coming to the shop."

He upset the salt.

"Mark it with a cross," she said, "or you'll have bad luck for years." Even youth in emancipation has roots that can't be cut.

"I've got it as it is. Go on."

"He's not exactly Adonis, and is verging on great age. Forty or thereabouts. But he's rather a charming creature, naïve, generous, reliable, resilient, with a very winning laugh. He played golf for Oxford and still does under five. I'm what he calls, in his ancient way, 'the apple of his eye.' We've been walking out for the last three months—that is, Rolls-Roycing about on Sundays and Saturday afternoons—and last Sunday, fed to the teeth with pickles and the automatic smile, I said I'd be his wife."

BRECON kicked himself. If he hadn't come home by New York to see the N.R.A. he might have been in time.

"And so we're going to be married and honeymoon at Antibes. It'll be fun to see it again. I shall be relieved to become an apple after having been a peach. The difference is a house in Sussex and no twice-daily 'bus." She sighed and smiled herbaciously, and gripped an imaginary club. Golf was her game too.

It seemed to Brecon that somebody was mucking about with the lights, and there was a bitter taste to the sole.

"But, before you go up North," she said, "to see where Scotland stands—I remember that that was your hobby, and one that seemed so absurd—

I can let you have this week-end from half-past eight on Saturday morning until Sunday night at ten. I can get the whole of Saturday by pulling a little string. Arthur's tied to his office, he's working on a report. Or have you fixed up something that will amuse you rather more? Ought I to say amuse? It used not to be one of your words."

He missed his mouth with his spoon. "Do you mean . . . that is, what *do* you mean?"

"We have what are called road-houses now. Tennis, a pool, a dance floor, any number of bedrooms and little huts under trees. They've broken out all over the place since you've been away. I'll chaperone you to one. Remember Pamela Ranskill? Hers has all the gadgets and one of those dire orchestras that operate on tunes. All the rage it is."

That carrying voice came back to him: "And bring your sweetie along."

He felt that there was only one thing for a moral man to do. To rise and make a speech. To condemn the civilisation as described by Harperley, and which he saw existed from Norah's blatancy, in no uncertain terms. He said nothing in the circumstances, and remained stiff-backed in his chair. But on his face, as Norah saw, was the whole blessed story of why she had asked to be chucked.

"To the pure all things are indecent," she said. "That's what I find so slimey in your tribe, Ronny dear. You see, in our hygienic freedom, an early Victorian filth. It's enough to make one sick." She spoke with indignation, impatience and a sort of emotional heat. "No wonder we've revolted against orthodoxy, brass hats, the ministerial collar and rustling petticoats. We're naked and unashamed."

There it was again in all its simple pride. It was, indeed, a Cause. But to Brecon, whose traditions were under a dome of glass, like a stiffly stuffed canary of antimacassar times, it was a dangerous cause. He could see nothing but retrogression in general nakedness. It was the return to a primitive paradise without the decency of the leaf. And he said so in the limited words of a soldier's lexicon. And in what was a brilliant afterthought he accused her of inconsistence in her plan to live in Sussex in a conventional married life. And he gibed at her business man, and went as near to sarcasm as he knew how to go at the words she had used in describing him—"naïve, generous, reliable"—Die-hard words they were.

But she was young and waved them off. In any case inconsistence is one of the gifts of youth, and certainly of a Cause. She said: "I shall introduce into marriage the latest modern note. And anyway, some of us must be sacrified to carry on the race. But going back to the label that you stick on Pamela's house, let me tell you this. The only men who use it for pre-war purposes are over forty and more. The gathering, surging movement is for intellect and sun-rays, the glorification of torso and the casting off of allegiance to all old shibboleths. Be a dear and drive me down and see it all for yourself. You'll return an optimist."

He would return to hopelessness and what, of course, he described to himself as unrequited love. But, at least, he could give her a little change from work, and delight, perhaps for the last time, in her single company.

"What time shall I be at your house?" he asked.

He won the particular smile that had sent him on his face. "Can you manage half-past eight?"

"Of course I can," he said.

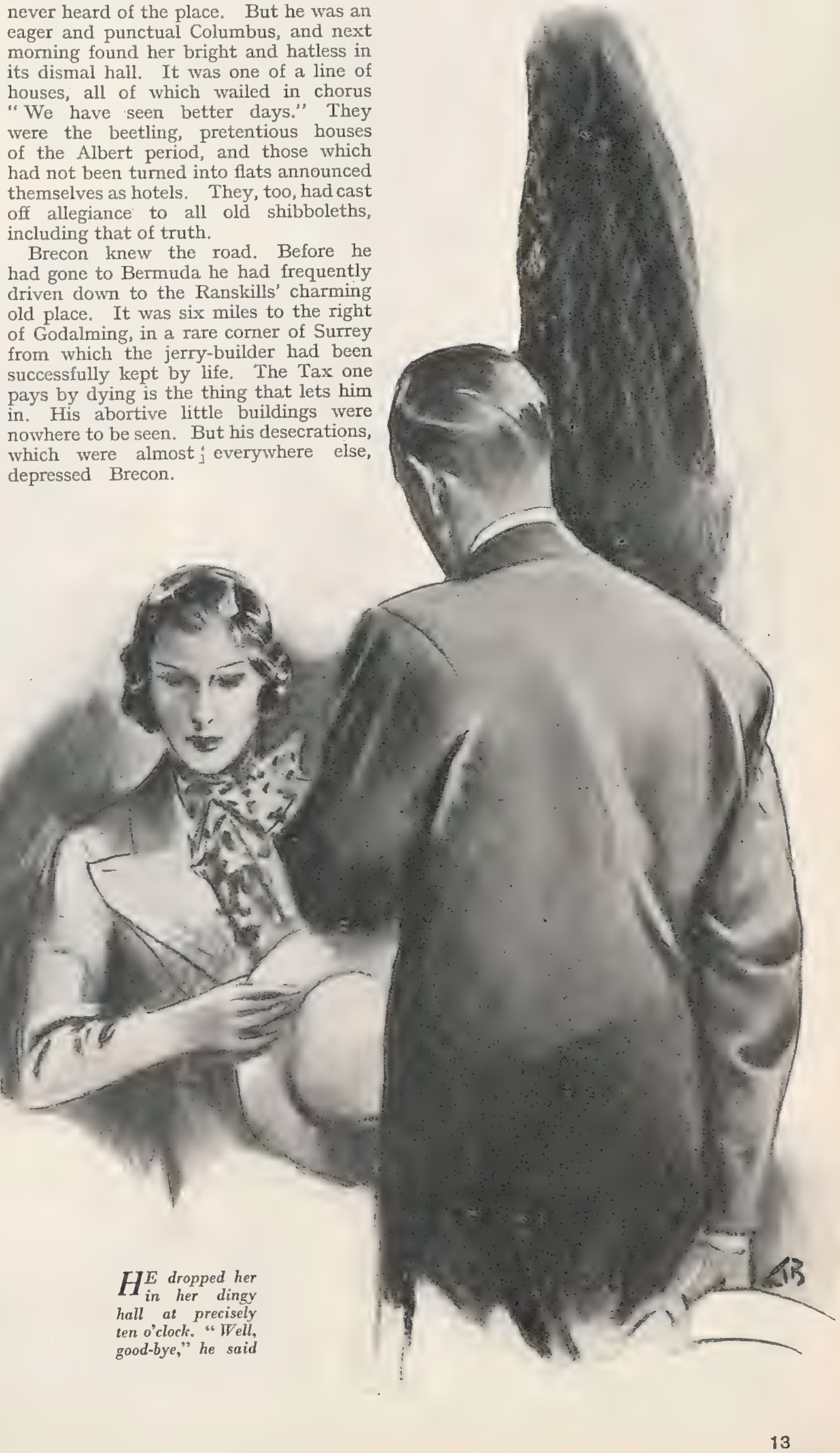
And, without intending to hurt him, she said, "Ronny, you're the darling that I always knew you were."

He tore off a piece of the menu, on which he wrote her address. He had never heard of the place. But he was an eager and punctual Columbus, and next morning found her bright and hatless in its dismal hall. It was one of a line of houses, all of which wailed in chorus "We have seen better days." They were the beetling, pretentious houses of the Albert period, and those which had not been turned into flats announced themselves as hotels. They, too, had cast off allegiance to all old shibboleths, including that of truth.

Brecon knew the road. Before he had gone to Bermuda he had frequently driven down to the Ranskills' charming old place. It was six miles to the right of Godalming, in a rare corner of Surrey from which the jerry-builder had been successfully kept by life. The Tax one pays by dying is the thing that lets him in. His abortive little buildings were nowhere to be seen. But his desecrations, which were almost everywhere else, depressed Brecon.

His own bag and Norah's were inside the car. Hers was the tiny dressing case which, during their brief engagement, he had bought one afternoon. He had given Fate an opening by having "B" stamped on. It was too large for her requirements as things were now.

The road was fairly clear. Most of the dangerous motorists who drive on their horns, and the vast man-slaughtering army who are encouraged to buy licences as though they were postage stamps, without having been examined as to whether they are deaf, blind, or drunk, or merely the (*Continued on page* 101)



HE dropped her in her dingy hall at precisely ten o'clock. "Well, good-bye," he said

Man of Roads—Iron Beard—

Balbo the Magnificent

THE return of the air armada. Seaplanes over Ostia after their successful double Atlantic flight

A VIEW of Tripoli from the Castello. Marshal Balbo is now Governor-General of Libya, Italy's African colony

An interview with the man who raised Italy's prestige and glory in the air to the highest point. Under his direction Italian aviation became the cynosure of the world

THE world acclaimed him as the Roman Eagle, leading the winged glory of renaissant Italy across the ocean from the Old World to the New. Temporarily earthbound to the high office of Governor-General of Libya, nucleus of a New Roman Empire in Africa, he calls himself "A Man of Roads." His petite wife calls him "Eee-talo" with a lingering stress on the first syllable. An Italian writer titled his biography "Pizzo di Ferro"—"Iron Beard." History will remember him as Balbo the Magnificent.

Quadrumvirate Italy Balbo, first Italian Marshal of the Air, has leaped upon the stage of the Twentieth Century still aureoled with the romance and colour of some previous gallant incarnation. He hardly conforms to the modern idea of a harassed post-war Atlas, bearing a world of sobering responsibilities on his broad shoulders. You rather expect to see him attacking difficulties with a cutlass, waggling his "iron beard," which by the way is ripely copper-hued, and shouting the Italian equivalent of "Up, boys, and at 'em!"

Responsibilities he assumes with the zest that knights of old donned their weighty armour—welcomed burden of fighting manhood. Problems he meets with a gay flash of his white teeth. "You can achieve far more by smiling than by frowning," he told me. His teeth once into the problem, he is apt to make short work of it.

As frequent guest at the Palazzo Governatoriale—the Government House—in Tripoli recently, I had opportunity of studying the man who to-day is as popular in Italy as was Mark Anthony under Julius Cæsar in Ancient Rome, and whom thousands of Italians and many foreigners regard as the probable successor to Mussolini—Marshal Italo Balbo in his new rôle as Rome's Proconsul in Libya.

MARSHAL BALBO acknowledges the cheers of the crowd at Londonderry, where the air fleet stopped to refuel before crossing the Atlantic

THE wing of the Castello which is being prepared as administrative offices for the Governor-General

ANCIENT columns and mural decorations on the battlements at the Castello

By *Lady* Drummond Hay

I have known him for years. Followed with intrigued interest the dazzling career of his thirties. He was only thirty-eight this June. And yet I have not exhausted the innumerable facets of his versatile character or, in my analyses, been able to place their origin and age.

BALBO is a child of all the Ages. In the past, he might have been a swashbuckling pirate, with that flaming beard and those challenging eyes. He might have been a very courtly gentleman of Verona, of Venice, Naples or Rome. He might have been in turn any one of those daredevil heroes who shuttled their colourful paths through the tapestry of world-history and legend. A toga, a suit of armour, silken doublet and hose, cloak, plumes, soldier's uniform, Marshal's gold, aviator's costume, mechanic's overalls merely clothe an aspect of his nature, without caricaturing it, as they would do to most modern subjects. Anything in fact, except morning dress and a top hat. Somehow you cannot associate Balbo with the drab standardised. I would not be surprised if he looked just as completely himself in Maharajah's jewels, Arab haik or Saladin's turban. A pleasure in the spectacular, and an almost feminine sensitiveness in his human contacts, and thoughtfulness for others seem to belong far away from our unleisured world and epoch. Entirely individual, however, is an ageless spirit of irrepressible puckishness.

Yet he is one with this modern age of speed and mechanics. Born on the 6th June, 1896, at Ferrara, Italy, he inherited no special privileges. In turn agricultural expert and journalist, he entered politics as a journalist, and to this day is associated with the *Corriere Padano*, a Ferrara newspaper. Ex-blacksmith Mussolini too, it should be recalled, started his real dynamic career as a journalist. He was the editor of the Socialist *Avanti*. After he came to power, he founded the *Popolo d'Italia* and continues to write for the Press, both in Italy and in the United States of America.

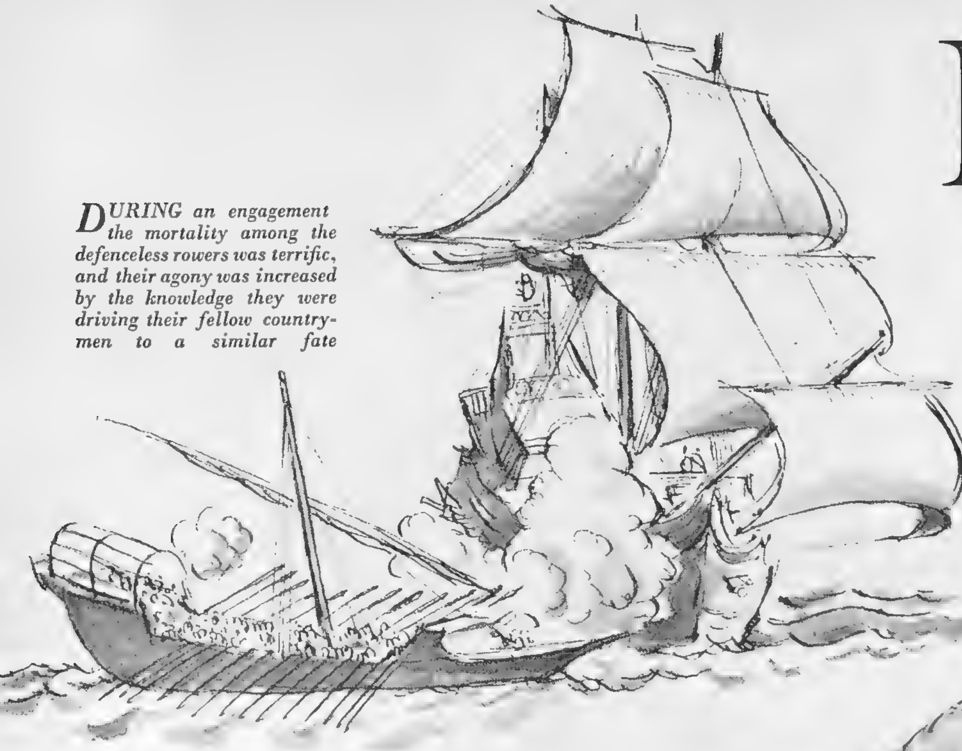
Balbo joined Mussolini's famous march on Rome and, together with Deputy Bianchi, now dead, General de Bono, (*Continued on page* 103)

Prisoners

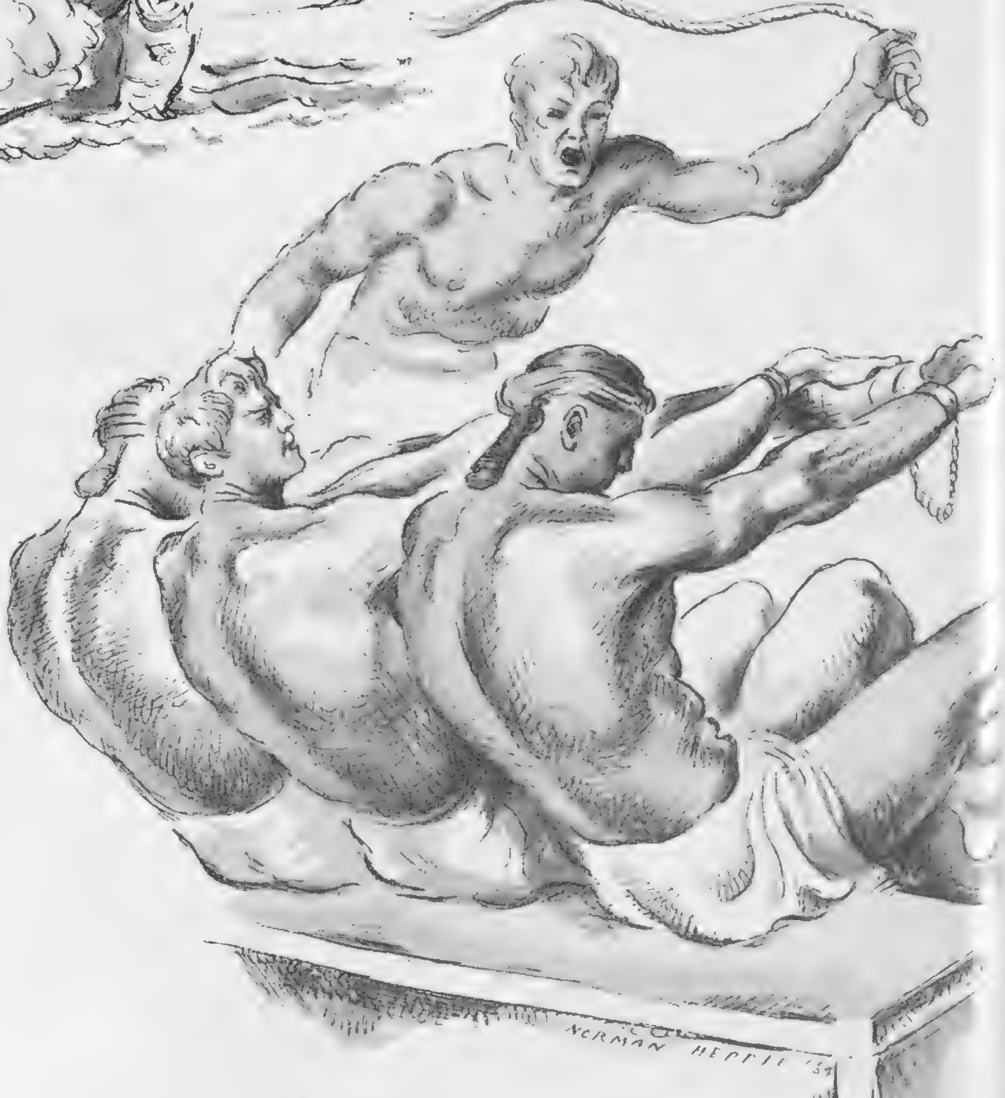
From Pirate

Grim Records of

Illustrated by Norman Hepple



DURING an engagement the mortality among the defenceless rowers was terrific, and their agony was increased by the knowledge they were driving their fellow countrymen to a similar fate



IT is hardly matter for surprise that a nation which during the greater part of its history has been dependent upon the sea which surrounds it for its very existence should include in the current coin of its speech a good many more nautical expressions than those who have them constantly on their lips ever to stop to realise. Even in this mechanised age, when not a single deep-water sailing vessel remains under the Red Ensign, there are a hundred and one words and phrases in general use which owe their origin to the time when sails and oars were the only methods of ship propulsion, dating, some from the days of the Napoleonic Wars, some from those of the Spanish Armada, some, probably, from an earlier period still.

People in financial difficulties are "on their beam ends"—their investments have "gone by the board," perhaps, and they are "making heavy weather of it" in consequence. But if they are lucky, their "sheet anchor" may hold fast, and though there may be "breakers ahead," the day may come when all will be "plane sailing" once more. And so in many other departments of the landsman's life. He who has imbibed not wisely but too well has "three sheets in the wind"—in other words, as Mr. Robey would say, he is like a ship on the ocean tost which, through mishandling and inattention, has been allowed to get in irons when going about, and hangs in the wind with the sheets, or ropes which control the lower corners of her sails, flapping loose instead of being hauled taut as she comes round on the opposite tack. "To sail under false colours" dates from the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when this particular form of naval camouflage was commonly practised; while the term "waster," signifying a person who is little good to himself or anybody else, comes from the time of the pressgangs, when the landsman who was unlucky enough to be "pressed into the service"—another phrase, incidentally, which still survives—was set to all manner of dirty jobs in the waist of the ship until he had learned the real work of a seaman. And so on *ad infinitum.*

I HAPPENED to overhear a scrap of conversation between two young women in a Tube train the other day. Said one to the other: "Oo, it's awful! Old cat! Why, you might as well be a galley slave!"

She was a plumpish young woman for these days, and she had a pretty but rather discontented face and a smart frock and a little hat over one eye and silk stockings of sorts; and I dare say the "old cat" in question had kiboshed her going to the pictures or talking to her best boy on the office telephone. And "she might as well be a galley slave"!

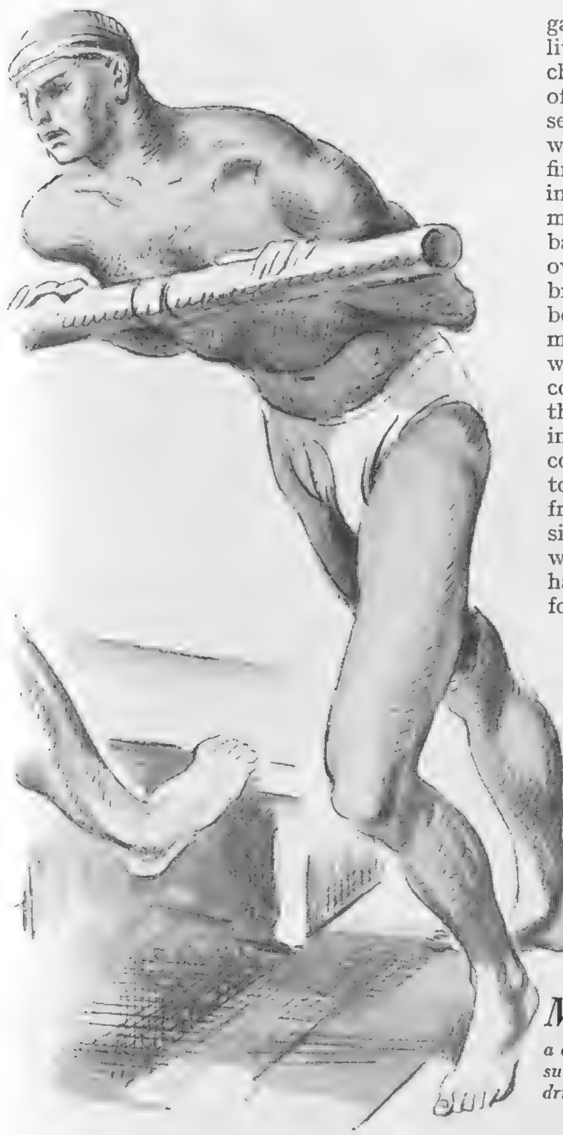
Not that it is any new thing for young people at odds with circumstances to give utterance to such a sentiment. The lover of "Sally in our Alley" expressed precisely the same opinion.

The difference was that in his day there *were* such things as galleys and such people as galley slaves, and it was still one of the risks of Mediterranean travel that one might conceivably be captured by Algerine pirates and actually become one. How many of our modern pleasure "cruisers" who visit the native towns of North Africa and the old slave markets ever reflect that not so many generations ago forebears of their own ended sea adventures there in a very different fashion? The women to the harem—the men to the oar! That was the usual rule with the corsairs' captives, though occasionally a prisoner whose wealth and importance rendered him likely to be ransomed at a high price was considered worth treating with greater

and Captives

Galley to Convict Ship—Adventurous Days at Sea

By C. Fox Smith



MANY a Mediterranean adventure ended up with a chained oar under a blazing sun with cat-o'-nine-tails to drive the slaves to madness

care, since he was considerably more valuable alive than dead. Most of them, however, inherited as soon as they were taken the shackles, the place on the rowers' bench, and the miserable daily portion of food, left behind by some other unfortunate who had been lucky enough to die.

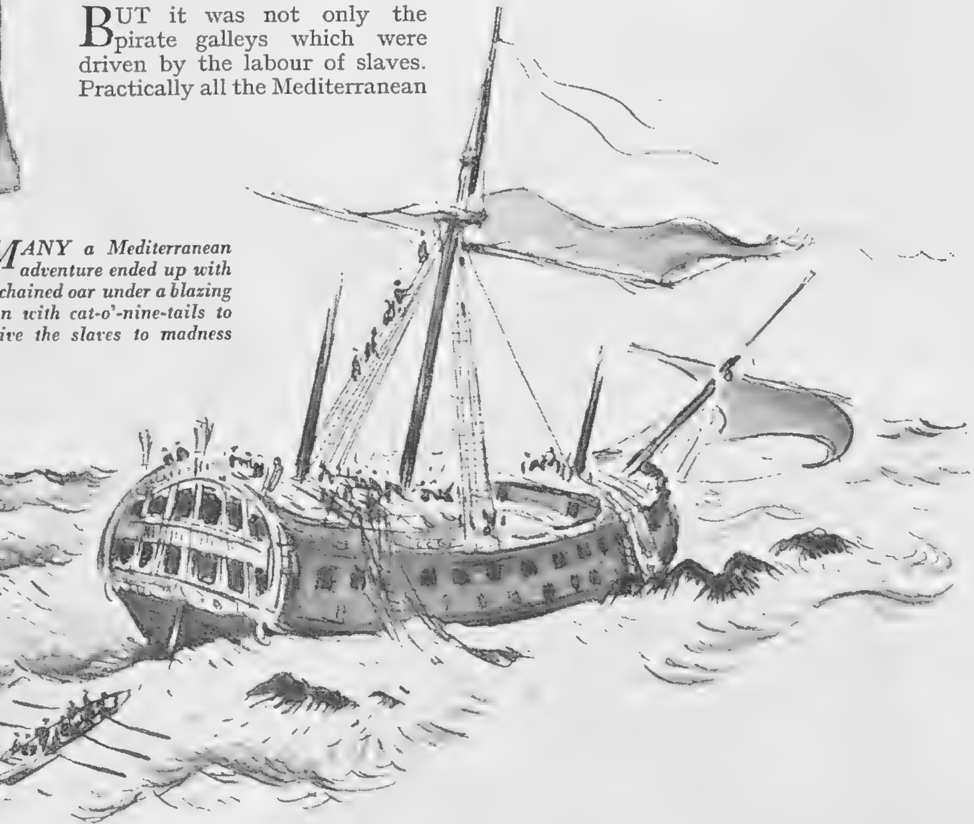
Truly, the tenacity with which human beings cling to life is an amazing thing! Crowded together on the benches in the galley's waist, the miserable slaves lived, laboured, ate, slept and died chained to their ponderous oars, each of which required the strength of several men to drive it through the water. Their heads shaved—this was the first degradation to which they were invariably subjected—and their only garment a pair of cotton drawers, their bare backs were covered with weals from the overseers' lash, into which the stinging brine bit cruelly as it drove across the benches. During an engagement the mortality among the defenceless rowers was often great, both from gunfire and collisions, while the consciousness that their straining muscles were being exerted in order to bring their own fellow countrymen to a fate like theirs added to the bitterness of their toil. Escape from the galleys themselves was impossible except by death; but during the winter, when the ships were laid up in harbour, sometimes the more daring, fortunate and ingenious spirits, such as John Foxe, of the "Three Half Moons," succeeded in breaking prison and making their way home after years of captivity.

BUT it was not only the pirate galleys which were driven by the labour of slaves. Practically all the Mediterranean nations employed fighting galleys in their navies, and the rowers were invariably either criminals or prisoners of war. The captives of the Inquisition who escaped the flames of the *auto-da-fé* were generally sent to the galleys, and it is doubtful whether those who died, even at the stake, were not on the whole more fortunate. Job Hortop, one of Hawkins's crew taken prisoner by the Spaniards at San Juan de Uloa, spent twelve years labouring at the oar, his daily portion of food being twenty-six ounces of coarse black biscuit, and, says Hortop in his narrative which he lived to give to the world, "hunger, thirst, cold and stripes we lacked none, till our several times expired."

But both the galley and the galley slave survived until a considerably later period, and they were still being used at the beginning of the last century, as a letter written by a young lieutenant of Marines to his father's Yorkshire parsonage reveals in interesting fashion. The name of Lieutenant James Ibbotson is not known to fame, and the cutting-out expedition to which his letter refers is forgotten, though records of it no doubt exist in the archives of the Admiralty. It was just one of a hundred and one others such as broke the monotony of long blockades and endless waiting for an engagement during the years before Trafalgar, and he one of many young and unknown officers who perished, as more famous men like Collingwood perished, from long confinement on shipboard and not from the guns of the enemy.

"My Dr Father" (thus Lieutenant Ibbotson's letter, dated "H.M.S. Expedition," Leghorn Bay, May 28th, 1800), "No doubt you will be surprized at the sketch in the margin, but your astonishment will disipate [*sic*] when I inform you, that I have been engaged on dangerous service . . . . 16th we sailed to join Lord Keith at the blockade of Genoa. We got into Genoa Bay about 4 o'clock in the

(*Continued on page 72*)



They were Never Heard of Again

"The Petropavlovsk Regiment will parade at midday outside the Winter Palace, in preparation for taking part in the May manœuvres. Attention must be paid to uniforms, equipment and discipline. The regiment is expected to distinguish itself before the Emperor of the Russias. The extremest punishment will be meted out if the full ceremonies are not observed. The regiment will pay collectively for any disobedience committed by an individual."

When Crazy Paul *was* Czar Russias, *the* Fate *of the* Regiment *hung on a* Silver

COLONEL RAEVSKI stood at his window with the Czar Paul's official order in his hand, and his other hand fidgeted nervously with the third button on his tunic. He was looking down at the fine view of the River Neva, which flowed rapidly by the Admiralty Quarter towards the Gulf of Finland. A few days ago the river had been crystal clear, but now the waters were dulled and opaque. There had been heavy rainfalls during October, and the poor quarters of Petersburg had been severely flooded. Now great masses of ice were drifting down from Lake Ladoga, and soon the Neva would be frozen over and carpeted with snow.

Raevski was accustomed to severe weather, for he had belonged to a Siberian regiment in 1794, but he disliked the winter months intensely. He was shivering with cold as he took up a bell and began ringing it imperiously, then strode across to the door and began to shout for his orderly. The man came in a few moments later and stood waiting for orders, till Raevski turned on his heel and pointed to the painted cast-iron stove. "Bring more wood," he said, "and a bottle of brandy. We parade at midday outside the Palace, and I think it is going to snow."

"Excellency, the cellar is locked, and I cannot find the key."

Raevski stamped his foot with impatience, and began pacing up and down. "Tell the servants that the regimental commander is billeted here, and must be given every necessity that he requires."

"I think," ventured the man, "that Major Kaysarof took the keys with him when he left."

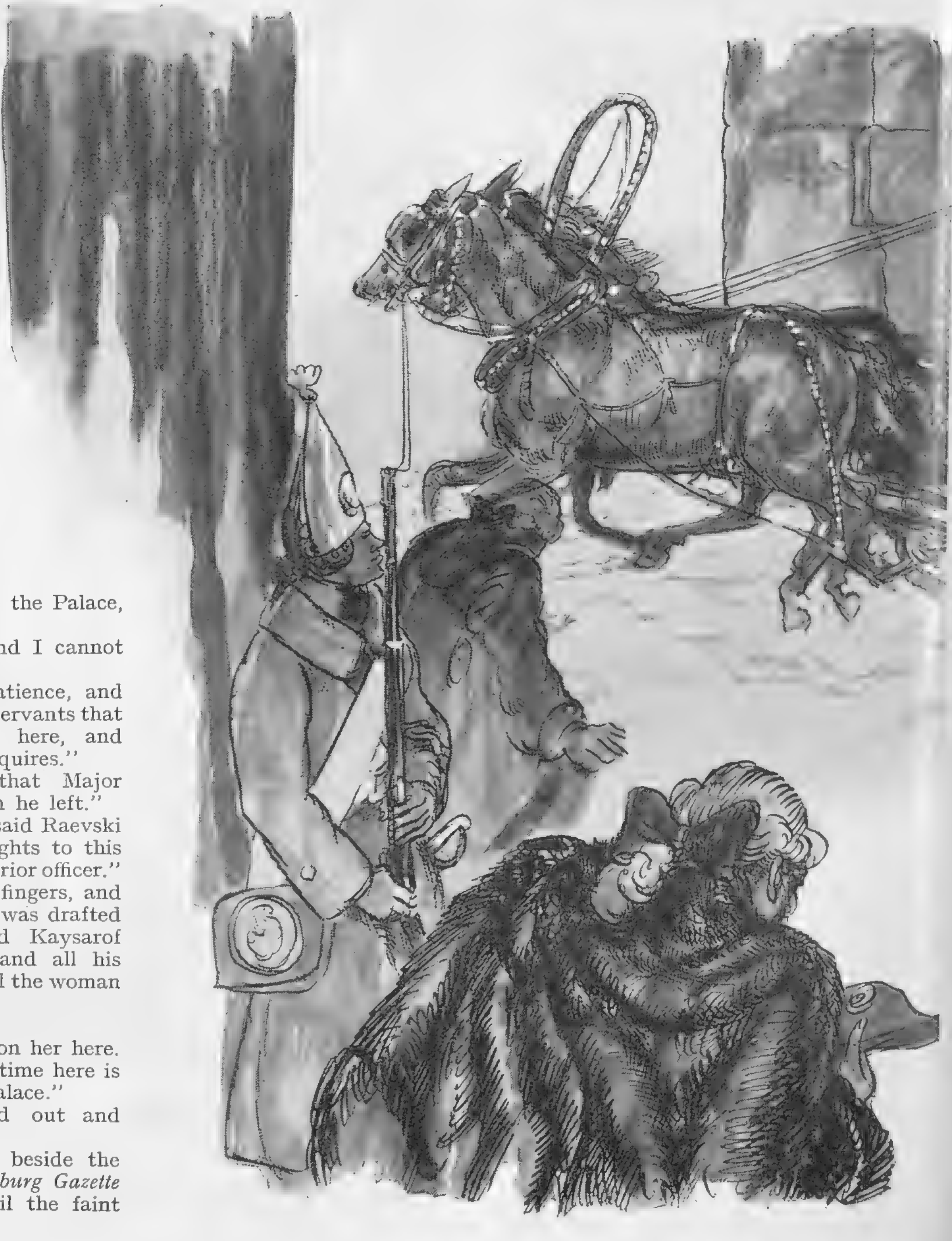
"He had no right to take the keys," said Raevski with indignation. "He forfeited all rights to this property when he refused to obey his superior officer." He twisted his tunic button in restless fingers, and stood staring at his orderly. "When I was drafted into this regiment from Gatshina, and Kaysarof deserted on that account, his house and all his property passed into my possession. Tell the woman his wife—what is her name?"

"Sonya Nikolaevna, Excellency."

"Go to Sonya Nikolaevna and summon her here. Say that I insist on an interview. My time here is very brief. We parade at the Winter Palace."

"Excellency." The orderly hurried out and closed the door behind him.

Colonel Raevski flung himself down beside the stove, picked up a copy of the *Petersburg Gazette* and began reading it indifferently until the faint



# of All the Petropavlovsk Button

By J. G. Sarasin

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

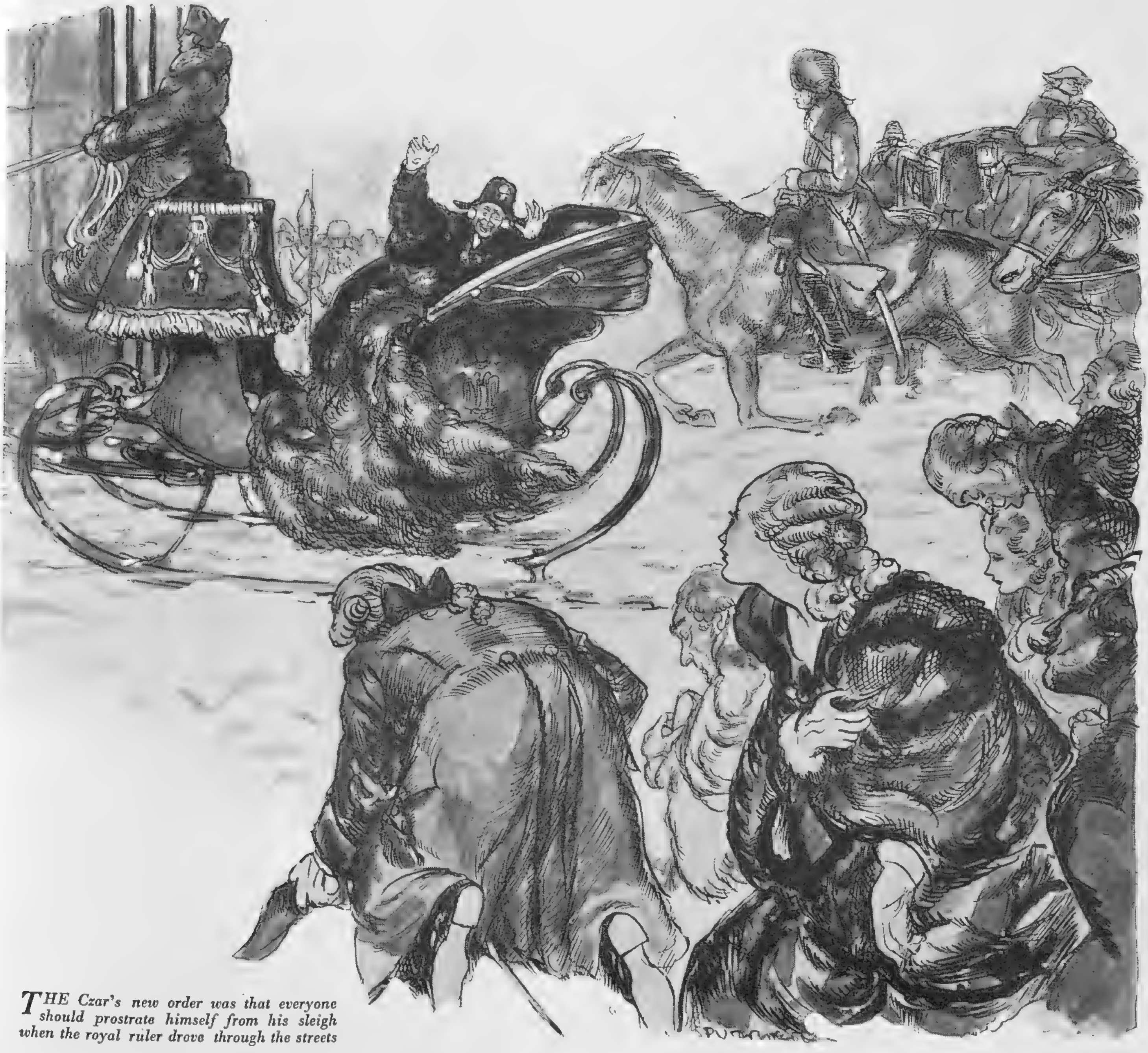
odour of scorched paper made him push back his chair. He took little interest in the political news, and yawned continually over the reports of Napoleon's victories in Italy and the recall of the Russian fleet that had been blockading Holland; but he re-read a paragraph about the Petersburg coachmen's rebellion against wearing the German dress, the Czar's inexplicable dislike to round hats, and a *ukase* forbidding their usage, and the new order that everyone should prostrate himself from his sleigh when the royal ruler drove through the streets. Raevski chuckled solemnly as he pictured the coachmen shaving off their long beards and wearing a false queue, and the foreigners in Petersburg having their hats snatched off when they least expected it, and the old Russian autocrats grovelling in the snow while Czar Paul went by. Raevski was partly a man of the people, though he was irregularly connected with an honoured family. His rough instincts were dominating him as usual when Kaysarof's wife came in, for, though he nodded to her in a condescending way, he still sprawled full length in his chair and pretended to read the *Gazette*.

At last—" Good-morning, Sonya Nikolaevna."

" Good-morning, Colonel Raevski," she replied.

" It is damnably cold," said the officer. " There is not enough wood for the stove. My orderly says that the cellar is locked. I want another bottle of brandy."

The young mistress of the house looked quietly down on the big, broad-shouldered man who was lounging in the very chair that her husband had used twenty-four hours ago. She was a slender, delicate creature, not a day more than seventeen, and she regarded her black-browed guest with childish bewilderment. A wild night of tears and despair had brightened her eyes and cast dark shadows under them, and she had flung on her blue furred gown with complete disregard of her appearance. Raevski looked her over with a penetrating glance. No, she was not beautiful at all, but she was an aristocratic young woman, and there might be pleasing possibilities in Sonya Nikolaevna.



THE Czar's new order was that everyone should prostrate himself from his sleigh when the royal ruler drove through the streets

"I think it is going to snow," he said irrelevantly. "A few sharp frosts will check the floods. It is going to be an early winter."

She looked at him listlessly and replied: "I am sorry about the cellar keys. I fear my husband took them away in his pocket. He had only gone to visit some friends, but the Czar's new order was issued while he was in the streets. Forbidden to return to his own home, or to stay in Petersburg, what was he to do in this bitter weather? Some poor folk risked their lives and took him in. I had a letter from him this morning. He wishes to leave for Yaroslav, where we have a country property, but there is bad weather on the way, and it will be a terrible journey."

"Kaysarof should have thought of this before," grumbled Raevski under his breath. "When the Czar incorporated the Gatshina battalion in the Petropavlovsk regiment, he saw fit to promote us over the inefficient officers who were spending riotous lives in the capital. It was ridiculous of your husband to object to being reduced in rank, and he'll pay for it by that unpleasant journey to——" He had already forgotten their destination, and his thoughts drifted into another channel. "I am sorry you are leaving Petersburg, beautiful lady, for you will miss the May manœuvres in the Tzaritzin Lug. They will be a splendid spectacle. The Petropavlovsk regiment will take a prominent part. The Czar is extremely well disposed towards me," and he twirled his button in a swaggering way, and tilted his head on one side.

"Yes," said Sonya in a dazed voice. "The Czar—Paul the First—Emperor of All the Russias!" She passed a hand over her sleep-haunted eyes, and said like a bewildered child: "The crazy, *crazy* Czar!"

COLONEL RAEVSKI drew in his breath with an astonished sound, stared up at the unhappy young creature with mingled anger and admiration; then he said: "I wonder what he would say if I told him that Kaysarof thought he was mad!"

Sonya stood stockstill for an instant, then she backed away from him. "Michael never—I said it—*I said it!*" and she trembled from head to foot. "Why, if you told the Czar such a wicked lie, he would never reach Yaroslav alive." The slow tears began trickling down her cheeks, and she saw Raevski's flushed face through a mist. "You have beaten and broken us," she said. "Let us slip away like two beggars under the wintry sky. Michael will forget the regiment, and I will forget the old days. We will have each other, after all, and——"

"Well, beautiful lady"—Raevski got up to his feet and put a big arm round her waist—"I might persuade the Czar to pardon your husband, and permit him to stay in Petersburg, if——"

"If," Sonya murmured, with extraordinary innocence.

"I am billeted in your house," said Raevski, while he took a trembling hand in his own. "I am your compulsory guest, and you are my friendly hostess, and——" He twirled his tunic button again in an embarrassed way, as he sought for diplomatic words with which to convey his meaning. A peasant woman would have understood at once. These aristocratic young girls were so stupid . . .

"Will you please tell me what you mean?" she said in a trembling voice.

Raevski stamped his foot on the floor and put her away from him, picked up his bottle of brandy and drained it to the dregs. "I am going to the Winter Palace at midday," he declared, "and afterwards I have business to transact at the Petropavlovsk barracks. The Gatshina men want fresh soles for their boots, you see—they sew them on to the old uppers." He was talking with the nervous wish to make her feel at ease. "Why, it is a scandalous thing, but our winter equipment has not been delivered yet. These army contractors are a villainous lot, and never send anything in time. We want two thousand bearskin helmets, and fresh gaiters for the men. The sutlers are incapable of provisioning us properly, and the medical stores are used up. If we had to march from one town to another we would be in a sorry state. We have got bugles and drums, but——"

"The affairs of the regiment interest me no more," Sonya said in a cold voice.

"But the affairs of your husband?" he interposed. "As you were saying——"

"As *you* were saying," she interrupted in her turn.

"When I have done my work at the barracks, I shall come back to this house. You will have put on a charming gown, and provided an excellent supper. You will sup with me in this room, Sonya Nikolaevna, and listen to the military news, and then——"

"And then——" she echoed with her wide eyes fixed on his face.

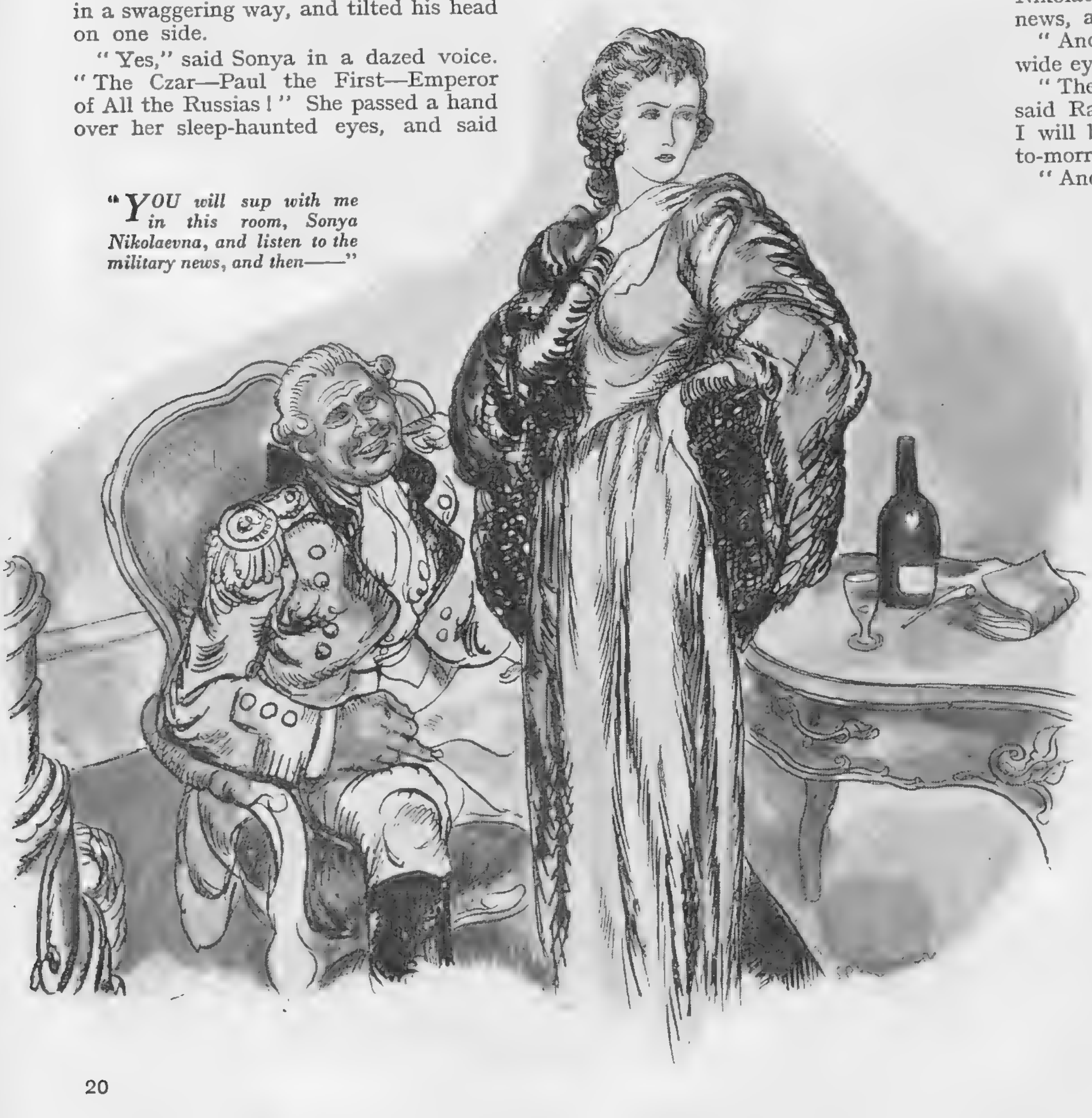
"Then you will pretend I am Michael," said Raevski with a great laugh, "and I will be your romantic Kaysarof until to-morrow morning."

"And—if—I—do—not—pretend?" whispered Sonya Nikolaevna.

He shrugged. "The Czar shall hear what Kaysarof called him. Husband and wife are one, beautiful lady; so if you said the Czar was mad, poor Kaysarof said it too."

The wretched young woman stood dumbly gazing at Raevski, and made an appalled gesture that the officer never saw; then suddenly she crept up behind him and caught him by the sleeve, and began whispering in his ear in a frantic way. "If I pretended—for a single night—at the price of Michael's life—you would never speak of it afterwards to any man? You would not boast of it at the barracks, or laugh about it at the Court? You must act like a gentleman, Colonel Raevski, if such a thing is possible. If—Michael knew, he would kill himself—and it would break my heart."

"Rest easy," said Raevski in a laconic voice, and flung his arms around her. He was dazed at his easy victory, and he could scarcely credit it. He stooped his head towards her pale face, and her eyes stared widely up at him,



"YOU will sup with me in this room, Sonya Nikolaevna, and listen to the military news, and then——"

and her breath fluttered over his cheek. He resolved not to kiss her at that moment, but to be magnanimous until the evening. Her youth and charm would intoxicate him, and he *must* keep his wits for the Parade.

"Good-bye, beautiful lady," he said in a gentle voice.

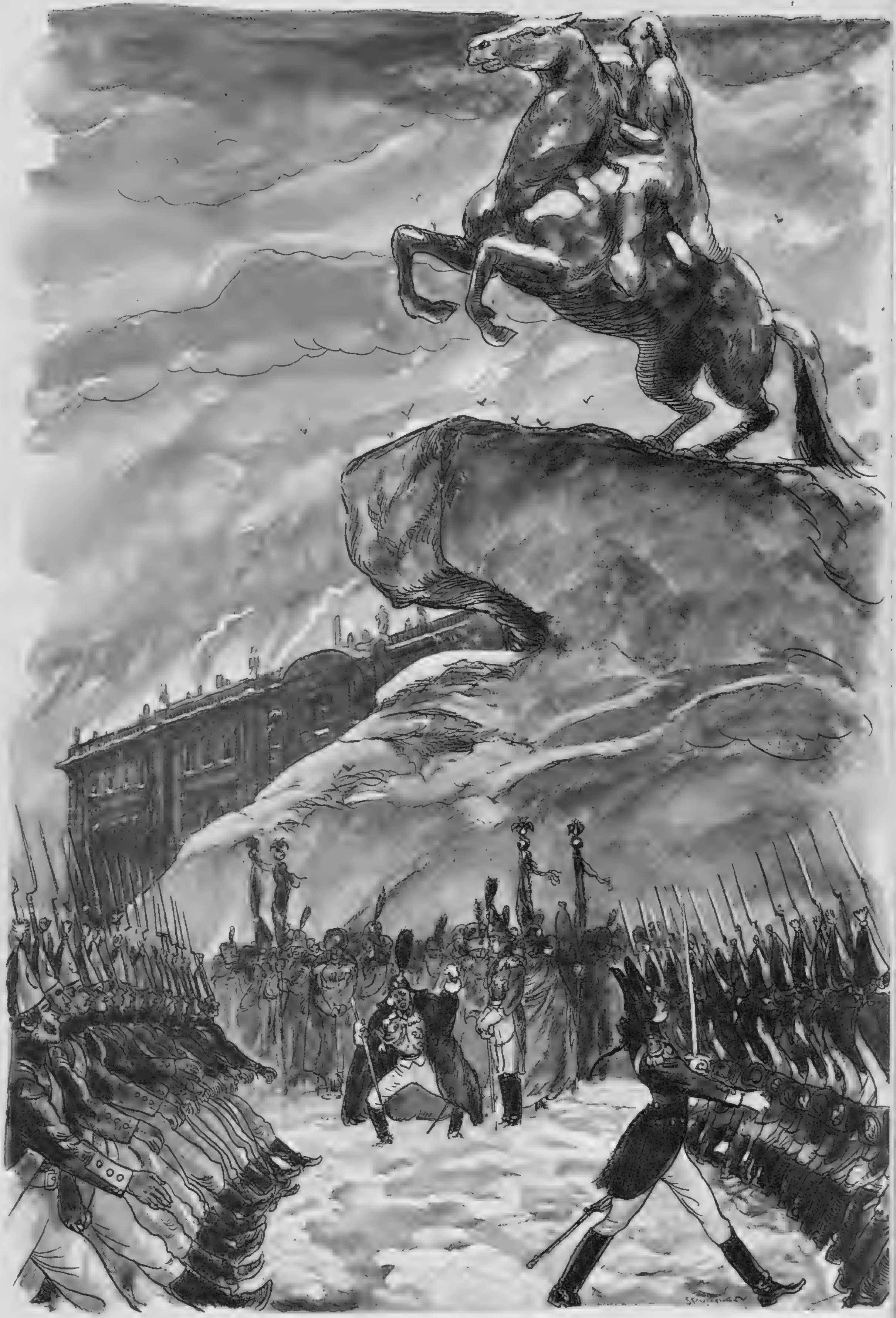
"Good - bye, Colonel Raevski," she answered.

"Ah, not so formal! Grisha Ivanych Raevski——"

"Grisha — Ivanych — Raevski——"

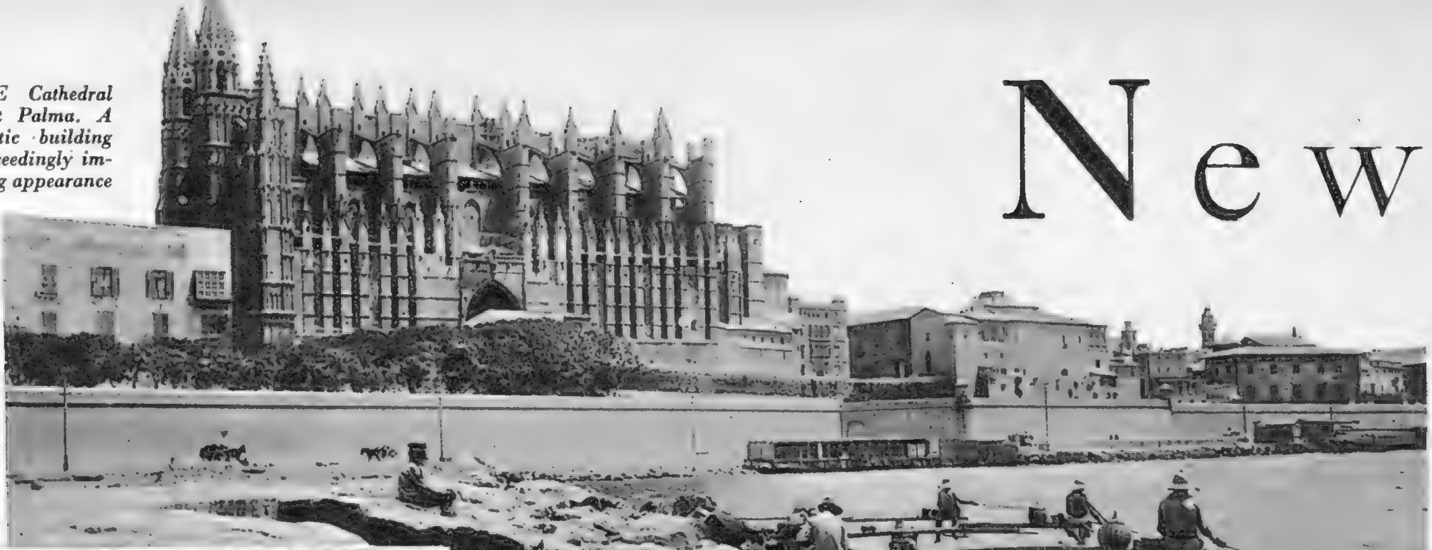
"Gregory," he shouted, "my sleigh for the Petrapavlovsk Barracks. This is my day of triumph. We parade before the Czar!"

THE Winter Palace was situated north of a great irregular square whose vast proportions destroyed the significance of the pillared, severe façade, and dignified the icy river flowing swiftly down to the Gulf, and belittled the Petrapavlovsk Regiment in such a startling way that it was like a horde of ants parading in a giant's courtyard. Yet, if the soldiers were so reduced by that gigantic arena, the ironic, unconscious justice of life served to dwarf its owner also, for the Emperor of the Russias was only a caricature of a Czar in the presence of the great stone statue of his predecessor. Amid the steady tramping of feet, the faint clattering of accoutrements, the sound of a multitude of men breathing hard after undue exertion, there arose a shrill, determined voice that issued ridiculous orders, sometimes high-pitched and nervous, sometimes sinking to a bestial kind of growl. The Czar Paul, after taking the royal salute and delivering a patriotic address, had snatched up a military cane and begun drilling the astonished regiment, sometimes hastening their measured pace to dangerous speed upon the icy ground, sometimes compelling them to march at a funereal pace. And while the little man in the cocked hat shouted and strode and swore, on the south side of St. Isaac's Square the statue of Peter the Great stood in solitary grandeur, the old Czar's features nobly limned against the wintry sky, the serpent beneath his horse's hoofs writhing as if alive, the precipice on which it stood appearing a giddy eminence instead of the mere limits of a Finnish block of granite.



THE Czar Paul, after taking the royal salute and delivering a patriotic address, had snatched a military cane and begun drilling the astonished regiment

RAEVSKI had been a military automaton when the drums first rolled out in the square, but soon the martial music galvanised him into a vigorous contemplation of his future career. The keen, icy air and the exercise made his blood course more swiftly through his veins, the sparkling sunlight on the Neva dazzled his eyes and his senses, the very fact of drilling under the Palace walls made his process of thought an unreal one. Even the propinquity of his regiment played its part in his abnormal mood, and he listened to its rhythmic evolutions with excited satisfaction. The hot smell of sweaty tunics made him expand his nostrils with contentment; he even took pleasure in distinguishing the rival odours of leather and fur. He took a naïve delight in seeing the untrodden snow change into a dirty, trampled carpet, though he thought of his soldiers' badly worn boots with real anxiety. (*Continued on page* 75)



THE Cathedral at Palma. A gigantic building of exceedingly imposing appearance

New

A NATIVE shop in Palma. (Right) Cecil Aldin, the famous English artist, in his home at Majorca

THE overheated Marquis decided on a midnight dip. With the carriage of Castille, he discreetly left the rainbow-lit, open-air dance scene above the glorious bay and made his way down through the pinewoods to the sandy shore; and presently the moon played upon his naked distinction as he floated in the unequalled, chameleon water—its night hue now was purple-blue ashine with silver. Yes, a night for floating. But soon, out of the stillness, bar noises came to him, and crooning and saxophones. And in the moonlight the Marquis had a thought.

Leaving his evening clothes where they lay, he sauntered back through the pinewoods, puffing a cigarette. He strolled past the crowded dance-floor. If there were gasps, and if the music stopped abruptly, he paid no heed. He walked into the bar.

"*Carambo! But, Marquis! You cannot . . . please, PLEASE!*"

The barman came swiftly rushing round.

"*You must leave immediately! This way, this way!*"

The bewildered barman sought to edge the nude figure to an exit, yet deferentially even now, for the Marquis was a name.

"A cocktail, please."

"*It is absolutely impossible! Please, PLEASE!*"

The Marquis raised a deprecating hand. "What does a slip matter these days? More or less?" He faced the rapidly dissolving *clientèle*. "Still, if you insist . . ."

And, bowing to a void, the ignoble one withdrew.

THERE is a saying, "Anything can happen in Majorca." The Marquis was proving it. Possibly he was also criticising, with the courtesy of Old Spain, the foreign importation of morals and music, drinking and nudism, into a long-spared corner. Or he may have been just tight. Whatever the notion, nothing happened to him. And when someone danced

South Wind

A PEASANT band of drums and pipes parading the streets of Palma

SUNLIGHT and shadow. In one of the side streets of Palma

Local Colour and Contrast in the Balearics

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A NATIVE of the Island of Majorca getting ready to play his part in one of the fiestas at Pollensa

THE old windmills at Molinar, a suburb of Palma. They are now used as dwelling - houses

by mistake on to a glass roof over the bar at Tito's in Terreno, and cut one or two of us fraternising beneath, I decided that what I had heard about the Balearics looked like being correct—the more so as that morning I had had to bathe under the observation of a couple of armed sentries at the abbreviated neighbouring beach of Calamayor. They were there, I later learnt, for smuggling, but it was a mad experience. One had hoped to get away from wars and armaments here in the far-away Mediterranean, and lo! one was obliged to swim under the wretched influence! And then, someone told me of as monstrous an insult as ever I heard related, and I was doubly sure: queer island. It seemed that an American woman had gone to Midnight Mass in Palma Cathedral and fallen down blind drunk during the proceedings. She would have had to tour the earth to have found a more solemn, stirring or sincere setting for her binge. And, of course, the very first day, I had heard all about the *cause célèbre* of the Island. Why, local history had been made in the foreign colony by the incident, diplomatic negotiations rendered necessary! It might even be that a parting of the ways between two Majorcas had been reached through the affair. . . .

An American quintette (one woman) was hitting it up in the bar of a luxury hotel. They were obstreperous, interfering, had long been fearfully noisy. They would not leave, and others had to, and finally the management sent for the police. There are two or three kinds of police, graduated in prestige, in over-policed Spain, and it so happened that those who matured were the sacrosanct Civil Guard, sole, sure national survival in upturned times. The men in the shining black tricorne and yellow facings upon grey must ever be held in considerable respect, which they themselves both invite and inculcate. Two of their number now appeared and invited the Americans to leave.

Parley. Bibulous parley. Heated medley of Hispaño-American words. Suddenly the sound of breaking glass. Cries, curses, scuffling.

Somehow an American pair of spectacles had suffered. *But how dare a darned dago touch an American!* Feminine hands were laid upon one of the Guards. (Was a glass thrown, too? One version says there was blood on the Guard's face.)

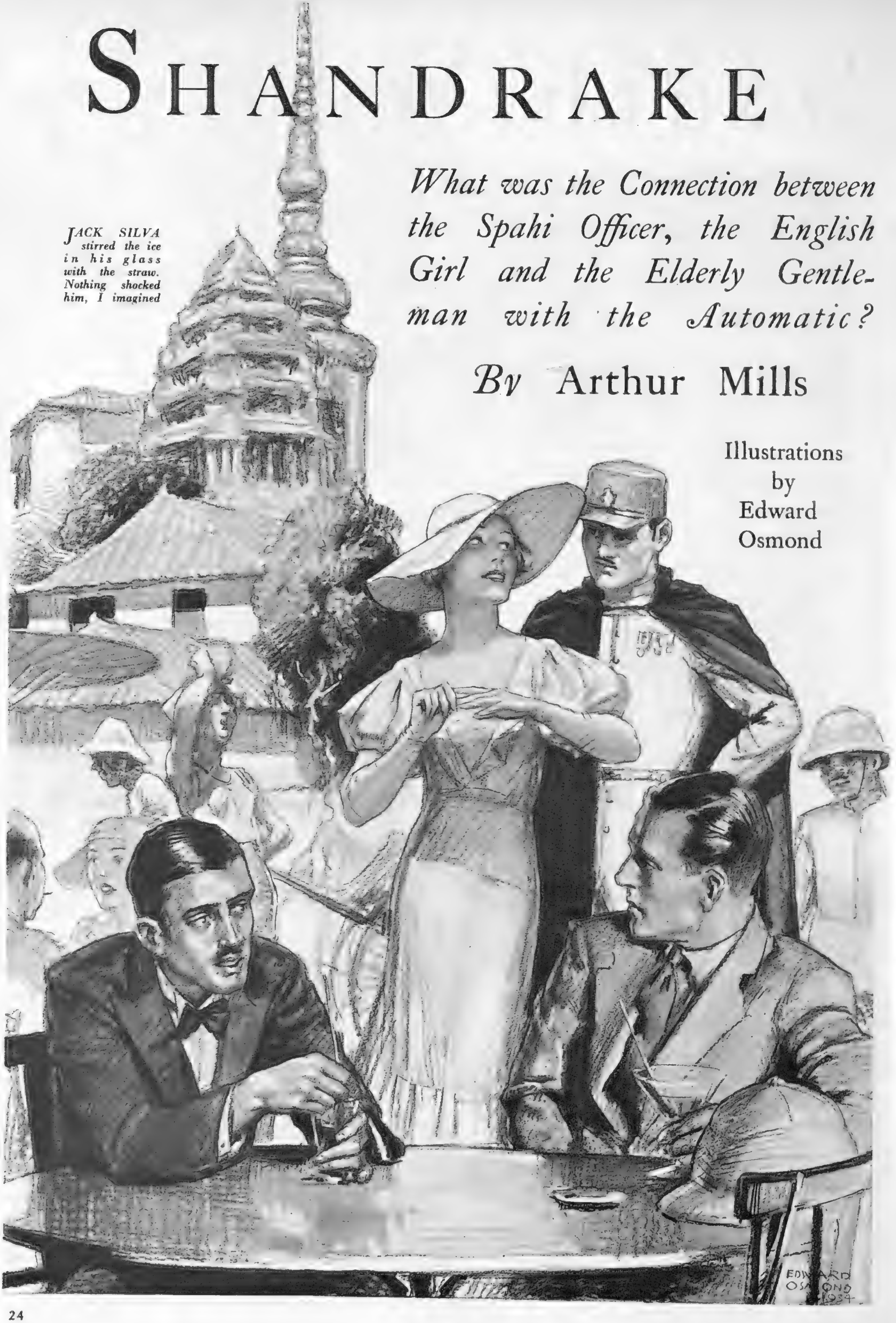
(*Continued on page* 93)

SHANDRAKE

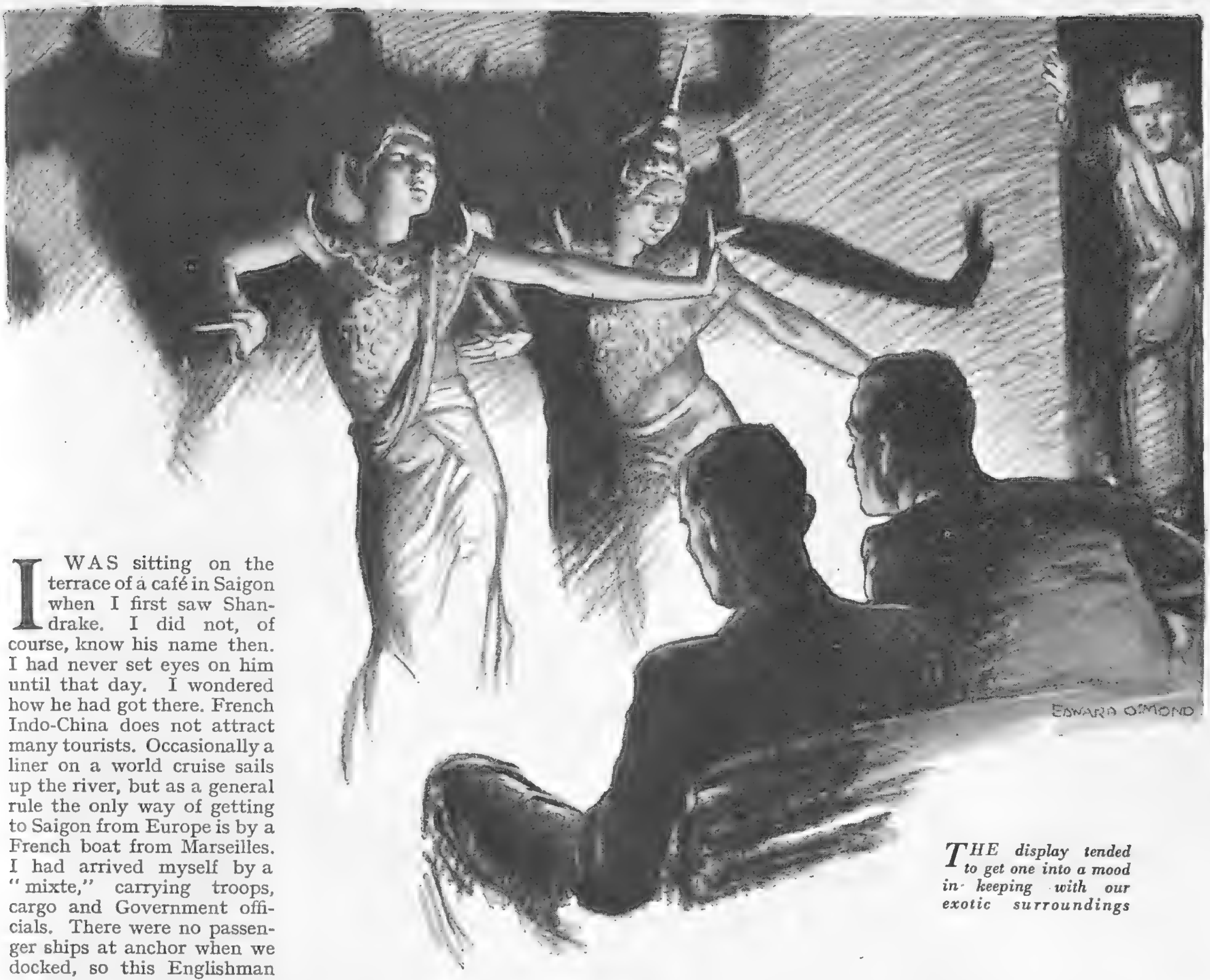
What was the Connection between the Spahi Officer, the English Girl and the Elderly Gentleman with the Automatic?

By Arthur Mills

Illustrations
by
Edward
Osmond



JACK SILVA stirred the ice in his glass with the straw. Nothing shocked him, I imagined



THE display tended to get one into a mood in keeping with our exotic surroundings

I WAS sitting on the terrace of a café in Saigon when I first saw Shandrake. I did not, of course, know his name then. I had never set eyes on him until that day. I wondered how he had got there. French Indo-China does not attract many tourists. Occasionally a liner on a world cruise sails up the river, but as a general rule the only way of getting to Saigon from Europe is by a French boat from Marseilles. I had arrived myself by a "mixte," carrying troops, cargo and Government officials. There were no passenger ships at anchor when we docked, so this Englishman—as he obviously was—must have been in Saigon for some time. He was drinking a bottle of English beer. Frenchmen sometimes drink stout, but never English beer. It was torrentially hot. An obliging little Annanite waiter passing his table made a swoop at the ice bucket, lifted a bit of ice with the prongs, and dropped it into his glass. He plunged his fingers into the beer, pulled out the ice, and flung it from him as if it had been something dead. The incident started us talking.

"I've been here a month ; I'm waiting for a Messageries to take me on up to Yokohama."

"Do they only run once a month ?" I asked.

"That's all, to Yokohama ; once a fortnight to Hong Kong. The next Yokohama boat gets in to-morrow at midday and sails the following evening. My name is Shandrake."

I told him my name.

"Just travelling around ?" he asked.

"I'm going to Shanghai and thought I'd like to see Cochin China on the way."

"Then you will be going on by the same boat that I am ?"

I thought he asked the question a trifle sharply. Maybe it was just my imagination.

"No, I shall wait on for the next. I want to see Ankor."

Shandrake was unmistakably relieved. "Wonderful place ; get there as easy as anything now ; they've a regular autobus service ; best plan is to stop the night at Pnom Penh."

"That's what I'm going to do ; I'm going out to Pnom Penh to-morrow."

"To-morrow !"

This time there was no doubt that Mr. Shandrake spoke sharply.

"I'm going to Pnom Penh to-morrow myself," he said.

"I thought you said your boat came in."

"She comes in to-morrow, but she does not sail till six o'clock the following evening ; just gives me time."

It seemed odd to wait till the very last minute to visit Pnom Penh, after being in Saigon a whole month.

"You've not been there yet ?" I asked.

"No." Shandrake took a pipe from his pocket. "You may not be able to get a seat on the bus as late as this."

"I'll chance it ; I want to go to Hué before I leave ; I haven't much time."

"Ah ! Now Hué is worth seeing ; there are the tombs of the Emperors of Annam. You ought to go there first."

"Have you been to Hué ?"

"No." Shandrake lit his pipe. I noticed that his hands were very large and bony ; they did not go with his face, which was angular and shrewd. I wondered what his job was. He looked to be about forty-five. He might be a retired solicitor's clerk or an insurance agent.

"Are you travelling for pleasure ?" I asked.

"No ; I came out here on business."

He answered in a way that closed the subject. Business ? I thought. There is not, so far as I know, a single Englishman engaged in business in French Indo-China. The French don't want us in their colony ; they say we have our own colonies. There is no British Consul. In its way Saigon is one of the most purely French cities in the world. There are boulevards and cafés where the French can gratify their passion for sitting hour after hour watching everyone that passes. Officers of the navy in spotless white uniform, beribboned Colonial administrators, grizzled captains of the Infanterie Coloniale, rubber planters, traders, Annanites, Cambodians and occasional Chinese—all go by. Women too ; some quite pretty ; a fine opera house ; a touring operatic company with execrable voices ; a Botanic garden of unique loveliness ; a large hotel ; smaller hotels not over clean ; a restaurant renowned for its cooking ; a Chinese quarter where gambling and opium-smoking are the principal pursuits. Such is Saigon—city of a thousand vices, according to some ; orderly, prosperous and Queen of Eastern commerce, so others say ; but in either case indifferent to tourists and adamant towards all foreigners who wish to trade. What business could have brought out Mr. Shandrake ?

If it had not been that there was something definitely "foxy" about his appearance, I should not have given the matter much thought. But this "foxiness," combined with the account he had given of himself, set me wondering. Why should he be going to the Cambodian capital at the last minute before his boat sailed when he had had a whole month in which to make the journey? And why should he be displeased that I was going out there at the same time? There was something mysterious about the man. I was not at all sure he was not a criminal. If so I could not imagine what scope he would find for his activities in Pnom Penh?

I had read all I could about French Indo-China during the voyage. I had gathered that Hué and Pnom Penh were two places which should not be missed. One writer was especially enthusiastic about the Cambodian capital, which he described as being like a city in a fairy tale, with blue-tiled roofs and wonderful golden temples. He said that the King had a troop of 250 dancing girls and a stable of white elephants, the latter being regarded as sacred. I could not visualise Shandrake in such surroundings. If I was wrong in supposing him to be a criminal, he was certainly not an artist.

After allowing his beer time to grow lukewarm again, Shandrake drank it and got up.

"May see you on the bus to-morrow," he said.

"I hope so. Where does it start from?"

"Right in front of this hotel; at 7 o'clock."

AFTER Shandrake had gone I checked this information and discovered that the bus started at 6 a.m. from a square in the town nearly a mile away. Moreover, I made sure of getting a seat by going down to the office of the transport company.

I got to the starting place in good time next morning and found Shandrake already there. He gaped when he saw me. I said: "You were wrong about the starting time."

Shandrake said: "Yes, I only discovered the mistake myself just in time."

We had been allotted seats next to each other behind the driver. The French always put English people together. I did not want to sit next to Shandrake. He was carrying a camera slung by a strap round his neck; he had also a guide-book, a map, a sun helmet, and dark glasses. He looked more like a tourist than an ex-convict this morning. I might have discarded all my sinister thoughts about him had I not been jolted against him when the autobus crossed a bit of rough ground and felt something hard in his hip pocket. It is the easiest thing in the world to detect a gun in a man's hip pocket; the lightest touch of the fingers is enough. The flat butt of an automatic feels quite different from a cigarette case.

When the jolt occurred Shandrake knew I had found out; he looked at me uneasily. I said: "Do you always carry a gun?"

"I do out East."

"I should not have thought it was necessary in Cambodia; the inhabitants are quiet enough, aren't they?"

"I don't mind the Cambodians; it is the Europeans."

"The French people seem a respectable lot to me," I said.

Shandrake's expression changed; he looked vicious: "The scum of France came out here; no decent Frenchman will go to the Colonies."

"Hasn't that all changed?" I said. I knew what Shandrake meant, for I had read *Les Civilisées*, Claude Farrère's novel of life in Saigon, a story of a naval officer, a doctor, and a scientist—three white men trying to forget the miseries of exile by opium-smoking, absinthe-drinking and every kind of vice.

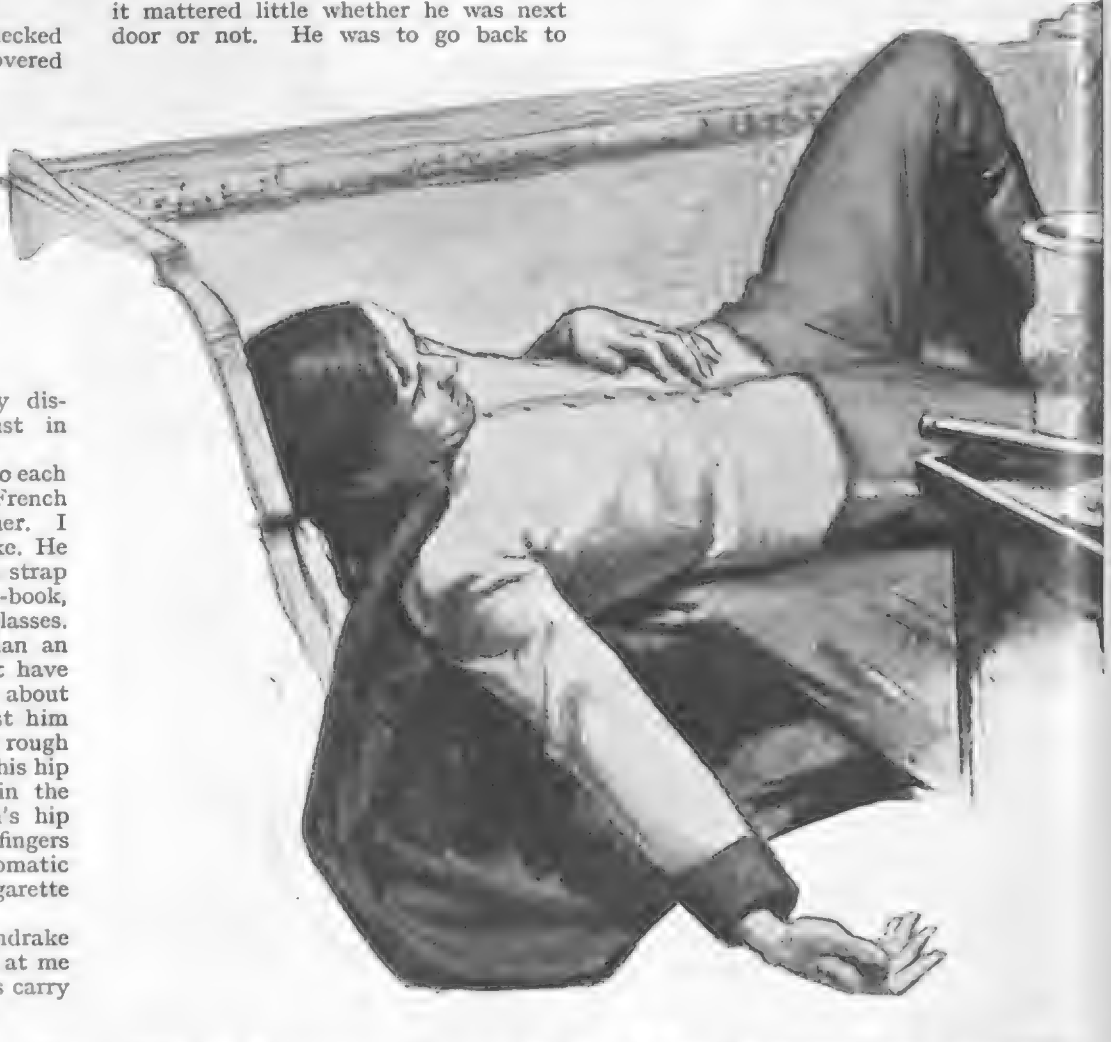
Shandrake did not answer; he pulled a packet of cigarettes from his pocket. I noticed that they were French cigarettes. Now an Englishman scarcely ever smokes French cigarettes unless he has lived a long time in France. Most well-known English and American brands can be obtained all over the world now. I was puzzled by this; the cigarettes Shandrake smoked did not tally with his preference for English beer.

We jolted along in the autobus all the morning, passing through the rubber belt, crossing the Mekong river, traversing endless paddy fields and reaching Pnom Penh in the afternoon. The bus pulled up opposite the Grand Hotel and Shandrake and I went in to secure rooms. As two Englishmen travelling together, we were inevitably given rooms next to one another. There was a communicating door. Shandrake closed this and while I was unpacking I heard him turn the key. I knew he was exasperated at being unable to get rid of me. For my own part it mattered little whether he was next door or not. He was to go back to Saigon by the autobus next day to catch his boat; it was unlikely we should ever meet again, and I did not mind if we were thrown together for one night.

While I was changing I thought of the automatic in his hip pocket. Why did he carry the thing? There was not the faintest chance he would need it among the gentle Cambodians. It was really silly of him—almost un-English, to use our glorious expression.

After a siesta I had a shower, changed, and went down and sat on the terrace. The terrace of the Grand Hotel, Pnom Penh, was evidently the usual rendezvous for the white population. The view over the Mekong river was charming. There was not at all a bad little band under the charge of a Portuguese bandmaster. This Portuguese bandmaster came up and introduced himself to me during the interval. His name was Jack Silva; he was quite a young fellow, born in Macao, educated in Shanghai, and running a band at Pnom Penh as a private venture. He spoke English and was delighted to see an Englishman; he reminded me that Portugal was England's oldest ally. The Portuguese are very proud of this fact and usually anxious to be friendly to English people they meet in out-of-the-way places. For my part, I was glad enough to have Jack Silva's company. I did not know a soul in the place and had seen no sign of Shandrake since he went to his room and locked the door. Silva knew all about everybody in Pnom Penh. He came back to my table in between the numbers and while he sipped his drink told me the local gossip. It appeared that Pnom Penh socially was by no means dull. It corresponded somewhat to a hill station in India; that is to say, the women came in for a change of surroundings whilst their husbands stayed out in the bush. The women had a good time, so I gathered from Jack Silva, who pointed out various celebrities.

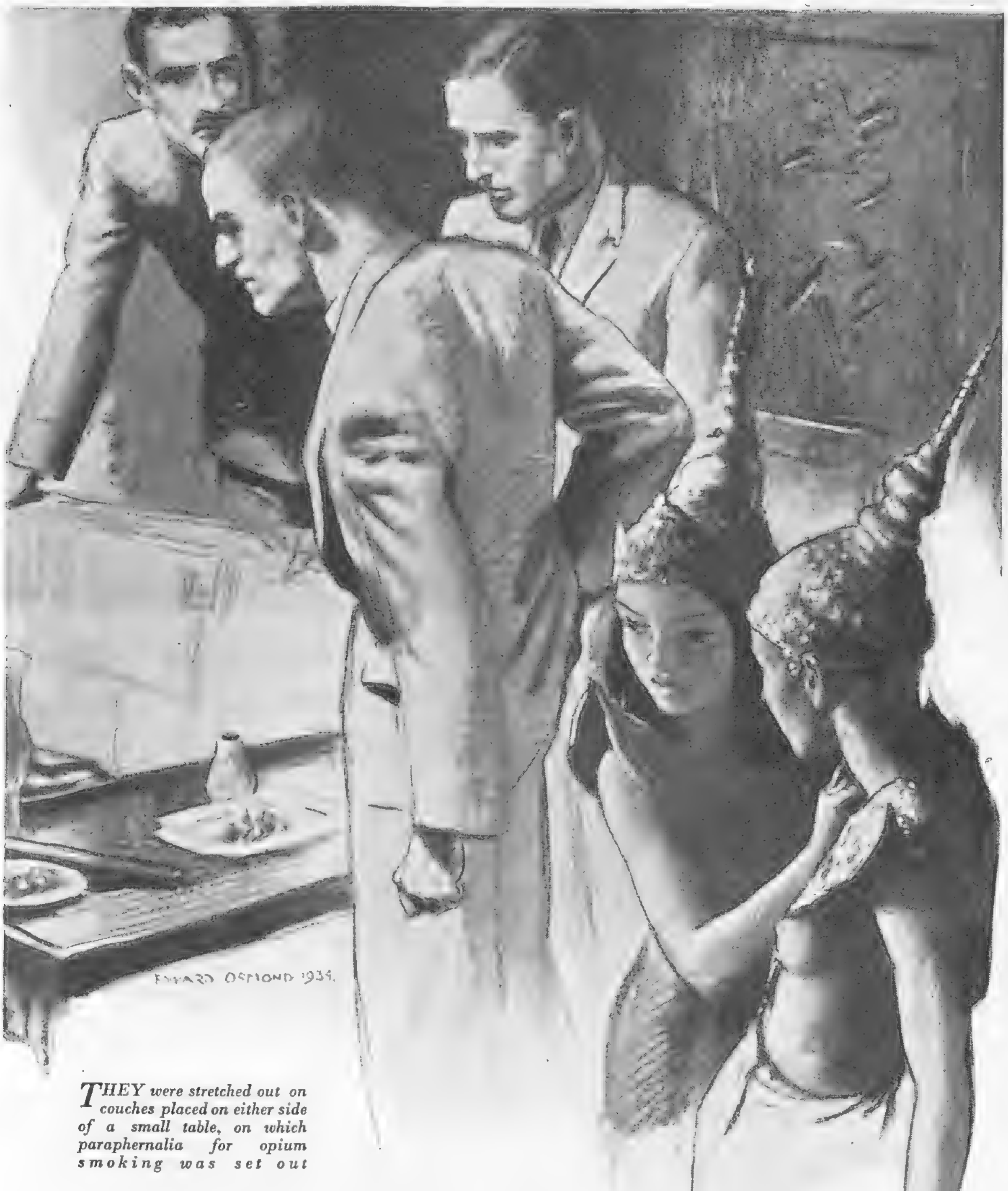
"That one over there with short black hair is the wife of the Administrator of Felong; the boy with her is a rubber-



planter on the Felong rubber estate; he'll get moved to another station soon—sure thing."

Jack Silva winked. "At next table is the Commandant of the Garde Indigène; the girl with him is wife of one of his Lieutenants. The Lieutenant—he don't get much leave, poor fellow."

Silva chattered on, delighted at the chance to show off his local knowledge. Suddenly he laid his hand on my arm.



THEY were stretched out on couches placed on either side of a small table, on which paraphernalia for opium smoking was set out

"See that girl there—the one just getting out of a rickshaw? She is an English girl. The man with her is a French officer—something to do with the Administrator-General, I think; she very much in love with him."

"English!" I said, looking at the girl, who was blonde, fair skinned and most attractive. She did not look more than twenty-two or twenty-three. "Is she engaged to him?"

"No; he don't want to marry her; she got no money. Frenchmen like to marry rich girls; he just bring her out with him." Jack Silva looked serious for a moment. "As long as they are in love it's all right, but when that finish, it won't be so good."

"She'll go back to England, I suppose."

"I don't think; once they come out like that they don't go home again."

"Do you know her name?" I asked.

"She call herself Miss Thompson. I think her father do some work for an English firm in Paris. That is how she meet this fellow; then when he sail for Indo-China, she go too. I expect her father plenty angry."

"I expect he is," I said, beginning to wonder if I had discovered the reason for Shandrake's visit to Pnom Penh. Thompson might not be the girl's real name. The fantastic idea occurred to me that Shandrake had come out to get his daughter back. It might have taken him some time to find out where she was. Now at last he had discovered. That was the way I figured things out at first; then I remembered Shandrake had said he was going on to Yokohama. That did not fit in.

Jack Silva was stirring the ice in his glass with the straw. Nothing shocked him, I imagined. For my own part the ultimate future of that pretty English girl did not bear contemplating. The China ports are grim places for some women.

"I tell you what we do after dinner," Jack Silva said. "We go and see the Cambodian dancing girls. You like that?"

I said I should like to see Cambodian dancing girls. I expected Shandrake would come down to dinner; maybe would open up and talk. I did not like the idea of that automatic in his pocket. He would get a rough time if he shot a French officer in a French colony. They would say it was the girl's fault. Maybe it was.

Leaving the terrace, I made a detour, walking round by the table at which the English girl and her French officer were sitting. I wanted very much to see what the pair were like. I had noticed he was an officer of the Spahis; his picturesque sky-blue cap showed that; also that he wore medal ribbons for army service in Morocco. The girl bowed her head as I approached; she had noticed that I was English, of course. The Spahi Captain gave me an incurious glance. He was pale, rather good-looking, with twinkling brown eyes, and evidently was immensely pleased with himself for having such a pretty girl to flaunt abroad. Probably not a bad fellow in his way; the French have no more scruples about women than an English country squire has about foxes. In Miss (*Continued on page 98*)

Many *go* A-Cruising *but* Few realise *the* Labour Necessary *to* put *the* L *in* Luxury *and* the *Wonderful* Organisation *entailed* to *Feed* the Passengers

By G. Allison Field

THREE hundred cruises, to all parts of the world. Three hundred luxurious journeys, each taking hundreds of curious passengers to taste the joys of ocean life.

Each taking, be it added, hundreds of men who are going to spend the greater part of the trip in the depths of the great ship, working to keep the floating hotel in motion, to feed the occupants, to warm them, to amuse them, to make them feel as if they were having the time of their lives.

You book your cruise, weeks in advance, and ponder how early it seems to arrange for such a distant event. Yet the cruise you have selected was planned out months before you ever saw it announced. The shipowner has to look ahead and reckon up whether there is going to be sufficient demand for the cruise to be worth the expense. If the answer is "Yes," then where will be the best itinerary for the time of the year? Will the ports decided upon be able to accommodate the huge liner without inconvenience to their own small ship cargo trade? If there are "old hands" among the passengers, will they choose the ship that goes to new ports, or want to see the same ones again?

There are a few of the problems to be settled well in advance. Cost? The ship costs, to take a fair average figure for a big liner, £1,200 a day to run. Three weeks' trip, say, £25,000 for the whole time. Five hundred passengers at £50 each would meet that, so the scale must be worked out according to the cabins required. These are figures for a real luxury cruise, but the fixing of a rate is just as great a problem on any vessel. The *Homeric*, to which the above figures might apply, would carry a crew of 700 for the 500 passengers!

Those shore excursions abroad are fixed up months ahead—probably the average passenger comes to regard them as arranged on arrival. Harbour authorities are notified, tugs chartered, everything designed to ensure that wonderfully smooth working which is the glory of a cruise.

Out of the huge crew, a very large proportion is connected with the victualling departments. You will be allowed to see the kitchens, in all probability; you will get little impression of the work which is done there, however. Look at a ship's menu, think of the number of passengers, and then stop to wonder where all the food is.

Among the stores which are tucked away in the *Homeric*, to use our former example, are the following:—

10,000 lb. of beef, 2,800 various poultry, 3,000 gallons of milk, 10,000 lb. of fish, 15,000 bottles of liquid refreshments, 30,000 eggs, 19,000 oranges, 1,700 lb. butter, 10,000 lb. of flour, and so on, through an amazing list of foodstuffs down to 46 gallons of salad oil and 36 lb. of macaroni, mere trifles in the huge piles of goods!

GLANCE in the baker's room. Electric mixers are turning sacks of flour into dough in an incredibly short time; dough separators are taking huge pieces of dough and making them into three dozen pieces for rolls, untouched by hand. One roll and a half per person is the estimate for a meal, so you will have eight hundred rolls baked fresh for your dinner! Next door is the confectionery. Ask them what they don't make! The answer is—nothing, from the humble scone to the most fancy meringues and iced cakes. Quite a few of those thirty thousand eggs are used here!

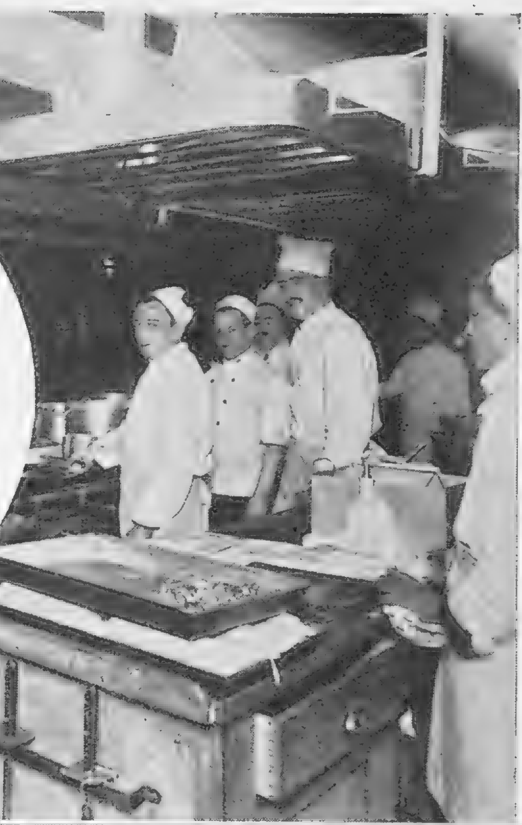
Here is the egg-boiling section. Put your eggs in the little pan, set the scale at four and a half minutes, push them into the tank by sliding the pan down the rod and then go on with your work. When four and a half minutes are gone, up slides the pan with a cheerful "ping!" to let you know.

IN the butcher's shop you will see carcases by the score—beef, poultry, fish—waiting for the skilled knife to get to work. Three weeks' perishable foods take some keeping fresh. Each foodstuff is kept at that temperature which science has fixed as being sufficient to keep it in perfect condition. Not

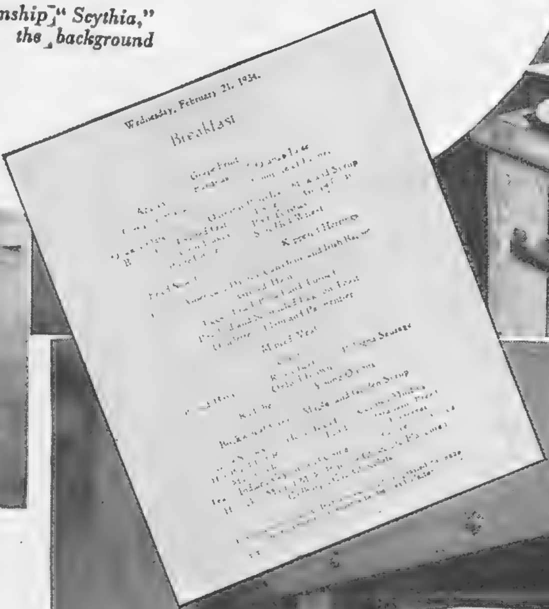
Cruises *Below* Decks

M. S. "Scythia" – Cunard Line

Left:
THE Cunard steamship "Scythia," with Venice in the background



Top Right:
CHEFS at work in the first class kitchen on the s.s. "Ranpura"



Wednesday, February 21, 1934.

Breakfast

Above:
IN the main dining-room of the French liner s.s. "Lafayette"

Right:
CHEFS on the s.s. "Orford" with some of the dishes they have prepared to tempt the appetite of the passengers

only climate has to be faced. In the foreign waters the ship is likely to encounter many strange pests of the insect world which have a great liking for the cereal stores, and must be kept out at all costs.

Huge ranges are installed in the main kitchens. Imagine long steel counters, of the width and height of a bank counter but far longer, with many sizes of hot-plates in the top, and scores of big pans simmering away. Coal, oil, and electricity all play their parts in modern ships' cookery. The utensils are of copper, gleaming as if never used.

All the great counter is hot enough to keep the food simmering—the hotplates will bring them to the boiling point first. Then the food is taken to the serving counters, all heated, that are against the wall, by the hatches. Here is everything kept hot until it goes on the dishes, and from the dishes it goes on to hot plates which are kept hot until the moment of serving the passenger.

Grills, toasters, steam ovens for puddings, every appliance is to be seen in these kitchens that can possibly add a bit of efficiency to the service.

Have you ever thought of the vast store of crockery and cutlery required for such a vessel? You will see racks upon racks of them here—plates by the thousand, egg-cups, asparagus dishes, beef-tea saucers, all the items you can think about and many more. For plainly, there will be four thousand plates or so used for the passengers' dinner each evening, to pick on just one item. Who does the washing (*Continued on page* 82)

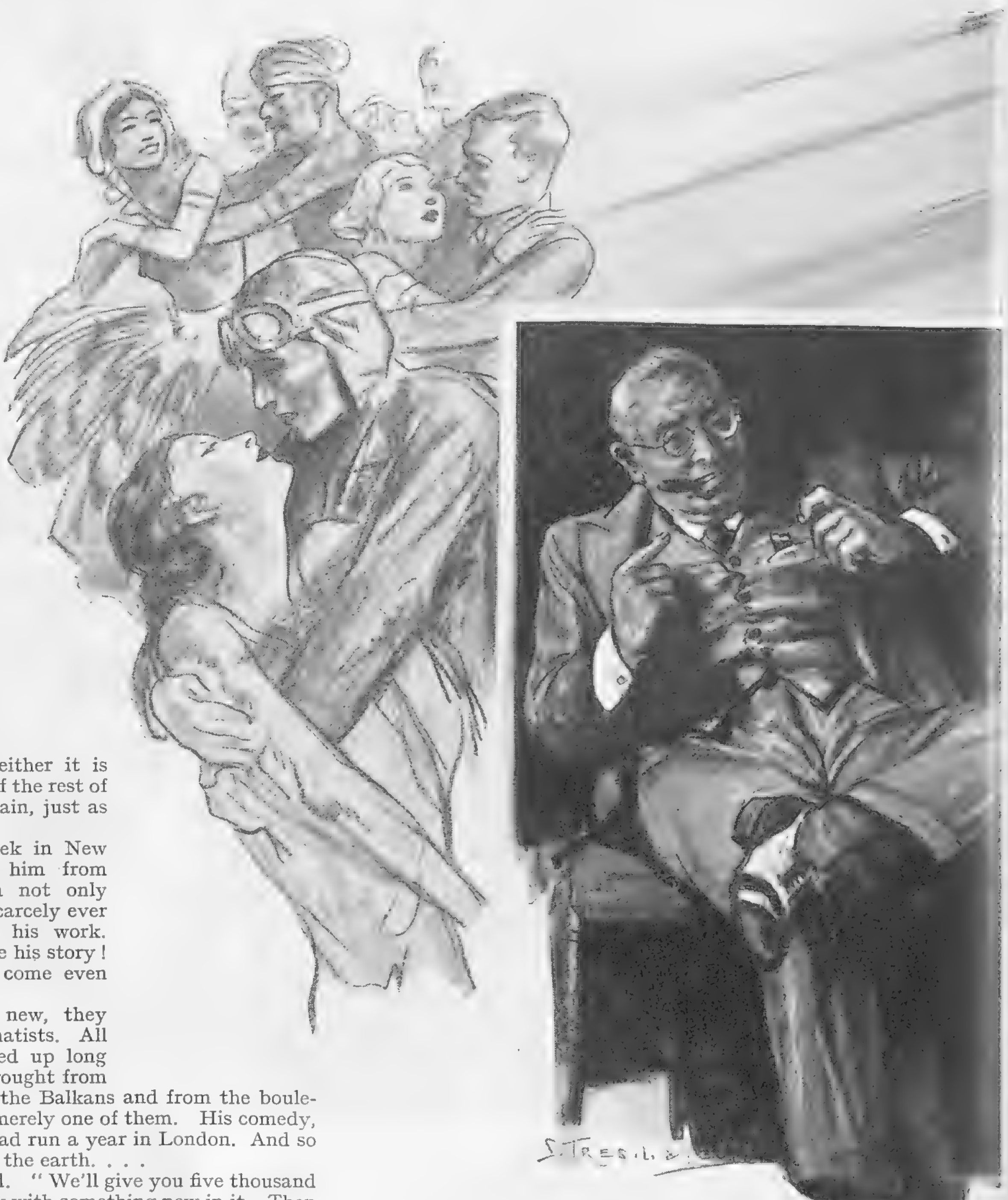
The WRONG Sort of Story

THIS is the story of a film. No, you have not seen it. Now, I expect, you never will . . . It begins with the great search for a New Idea. Perhaps you recall the circumstance. That after years of boom, when money was made by the million right through the industry, and they had spent it like drunken cowboys, the Big Slump came, and the banks stepped in. An iron control of spending replaced the throw-it-around method of the older days. They began to produce pictures by a method based on Cost. Then, not long after, receipts fell off all over the world.

There were countless cinemas everywhere. But where were the pictures?

The public, children in the early days of talkies, became critical, then cynical. Every now and then, in a cinema, you would hear go up laughter that was ironic. . . .

The talkies waited for the Great New Idea. They scoured the world.



"*KEEP it clean,*" *Cy Milliner had told him,* "*or make it very, very dirty. But—make it new. We want, not merely a new angle, but a new plot*"

NOW, on the day that my story starts, Temple Perkins was seated in his room in a New York hotel with his head on his hands. From outside came the hum of traffic. It thumped inside his brain. . . .

You who read books and see plays, and look on at a tense film drama, never see the long hours of agony which usually preface the birth of the idea behind it all.

You may think of expression as a vital, compelling thing. Believe me, either it is all dull mechanics, like most of the rest of things, or else it is born in pain, just as is a child.

It was Temple's third week in New York. They had brought him from England and promised him not only money, but, what had been scarcely ever known before, control over his work. They said that they would use his story! The movies, desperate, had come even to that depth of humbleness.

To search for something new, they had scoured Europe for dramatists. All those at home had been used up long before. So they had been brought from Prague and Leningrad, from the Balkans and from the boulevards. Temple Perkins was merely one of them. His comedy, "The Woman You Jilted," had run a year in London. And so Hollywood had promised him the earth. . . .

"You just write," they said. "We'll give you five thousand dollars a week. Write a story with something new in it. Then come over to the Coast and see it made."

So, paid something like £140 a day, Temple Perkins had been sitting at a desk for days. They brought up his meals. He just sat there, trying in vain to think. He conjured up a Richest Girl in the World and wondered what original thing he could make her do. He worried his brain about a King Who Threw Away a Throne, seeking where on earth Heroic Abnegation could go and live. He sought to rejuvenate Faust in the clothes of Savile Row, but could only imagine him as an old man with a painted face.

"Keep it clean," Cy Milliner had told him, "or make it very, very dirty. But—*make it new.* We want, not merely a new angle, but a new plot. They say there are only nine in the world and that all the story writers have been living on those for centuries. You find the tenth."

Cy, as master producer, had told that to all his imported authors. There was a Czeck he had put in a bungalow on Long Island. There was a Greek playwright way up the Hud-

A Parable of Film-land

By

Hannen Swaffer

son. For miles around, and all within easy reach, he had dramatists from Spain and Holland and Germany. There were novelists, too, from half the countries of Europe—all paid to evolve a new picture idea.

Temple Perkins nearly decided, once, that it wouldn't be a bad wheeze to write a story about all those authors. . . .

Every few hours or so, his telephone bell went. It was always Cy Milliner.

Had the great idea been born ? Hadn't he thought of something ? No, he hadn't. A big cast was waiting, he was always reminded.

For hour after hour, he sat staring at nothing, waiting. And every few hours the telephone bell rang, insistently.

Illustrated by S. Tresilian

It was at three in the morning that Perkins, after a restless sleep, woke up suddenly. Had you seen, you would have looked on a face that was illumined, transfigured. You would have seen him dash out of bed, rush to his desk, and with hasty fingers, well exercised in the old days, when he was a news reporter, punch away at his typewriter, getting something down.

" Click, click," went the typewriter. It clicked on for an hour. Foolscap after foolscap sheet, covered with typing, was thrown on the floor.

Then Perkins got on the telephone. It was a bear-headed producer who, sore and sleepy, answered at the other end. He had only just gone to bed after one of his parties. He hated being called.

" What do you say ? " he asked. " You've got it. Got what ? Oh, an idea ! Well, you've been long enough about it. It will keep till to-morrow now, I suppose."

" No, you must come round now," said Perkins. " I can't tell you why. You've got to come."

When, in an hour or so, Cy Milliner arrived, nervy and restless, and bored with lack of sleep, he listened to a strange story.

" I got the idea in a dream," said Perkins. " It's been given me."

" What do you mean—given you ? " asked the producer.

" I don't know," said Perkins, trying to explain. " I merely know that, while I slept, I saw acted in front of me a great story. And it's got to be filmed as I saw it. That's an order."

" An order ? " echoed Cy. " What on earth d'you mean ? I reckon the Old Man takes orders from nobody."

Perkins looked as though he were trying to find words.

" It's hard to explain," he said. " I merely know that this story has to be used exactly as I saw it acted, or else I shall forget it. That's why I typed it all out, in case I forgot. It's on that table."

The producer went across, picked up the manuscript and, in spite of his tiredness, read.

" I see you've got the title, too," he remarked.

" Yes," replied Perkins. " Right at the end, I heard a voice that said ' The Man Comes Back.' ' The Man Comes Back.' Call it that."

Impatiently, the producer read the script right through. Then he began to argue.

" There's a splendid germ of an idea here," he said.

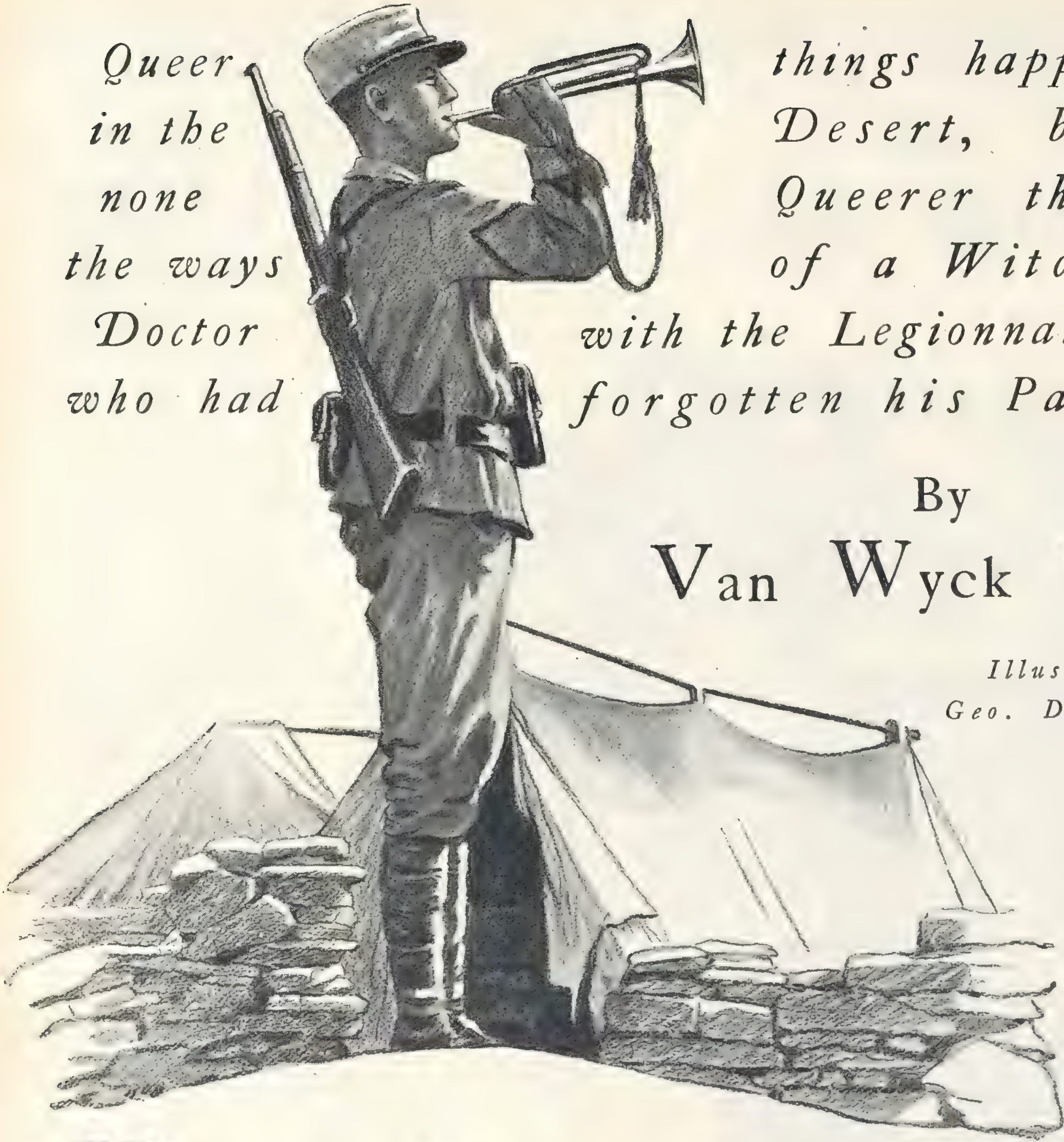
" No, germ of an idea won't do,"

(*Continued on page* 82)

Queer things happen in the Desert, but none Queerer than the ways of a Witch-Doctor with the Legionnaire who had forgotten his Past

By Van Wyck Mason

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander



Previous Rank . . .

RECRUITING - SERGEANT MONET gazed wearily about the dingy little office at Sidi Bel Abbes. The ancient fly-blown notices and garish posters irritated him.

" Some day I'll rip those damn things down," he said to the fat little Austrian who served him as assistant.

The two men slumped in their chairs.

" *Dieu de Dieu du Sort !* " growled the sergeant, " what a Hell of a life for a soldier! To sit in this God-forgotten, stink-tinctured stokehold of a town ! "

" It's worse in the desert garrisons," said the other, " here at least there are the souks—— "

" Bah ! " he spat disgustedly, " nothing but a lot of mangy merchants and tough women that any man in his senses won't touch with a ten-foot pole ! Have you finished those forms yet ? Be quick about it, you Austrian fathead ! "

Viciously the sergeant drove his pen over the never-ending reports. Through the half-open door came swarms of flies and the yellow billowing dust of the souks, redolent of the body odours of donkeys, camels and men.

The Austrian peered anxiously at the gaunt figure of his chief; decidedly his liver was bad again.

The door opened wide and a file of men shambled in, who, finding their presence completely ignored, slumped disconsolately on to the scarred wooden benches which lined the walls. A broad greasy smudge on the white-washed wall showed where countless shoulders had left their grimy traces.

Finally, Monet sat back and surveyed the row—a gleam of malicious anticipation in his hard black eyes. The Austrian pitied the unhappy wretches, for he knew that there were few things that delighted the calloused and small-souled sergeant more than a pitiless badgering of the weekly draft of recruits. He looked forward to it with sadistic pleasure.

" Are these scrapings of the ghetto all they could find ? My God ! Why don't they send us a man once in a while ? "

His practised eyes eliminated all but two; he motioned these aside.

" The rest of you get to Hell out of here. I'm doing you a service if you only knew it. Now then, you—no, the other, come here ! "

Monet's liver gave that unhappy man a twinge and the Austrian saw the sweat pour from the sergeant's lean bronzed cheeks and brow as his lips met in a grimace of pain.

" An officer entered; the two N.C.O.'s leaped to attention.

" Has Captain Hugomont come in yet ? "

" No, sir," replied the recruiting sergeant, " but we expect him any minute."

" Then I'll wait. Go ahead with your work."

The newcomer, a blond sun-burned lieutenant, with close-cropped moustache and clear blue eyes, stood leaning against the wall watching the examination of the applicant.

A few minutes later the applicant, dazed by the sergeant's venomous tongue, slunk off to the examining surgeon's office.

" All right—next man," called Monet. The lieutenant regarded the second man with interest. He was tall, muscular and well proportioned. The thinning hair on his finely shaped head was dark brown, as was the neatly trimmed moustache which shadowed his wide, firm mouth. The clothes were shabby but well made, and, noted the officer, his linen was as clean as could be expected in such a place on such a day. He stood before the sergeant staring with a curiously unseeing gaze at the desk top.

" *Vous parlez français, vous ?* " rapped the sergeant. " Speak up ! "

As with an effort the applicant spoke.

" Yes—I talk it," the man replied in French, but spoke slowly and with an atrocious accent. The lieutenant found his curiosity piqued, for the man's voice betrayed a person of culture.

" So you want to join the Legion ? "

" Yes——"

" Say ' sir,' you creature ! " railed the sergeant. *Peste*, why did the fool stare so? Drunk? Doped? No, he knew those signs all too well. " Why do you want to enlist ? "

A troubled expression passed over the big man's face and he blinked nervously.

" I can't explain—— "

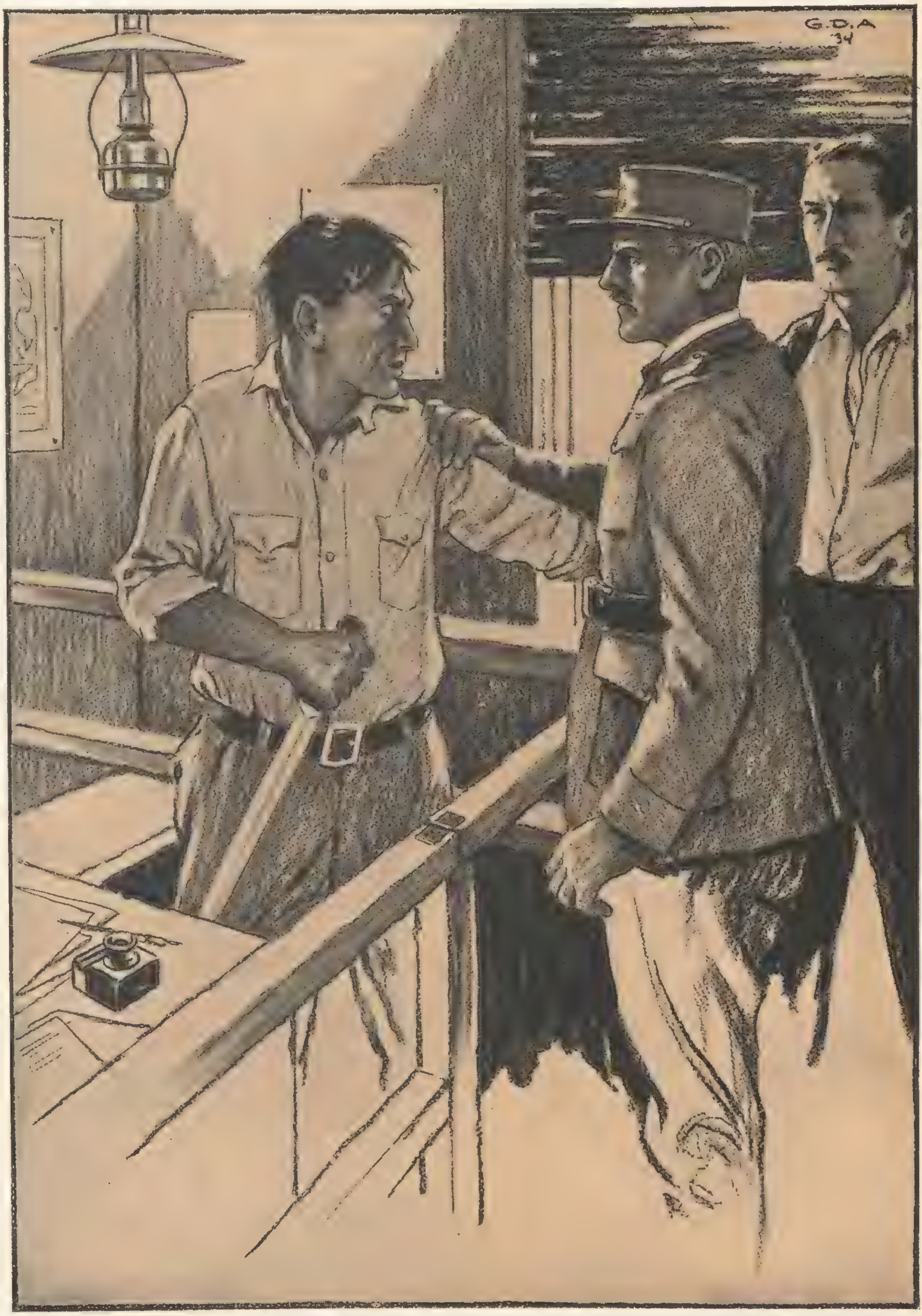
" Can't explain ? " sneered the N.C.O., "can't explain—when it's too bad to talk about in this God-punished hole — well, it must have been a rotten piece of work." Clearly the man had once been a gentleman ; Monet hated him for it. His gutter-bred childhood had developed in him a passionate and vindictive hatred of those beings who were better born and better bred than himself. When such a person chanced to fall within the scope of his power the sergeant persecuted him with such relentless energy that more than one had either turned on his tormentor, to suffer the terrible fate of those who defy the Legion's discipline, or had slunk off to end an existence too miserable to endure.

The lieutenant turned as a tall captain with a thin brown face and black hair entered.

" Ah, Le Gollet, I was detained ; sorry to have kept you waiting."

" No matter, Hugomont. I didn't mind," laughed the other. " I've been watching your amiable sergeant at work. It's a wonder we get any recruits at all."

" Monet's all right, a bit rough in his methods, but then he has a hard lot to deal with. He gets some surprising results."



WITH a crash the sergeant's chair flew back, there was a metallic " weeep " as his long sword-bayonet flashed out. He lunged forward and would have spitted the helpless man before him, but Le Gollet flung himself between

“I shouldn't wonder,” replied Le Gollet, his eyes on the recruit.

“No, he's really expert at extracting unwilling information—Monet, go ahead with your man. Don't stand there like a damned image—it's too hot!”

The sergeant seated himself and resumed his examination.

“What's your age?”

“I don't know.”

“Call it thirty-five,” called Monet over his shoulder to the Austrian, who was filling in the *dossier.*

“Nationality?”

“I—I can't remember.” The fellow clutched nervously at the rail which separated him from the sergeant's desk.

“Bah!” snarled Monet, “you'll be telling me you don't know your own name——”

“I don't,” said the applicant with a faint, troubled smile.

Whereupon the sergeant swore so picturesquely that even the Austrian was moved to admiration.

“Don't bother with him, Monet,” directed Hugomont; “he's mentally deficient——”

“If you don't mind, mon capitaine,” interposed the lieutenant, “let Monet go on; this fellow's as fine a specimen physically as I've ever seen. His trouble might be corrected with time; the drill sergeants——”

“Yes, the drill sergeant will either kill him or he'll make a soldier. It won't take long one way or the other. May as well go on, sergeant.”

“Can't you remember anything about yourself?” asked Le Gollet.

“Sorry, sir,” replied the prospective recruit, gazing blankly at the officer, “but my head's been hurting me, I—I can't seem to recollect things.”

“Attention, you tripe,” recommenced Monet; “your pay is munificent—ten centimes a day, which is far more than you'll ever be worth, and—” the sergeant switched into surprisingly faultless English, “Hand salute!” he barked.

Instantly the tall man's hand shot upwards, palm out, fingers parallel to his forehead.

“You can write English in the ‘Nationality’ space,” said Monet to his assistant, “and ‘yes’ in the ‘Previous Military Service’ blank. What's next?”

“‘Previous rank.’”

The inquisitor faced his subject again, a malicious smile playing on his thin lips. “So my precious son of a she camel, you were a soldier once?” Monet reached to a rack which stood behind his chair and lifted a Lebel rifle; this he suddenly flung at the man before him, who caught it deftly. But when the sergeant ran quickly through the English Manual of Arms, the anxious-eyed man's movements were lacking in snap and precision.

“He's not been a very smart soldier,” said the captain; “he handles his rifle badly——”

“Yes, mon Capitaine,” said Monet, “but officers are not used to drilling with a rifle.”

“Oh,” murmured Le Gollet, “so he was an officer once. I wonder what he did to lose his commission?”

“The lieutenant wishes to know how you lost your commission,” said the recruiting sergeant; “speak up!”

“I don't know——”

“Don't know? Stealing mess funds most like as not.”

The candidate stood silent.

“Well, you've got to find him a name,” said Hugomont.

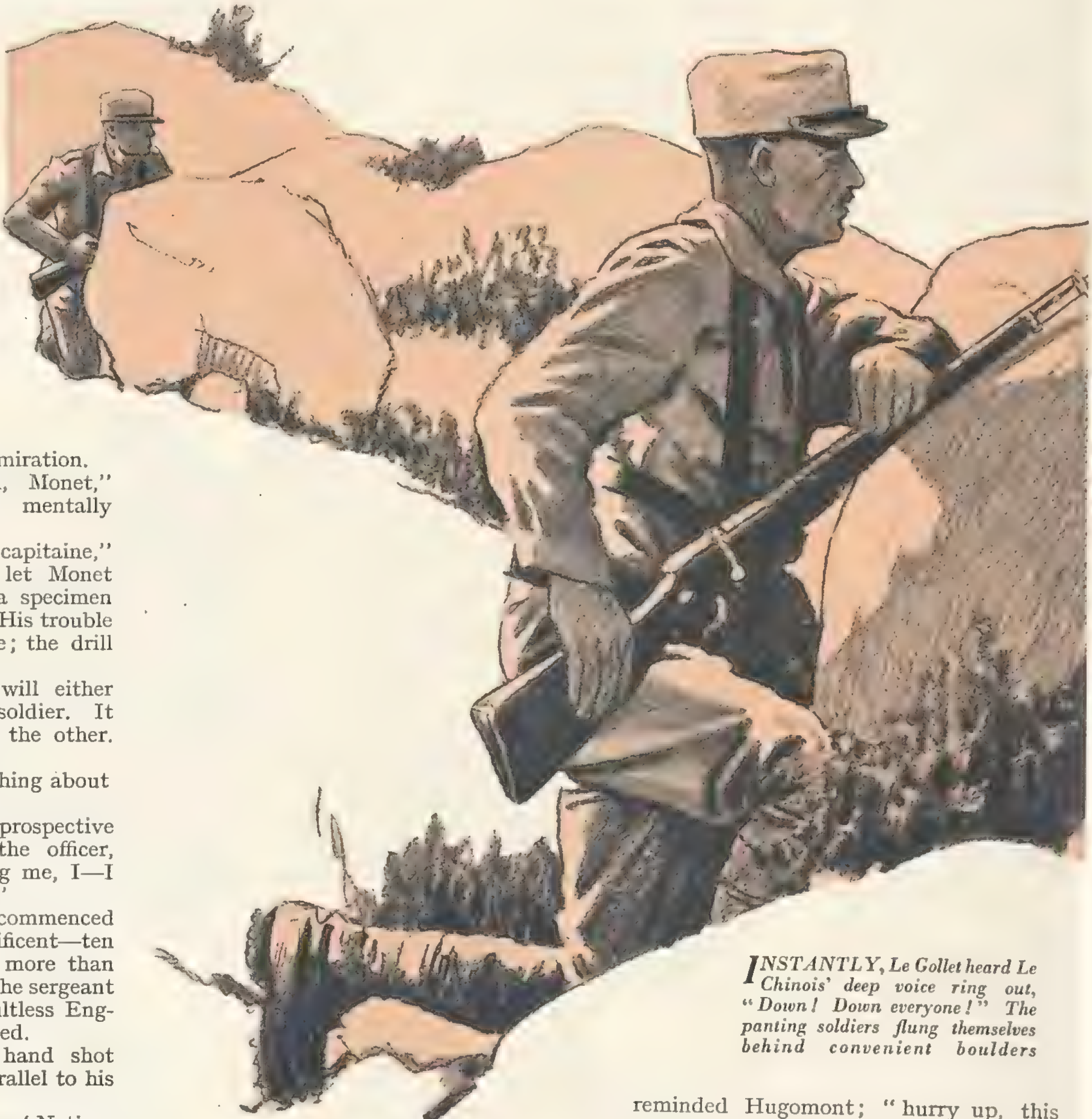
The sergeant layed down his pen, sat back in his chair, and surveyed the Englishman.

“What's that about your filthy neck?” It occurred to the worthy Monet that it might be an identification piece such as is commonly worn in the English Army. The tall man drew forth with obvious reluctance a length of cord on the end of which was an oval amulet of some greenish substance. It was engraved with numerous overlapping circles and triangles with an inscription superimposed in curious characters.

“Give it to me!” said the sergeant, but the Englishman shook his head. Impatiently Monet leaned forward, grasped the amulet and jerked it free. Fortunately for him, the sergeant was habitually quick in his movements, else the Englishman's fist would have broken his jaw; as it was it only grazed his face. With a crash the sergeant's chair flew back, there was a metallic “weeep” as his long sword-bayonet flashed out. He lunged forward and would have spitted the helpless man before him, but Le Gollet flung himself between.

“*Ça suffit,*” said the lieutenant coldly, “save your butcherings for the desert stations. Englishman, you've made a bad beginning.”

Purple-faced, the sergeant returned to his desk.



INSTANTLY, Le Gollet heard Le Chinois' deep voice ring out, “Down! Down everyone!” The panting soldiers flung themselves behind convenient boulders

“You've not given him a name yet,” reminded Hugomont; “hurry up, this pest hole is like a furnace.”

Le Gollet picked up the charm and examined it curiously.

“It's really unusual, Hugomont; looks Chinese, but it isn't.”

“What difference does it make?” said the captain irritably. “Give it back to the fool. Call him a Chinaman and be done with it.”

So with due formality, the grinning Austrian solemnly enrolled the blank-faced recruit as Jean Le Chinois. That night as he sat down to the evening “soupe” at the barracks the Austrian turned to one of his fellows and said, “Monet's just picked a new victim; how long do you give this one to last?”

“Three months if he's a strong man,” came the terse rejoinder; “six weeks if he's not.”

“I DON'T know what you're thinking of, Le Gollet,” said Captain Hugomont; “isn't life hard enough without you're getting that half-witted Englishman in your platoon? It would be bad enough if he'd been assigned to you through the natural course of events; but when you make it a point to ask for him—I'm beginning to think you've got a touch of 'le cafard.' Really now, what's your reason, if any?"

The young officer sat back in his chair on the porch of the officers' club and blew a cloud of cigarette smoke out into the effulgent moonlight. At this hour the squalid little town of Sidi Bel Abbes seemed transformed into an alabaster city of pure white domes, towers and minarets.

"Well," said Le Gollet, "there are a number of reasons; first, he's a gentleman; I like gentlemen, and you'll admit that they're scarce in the Legion. Second, he's a splendid type physically."

"But that'll do him no good if his mind is clouded."

"I was coming to that. You know I studied medicine, specialised in neurology before—before I decided to enter the Legion. Frankly, his case has me completely at a loss——"

"What does it most resemble?"

"Amnesia, but there are several elements present which rule that out as a correct diagnosis. It's more like arrested development. Yet, bon Dieu! they don't make feeble-minded men officers, not even in the English Army, least of all in Guards Corps."

"Guards officer?"

"Yes, I forgot to tell you. The quartermaster's clerk is a little pickpocket cockney, who's evidently had a turn in 'Er Britannic Majesty's Forces. Well, he's issued our new recruit his uniform, recognised him for a compatriot and was showing him the correct way of doing things when suddenly he stops, stares, then commences to swear *à tue tête*. You know Da Ordoni, the English-speaking Brazilian that's just been made captain?"

The other nodded.

"Well, he heard the row and asked what was the matter.

"'Gor blime, mong capitaine!' says the cockney; 'we've got a guardsman wiv us!'

"'Pig of an Eenglish,' says Da Ordoni, 'how do you know that?'

"'Wye, look at 'is buttons!'

"'I see nothing save that they are not clean, and that they are not buttoned correctly. Why has the fool left each third button undone?'

"'Lo'd luvvus, mong capitaine,' says the cockney, 'that's just it; the Scots Guards space their buttons by twos, the Welsh Guards by threes, and the Hirish, dammem! by fours, so 'es a Scots Guardsman, 'e is!'

"'I see no cause for all this *tohu*. What of it?'

"'Wye, it means we've got at least one real officer in this ruddy regiment!'

"Da Ordoni turned a nasty white, and sent the clerk up for ten days *salle de punition*. From now on that poor devil's life won't be worth living."

"A *mauvais farceur* is our Da Ordoni," commented the captain, "with few if any redeeming graces. But as you were saying——?"

"Well, I believe that Le Chinois has the making of a first-rate soldier; I'm sorry for the poor devil——"

"He hasn't a chance, the Legion's hard enough on able-bodied men. He won't last a month——"

"Look here"—the younger man leaned forward, an expression of earnestness on his clean-cut features—"I'll make you a sporting proposition."

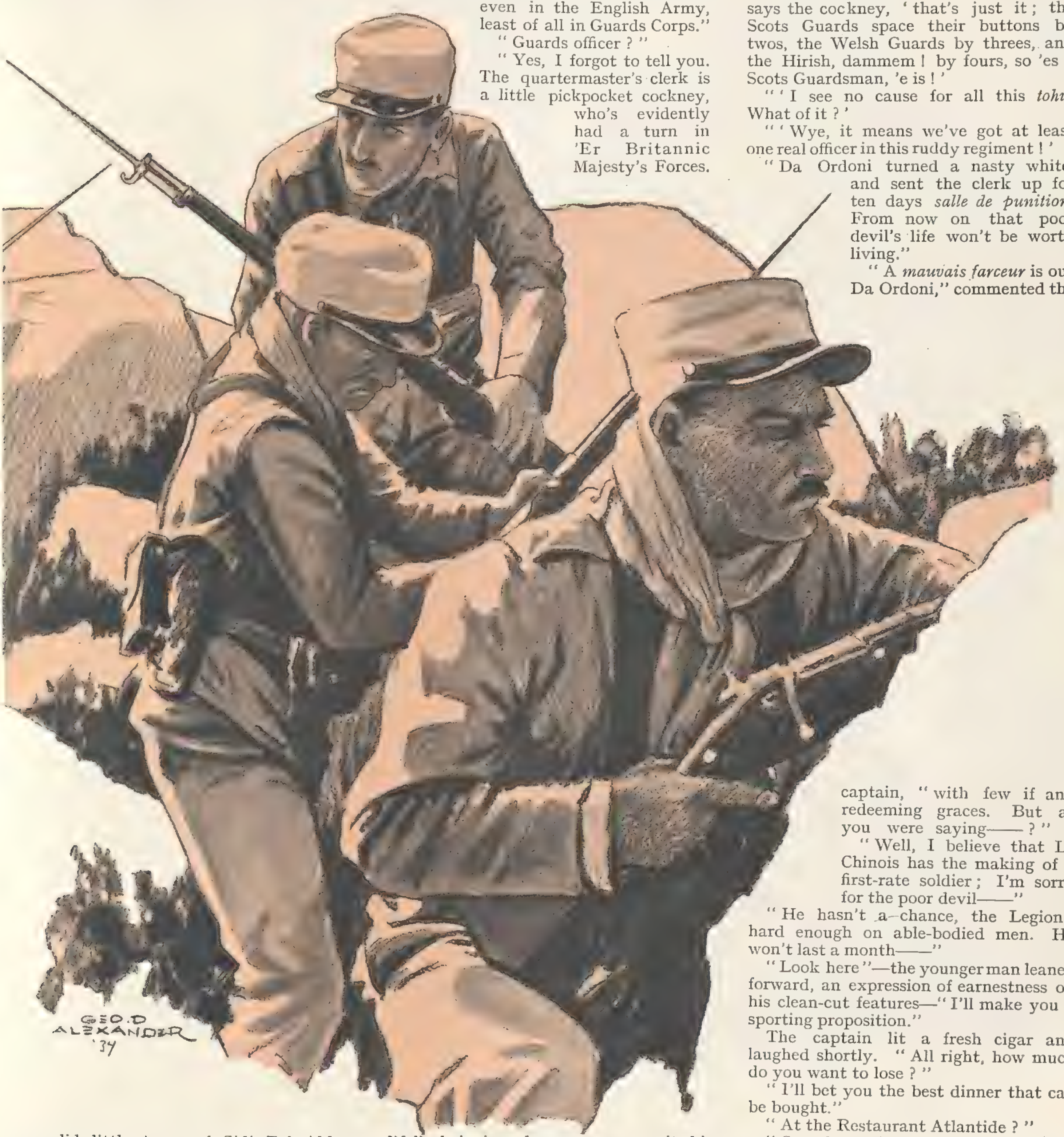
The captain lit a fresh cigar and laughed shortly. "All right, how much do you want to lose?"

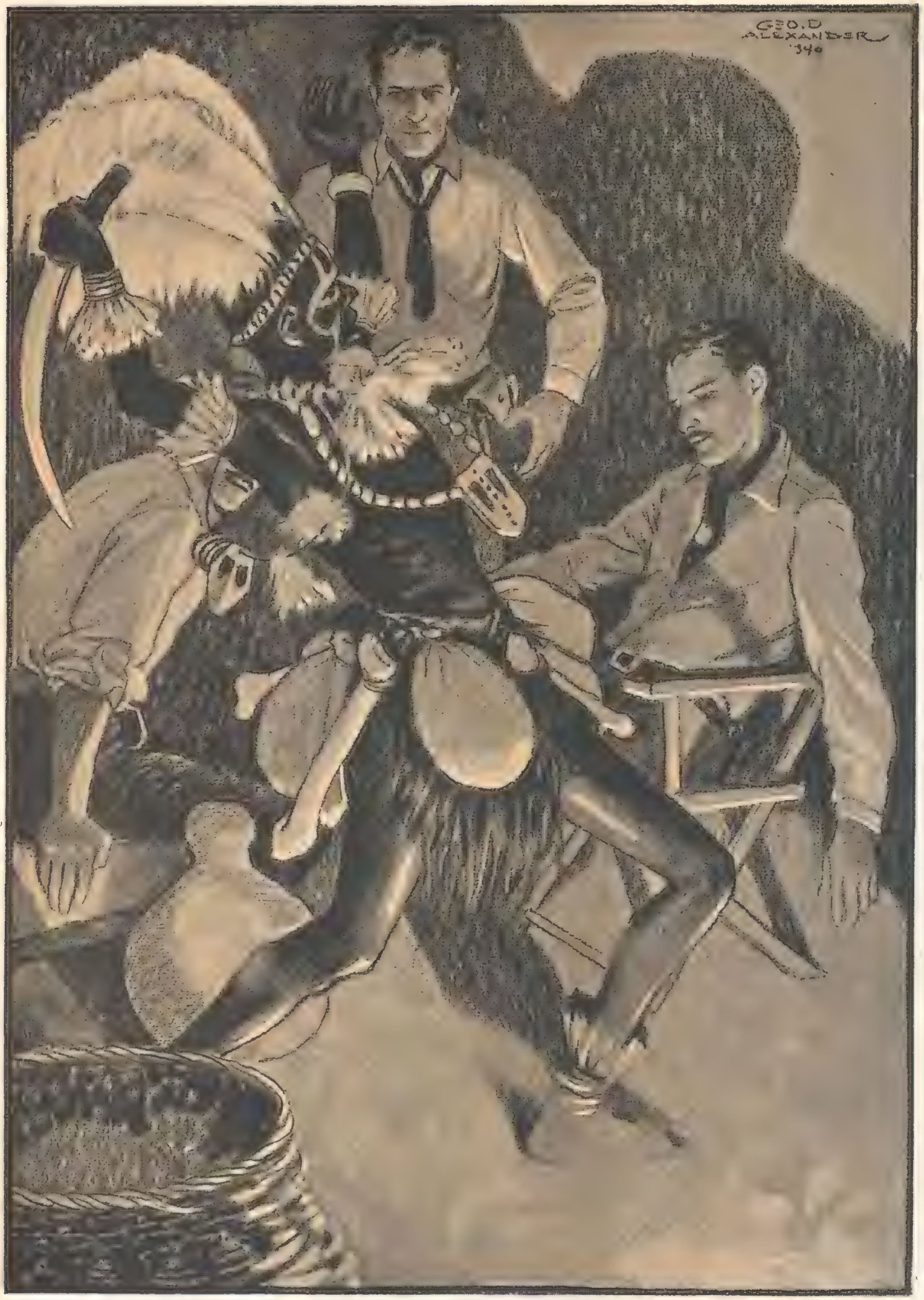
"I'll bet you the best dinner that can be bought."

"At the Restaurant Atlantide?"

"Complete with wine—that I'll find out who Le Chinois really is, what's wrong with him, and what he was!" He looked challengingly into the amused eyes of his friend.

"Done," said the other instantly; "but it's a shame to let you waste your money; if you ever want to hedge your bet, I'll let you. I really shouldn't take it; that Englishman—he'll go completely crazy or commit suicide before a year's out."





SUDDENLY the frenzied witch doctor flung away his rattle, and drew a long knife with a crescent-shaped blade. This he brandished as he flung his arms upwards again and again

"Thanks for your offer," said Le Gollet as he flicked his cigarette out into the moonlit square, "but I rather fancy that bet and I'll stick to it."

TIME, which has a way of dulling curiosity, caused the ——ième Compagnie to forget the apparently insoluble mystery in its midst. Furthermore, the recruit fell so adeptly into the routine of military life that there was little to distinguish him from his fellows save his magnificent physique and his sad, haunted eyes. Night after night the Legionnaires would find him sitting alone, staring off into the brazen Algerian sunset, as he racked his poor head to remember who and what he had been. They sympathised remotely or taunted him, according to their natures; but it affected him not in the least. Even Lieutenant Le Gollet, his staunch friend and protector, after employing every artifice of auto-suggestion and inquiry, confessed himself baffled.

However, the lieutenant felt cheered, for Le Chinois' mind cleared to a certain extent, so that before long he was made soldat première classe; then, after a year, a corporal.

It was shortly after his second promotion that Le Chinois entered the long white-washed barrack room one evening and found the men talking angrily.

"Have you heard the news, Jean?" asked one of them.

"Why, no. Is the food bad again?"

The man's face took on a sullen expression and he glanced sidewise.

"No," he said bitterly. "Monet has been reassigned to this company—God's curse on that swine-conceived devil!"

Le Chinois' heart sank, but he squared his shoulders and said, "Don't worry too much about him; he may have changed."

But the amiable sergeant had not changed one whit and made life for the company a hell indeed.

It was then that Le Gollet lamented the fact that the Legion sees little of its officers except in the field, but he found time, nevertheless, to promise certain harsh things to the brutal Monet if he did not abandon his insensate persecution of the English corporal; for his intense hatred of the gentlemanly Le Chinois had assumed the quality of an obsession.

Quite unexpectedly, one hot sleepy afternoon, the company bugler doubled into the square and began to blow the "*alerte*." Simultaneously, things began to happen and continued to happen until, some weeks later, Le Chinois' company found itself many miles distant among the torrid red foothills of the Atlas Mountains.

"Mon Dieu," said Corporal Le Chinois in fluent French, "how can men live in such a country?"

Sergeant Monet overheard him.

"So my little aristo, you find it warm?"

The corporal nodded briefly.

"Well, costeaud, you'll find it even hotter than you expect. It's a damned unhealthy climate—especially for English corporals."

The bronzed giant pushed his kepi on to the back of his head, grinned cheerfully and replied, "It is possible. It has also happened not infrequently that sergeants who enjoy your undoubted popularity have found detached duty a bit unhealthful——"

"So?" snarled Monet, "the little Englishman has ideas of that sort? Listen to me," his voice sank to a harsh whisper, "you'll never see Sidi Bel Abbes again. I've had others like you to deal with, and I'm still here."

The next morning there was a council at headquarters, and after a careful study of topographical maps the column broke up into companies and the companies into platoons. Sullenly the little groups marched off into the glittering, soul-baking heat of the desert.

Two days later a panting legionnaire ran up to Lieutenant Le Gollet and saluted.

"Well ?"

"The Tuareg camp—mon lieutenant—it's in an oasis over there," and he pointed at a group of low reddish hills about two kilometres distant. "One of our scouts approached very near. They cannot——"

"Are they in force ?" broke in Le Gollet.

"No, sir, the main *harka* is away. There is only the guard left. But they are very numerous."

"How many ?"

"About a hundred and fifty—they outnumber us three to one !"

Le Gollet nodded satisfaction. "Good, then they'll stay and fight. If we can only drive them out before that *harka* returns——" Skilfully he deployed the platoon and things were coming along very satisfactorily when a spent Mauser bullet plowed a furrow above Le Gollet's right ear and he dropped like a stone. Amid a hail of bullets Le Chinois, who was standing near, dragged the body under the shelter of a neighbouring boulder. He gazed a moment with grief-stricken eyes at the motionless figure, then doubled back to his post, quite unconscious of the fact that Le Gollet had opened his eyes and was vainly attempting to muster sufficient strength to call out. Helplessly he watched Sergeant Monet take command, but was relieved to observe that he did not make any changes in the disposition of the men. Thankfully he closed his aching eyes for a few minutes.

The legionnaires lay behind rocks in the full glare of the afternoon sun, firing methodically until the heat waves dancing along the rifle barrels blurred their sights completely. Then they waited for the barrels to cool before resuming fire at the tribesmen, who flitted from behind one palm bole to another.

THE heat was a torture that passed imagination and from afar the gleam of cool water in the oasis maddened the legionnaires, tantalising their fevered membranes, but overhead whined and moaned the bullets ; it might as well have been a mirage. There was little that could be done save wait for the endless brazen hours to pass. Le Chinois, gazing upwards, decided that another four hours would see the sun behind the jagged blood-red mountains on the distant horizon.

Le Gollet opened his eyes again in time to see Monet beckon Le Chinois to the shelter of a large boulder against which the Tuareg bullets persistently flattened themselves. The Englishman gathered himself and sprinted over — to fall gasping beside his superior, who glowered malevolently at him. Distinctly their voices carried to the helpless officer.

"Go back and call to the men beyond you to fasten on their bayonets."

Le Chinois was staring at Monet horror-stricken. "Mon Dieu, you don't mean to rush them——?"

"Why not ?" The sergeant's blood-shot eyes glared fiercely at him.

"It's only four hours till dark."

"Only four hours," snarled Monet, as he licked heat-cracked lips. "Four hours ! Gullet of Satan ! Four hours more on this damned frying pan of Hell when one good charge will drive them out ? Bah !"

"Of course, a rush will drive them out," said Le Chinois, "but we'll lose ten or fifteen men ; at night——"

"What of it ? Such men are cheap, scavengers, lice, pimps—there's plenty more where they come from ; but more of this——" Monet glared at the sandy boulder-strewn ridges wavering in the blinding heat. "Mother of God, no !"

"Better than lose the men——"

"Hah ! So the big little Englishman is afraid—we'll see." He drew his revolver. "Now, do as I say or I'll shoot you, you damned aristo, and be glad of the chance. I'll get you anyhow —insubordination in the face of the enemy ; it's the *As de Pique* for you, jackal ! Will you obey ?"

The blue steel barrel yawned in line with Le Chinois' eyes.

Le Gollet attempted a shout, but a feeble gurgle was the only result ; a sickening sensation of defeat swept over him as he realised that the sergeant's bullet would put an end to his little mystery. But the Englishman had accepted the inevitable.

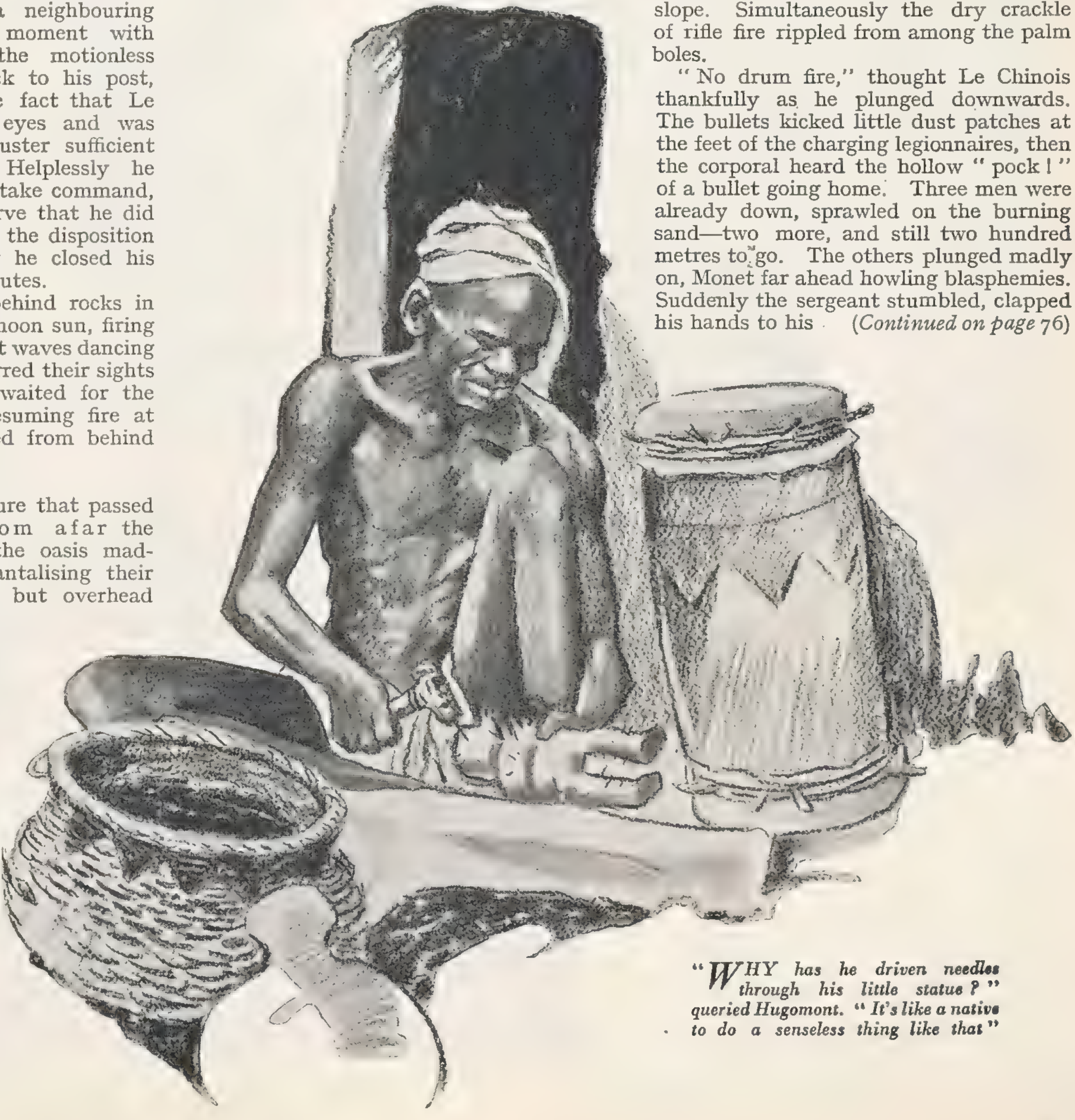
"All right," he was saying heavily.

With sinking heart Le Chinois heard the bayonets "snick" into place. The men grinned, foolishly happy to be done with the soul-shattering wait. The corporal could see dozens of *djellab*-clad figures in blue and white gathering at the edge of the oasis. "Poor deluded fools !" he thought.

The sound of the bayonets locking on sounded dimly in Le Gollet's ears. Again he opened his eyes painfully. In the position in which he lay he could see all that was passing. Slowly his aching head registered scattered thoughts. Dully, he saw the men crouched behind the protecting rocks ready to leap forward. Good God, why would Monet charge them across three hundred metres of open ground ? As in a dream he saw the sergeant wave his hand to the bugler. Desperately he once more tried to call out—but there was no sound. The effort made him sick and the whole scene swam before his eyes. Then the bugle rang out and the agonised officer helplessly watched the men spring to their feet and rush madly down the slope. Simultaneously the dry crackle of rifle fire rippled from among the palm boles.

"No drum fire," thought Le Chinois thankfully as he plunged downwards. The bullets kicked little dust patches at the feet of the charging legionnaires, then the corporal heard the hollow "pock !" of a bullet going home. Three men were already down, sprawled on the burning sand—two more, and still two hundred metres to go. The others plunged madly on, Monet far ahead howling blasphemies. Suddenly the sergeant stumbled, clapped his hands to his

(*Continued on page* 76)



"WHY has he driven needles through his little statue ?" queried Hugomont. "It's like a native to do a senseless thing like that"

TOWN—OR

The Comparative keeping in the Metropolis, with a

Above:
"GIVE me the roar of the City outside my windows—and my amusements just round the corner"

Top right:
"COUNTRY life is so sociable! In my London street I need not know my next-door neighbour"

"MODERN furniture appeals to my sense of efficiency, but it has no place in the country. Therefore I live in Town"

IMAGINE that you have turned out of a London shopping thoroughfare into a side street. A little quieter, but not much. The houses on each side have a faded dignity. Drab monotony is stabbed here and there with the rash colouring of a gay front door.

One of the more immaculate front doors has admitted you.

A lift has carried you up a number of floors and deposited you with your hostess.

Let her, for the purpose of this introduction, be Mrs. Town.

She is small and beautiful with the painstaking loveliness of perfect grooming. Her hand in yours is smooth and cool, her clothes simple but perfect.

"This is fun . . ." she laughs. "How amusing of you to choose me for your town mouse! . . ."

She moves to the sideboard, still talking as she pours something into a glass. You have time to notice the room in which you sit, to appreciate the dramatic quality of its studied simplicity. White walls, black curtains, white sycamore and black glass furniture.

"I wonder if you like my flat? I love it. Modern decoration appeals to me. It's so concise. I like its humour. It would be wrong in the country, as I am myself."

She lifts a glass to the light, approving its sparkle.

"Not that I dislike the country. I delight in it as much as I delight to return to this. You see, I'm restless—impulsive. When I want a thing I want it at once. If I have to wait, the mood is gone. It may be a musical comedy or a sole bonne femme—but I'm on the spot for both.

"Besides, one can be alone in London. It's easy to escape one's friends."

Discussion drifts on to food, cooking.

"Why fuss in a kitchen when restaurant food is so much better?" she demands.

"I cook no worse than the average woman, but I am honest about the quality of my cakes and pastry compared with the baker round the corner. Harrods send me cooked food that my imperfect skill and equipment can never equal.

"I don't say I always do it; that wouldn't be practicable. Not that it's expensive, after all. I run my flat with an inexpensive maid and fuel for cooking costs us next to nothing. Had you thought of that?"

You confess you hadn't, but there are other things you had—country gardens, fresh fruit, new vegetables....

She goes to the window, points to a gap in the houses where a burst of green publishes the fringes of the park.

"There's my garden. It's bigger and better than any I could afford myself.

The telephone rings. She lifts the receiver.

Hullo. . . . oh, yes, hullo. . . . Just tired, and you? . . . . No, nothing. . . . Yes, we'd love to. . . . Yes. . . . Seven o'clock. Good-bye."

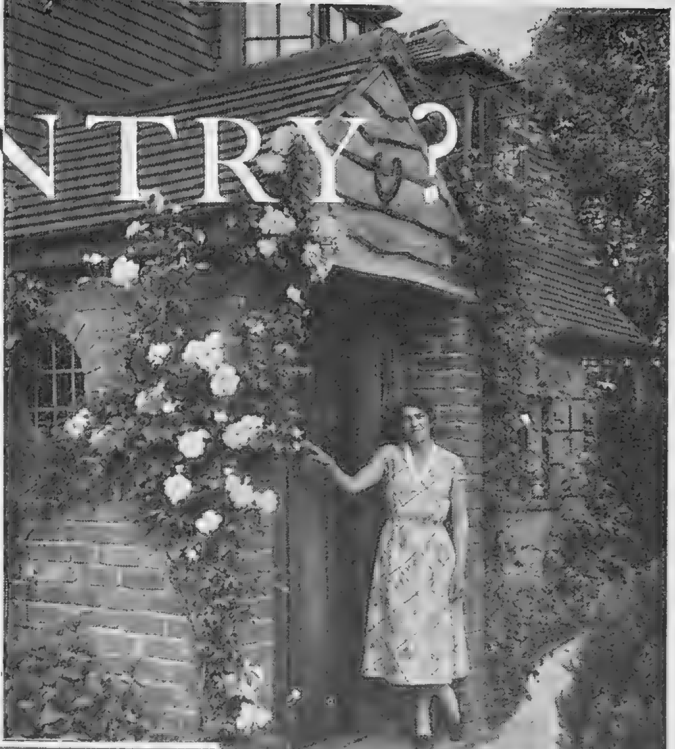
She replaces it.

"Tell me," with a puzzled frown, "what do they do in the country in the evenings?"

"WHY should I fuss with cooking when restaurant food is so much the best?"

COUNTRY?

Merits of House-Country and the Plea for both



Right:

"*TOWN life is so lonely. Give me the friendly informality of my country neighbours*"

Below:

"*LABOUR-SAVING is not the prerogative of town-dwellers. My kitchen is easy to look at, and we eat in it too*"

NOW picture a country town. You are twenty miles from London and under the influence of a delicious repose. Turning out of a demure high street, you have followed a winding hill between tall hedges, glimpsed an occasional house, cradled in green.

Later, you have turned into a gate, drawn up before a rose-covered porch. The front door is wide open; so are the lattice windows. Under the shade of a laburnum tree is a perambulator; brown legs, just visible above the sides, are waving aimlessly in the air.

A girl is smiling in the open door. Let her, for the purpose of this introduction, be Mrs. Country.

"How nice of you to come so far! . . ."

You are together, talking, in a long, cool room. Windows everywhere and a lattice door. The room is a harmony of subdued colouring—old parchment walls, Persian rugs. Ice tinkles in the clear green glass in your hand; your hostess is seated on a window ledge, bare legs dangling above the floor.

She is little, but the warm tan of her cheek and the firm, slim lines of her figure are strong. Her dress is immaculate, cool, her soft hair pushed impatiently behind her ears.

"*I TRY to make my home expressive of real things, and I am nearer to realities in the country*"

"These are the days when I am thankful to be living out of town," she says. "Doesn't that green vista refresh you?" She points to where the garden gives way to verdant fields.

"Imagine the relief of having no danger to the children from road traffic. I can send the two older boys out there to play without a single care.

"Oh, yes, the freedom of country life is marvellous. Our pleasures are all at hand. We play our games within sound of our own house—our tennis is in the garden and our swimming is in the river—free. Besides, it's easy enough nowadays to get to Town if we want a change." She thinks awhile.

"You know, I want my home to be expressive of *real* things . . . and we feel nearer to realities in the country. That's why people are friendlier, I suppose. London *is* lonely.

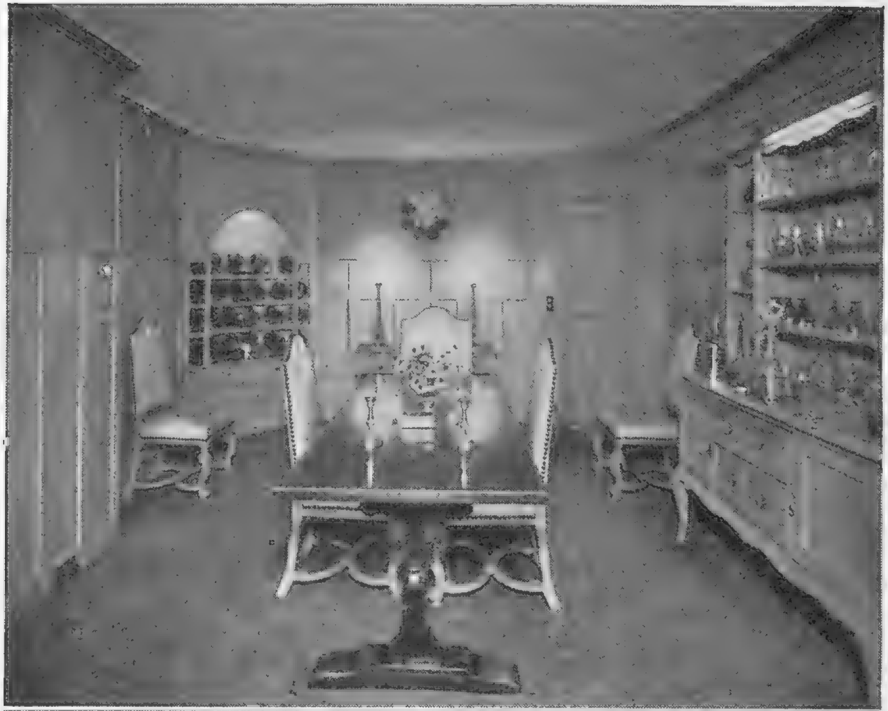
"But come into my kitchen. I'm proud of it. It's easy to look at and easy to work in."

It is a large, cool room. There are windows on to the garden, a polished wood floor, a modern porcelain-enamel gas cooker in its own tiled recess

(*Continued on page 102*)

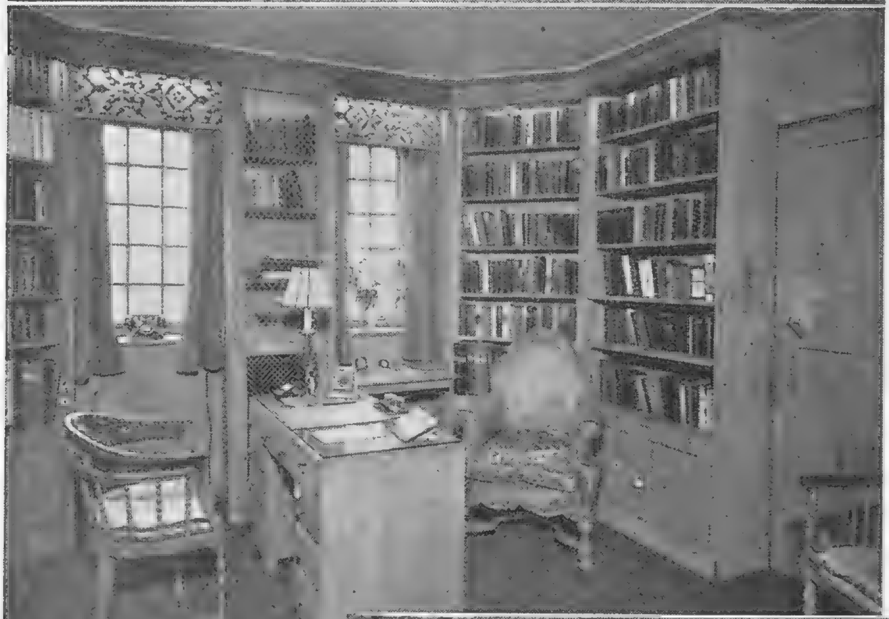
"*RIDING boots and fishing rods furnish my hall. They speak of happiness far more than chairs and tables*"

Other

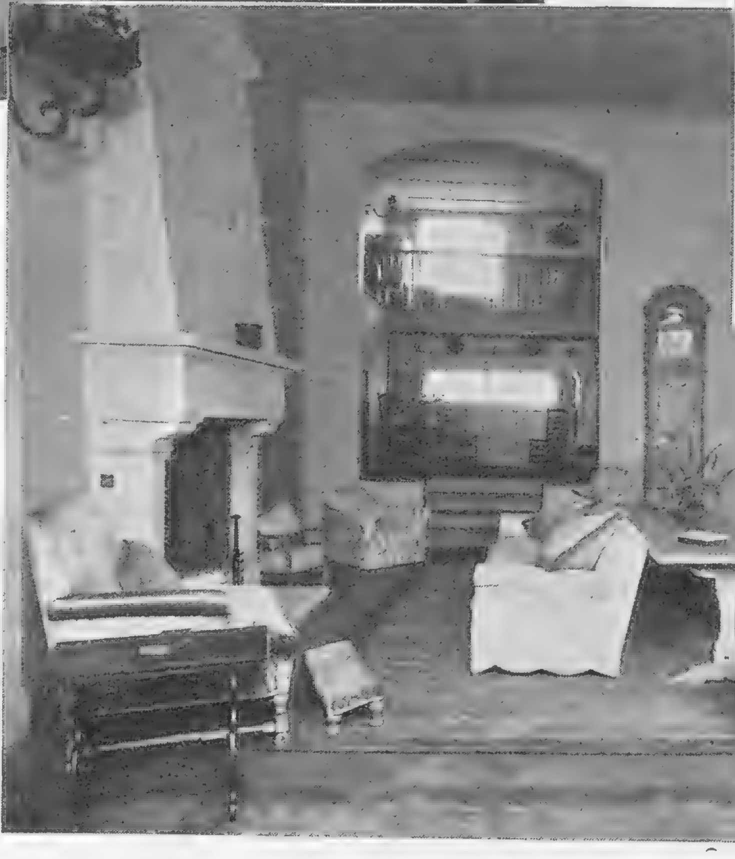


(*Left*) *THE dining room has walls of panelled oak topped with jute monk's cloth, and is simply furnished with an oak refectory table, leather-covered chairs and an oak dresser. At one end it opens on to a charming roof-garden where Mr. and Mrs. Olivier are the proud possessors of their own Chelsea Flower Show*

No. 74, Cheyne Walk, home of Laurence Olivier



HERE is Mr. Olivier's study, businesslike without being too severe, panelled in oak and lined with built-in book shelves. Throw open the windows, and there is a most distracting view over the river, which must have inspired and enchanted Whistler, who once lived in this house and, in fact, died in it in 1903, after his return from Paris

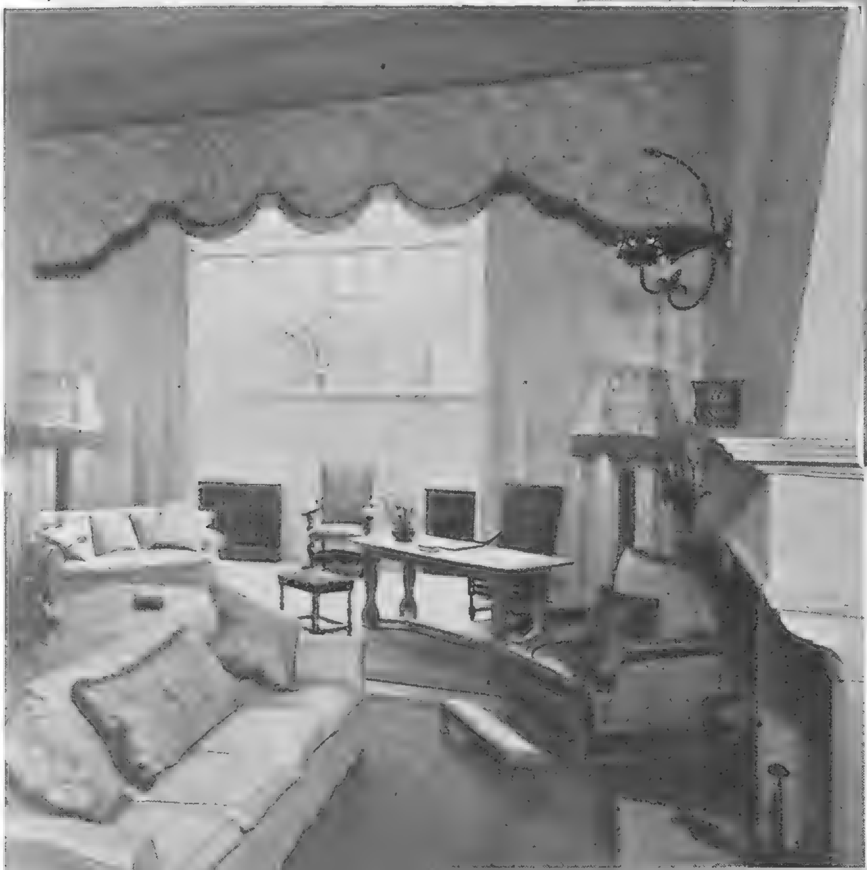


LAURENCE OLIVIER is justly proud of his 18th-century clock, so tall that it must surely merit the name of "Great-grandfather." It looks good against the pale green walls and ceiling of this studio. At one end of the room four steps lead up to a cocktail bar, above which is a Minstrels' Gallery, furnished with a desk and easy chairs as Mrs. Olivier's own special sanctum

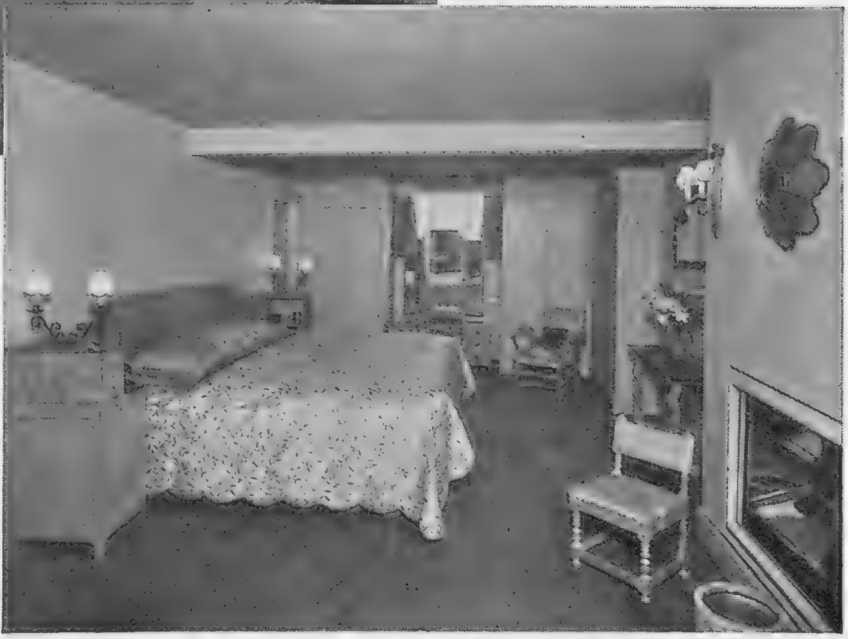
People's Houses

the charming Chelsea
and his wife, Jill Esmond

LAURENCE OLIVIER and Jill Esmond are here seen taking a little refreshment at their own private bar. Both are very busy just now, he playing an exacting part opposite Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies in "Queen of Scots" at the New Theatre, and she at the Lyric Theatre in "Men In White." Jill is the daughter of Eva Moore



HERE is another view of the studio, or drawing-room. The pelmets, lampshades and cushions are quilted in green and white. The lamps are unique. They are made from old cider presses



LIME-GREEN walls and ceiling with tomato-coloured curtains and a quilted bed cover of lime green and tomato on a natural ground is the refreshing colour scheme chosen by Mrs. Olivier for her bedroom. A well-lit dressing-table and lavatory-basin are concealed in a cupboard. Leading off is a bathroom with daring fitments of midnight blue porcelain and with matching curtains frivolously bespattered with large white spots

THIS dining-room will appeal to the more conventional taste, though all the outstanding characteristics of modern simplicity are there. Bartholomew and Fletcher

The Virtue *of* Simplicity

Shows that in Decoration it is really not difficult to be Simple

By Winifred Lewis

PERHAPS our new consciousness of air and sunshine has something to do with the sweeping changes which have overtaken furniture design within the past few years.

This is not just a temporary phase. It is a movement which reflects the modern appreciation of essentials. The character of modern furniture design is simply a reflection of present needs.

Simplicity, in itself, seems hardly a characteristic of these turbulent times. Yet behind the self-conscious straining for effect which marked the earlier developments in this direction, one recognises a serious intention: a striking acceptance of modern contact with fundamentals.

This is, after all, a subject which concerns us closely. So far, the average person has been content to look on at the movement through the pages of the illustrated periodicals and at an occasional exhibition.

Modern furniture has been out of touch with the environment and the pockets of those whom we may call the everyday home-makers.

SEVERE contours are characteristic of modern design, but equally so are the softening touches. In this case a tubular-shaped vase of white tulips thrown into relief against the rich colouring of the wood. Arundell Clarke

REAL comfort has been conveyed to this chair without sacrificing any important features of modern design. Note the subtle graduation of tones

But that is due to imperfections on the part of the pioneer designers, not to any defects of virtue in the movement itself.

We are so conservative that any radical changes in the form and matter of our environment are received resentfully.

This is as it should be. It is fortunate for the appearance of our homes that we do not allow ourselves to be hustled into sweeping reforms every time some crank makes himself heard above the others.

But modern interior decoration has something far more than crankiness behind it. Buried deep beneath the affectations which are inseparable from reform is a sane and sympathetic appreciation of modern requirements.

Its beauty, or otherwise, is really secondary to its amazing suitability. In any case that is a matter of adjustment. Already reaction to steel bars and grotesque contours has set in, and, divest of freakish affectations, the virtues of simplicity emerge, plain for everyone to see.

These virtues are practicability, health, freedom and economy—in that order.

MODERN interior design is practical, inasmuch as it answers the problem of restricted space.

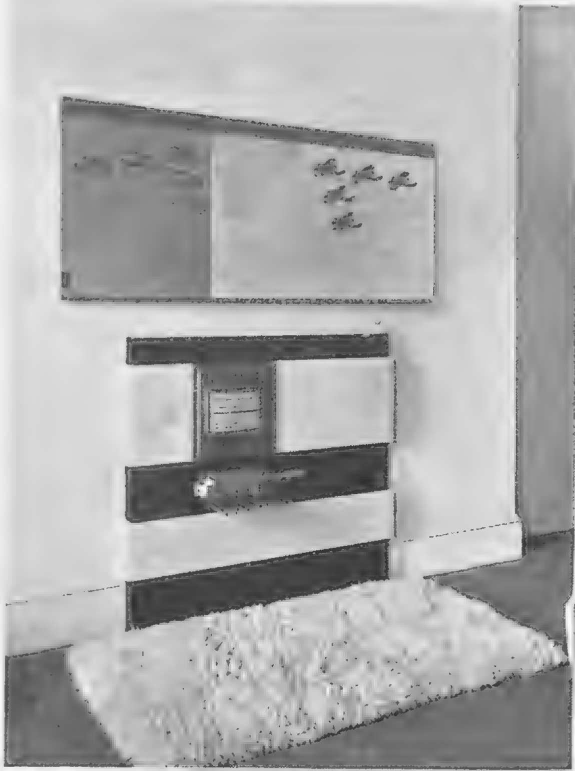
It gives service at every angle and yet, with all efficiency, requires but little maintenance.

It is capable of making a small room seem large and a large room seem small. The best of it is important without seeming intrusive, and, above all, designers are putting delicacy in colour and form at our disposal, free of the usual disadvantages of fragility.

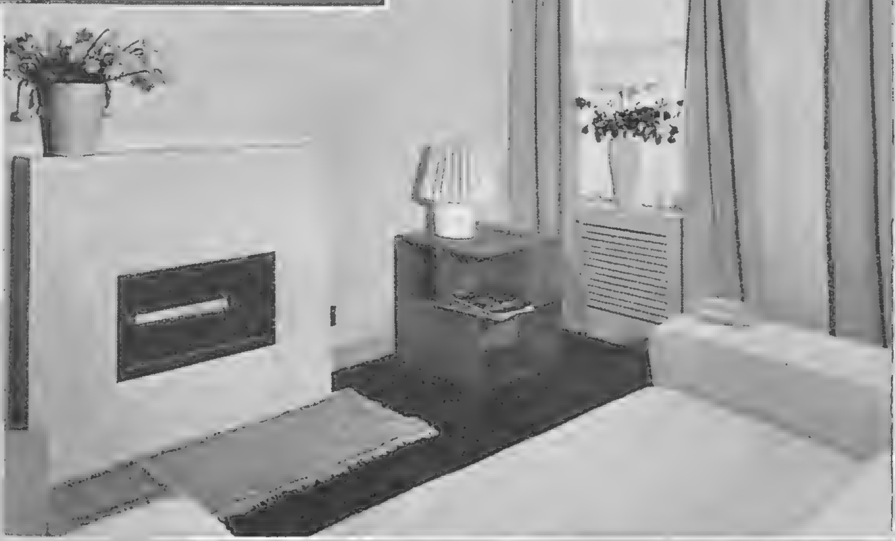
Health and freedom are expressed in the almost fanatical exploitation of light and air, as well as the elimination of dust and inessential trappings.

Economy is an aspect of modern furnishing that is slow to develop, but definitely established. Costliness is inevitable in the experimental stages, but already we are past that, and present-day prices for modern furniture are designed for the modest home; fabrics, carpets, and decorative equipment to accompany it, are closer within the radius of the modest purse.

Below:
THE setting of this gas-fire shows the virtue of mural simplicity. Horizontal black and white lines are in robust contrast to the fantasy of the aeroplane panel

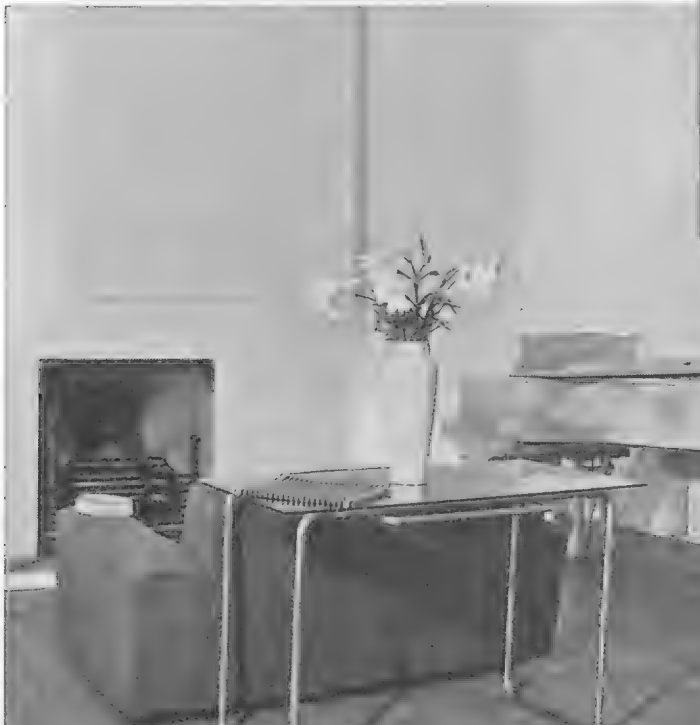


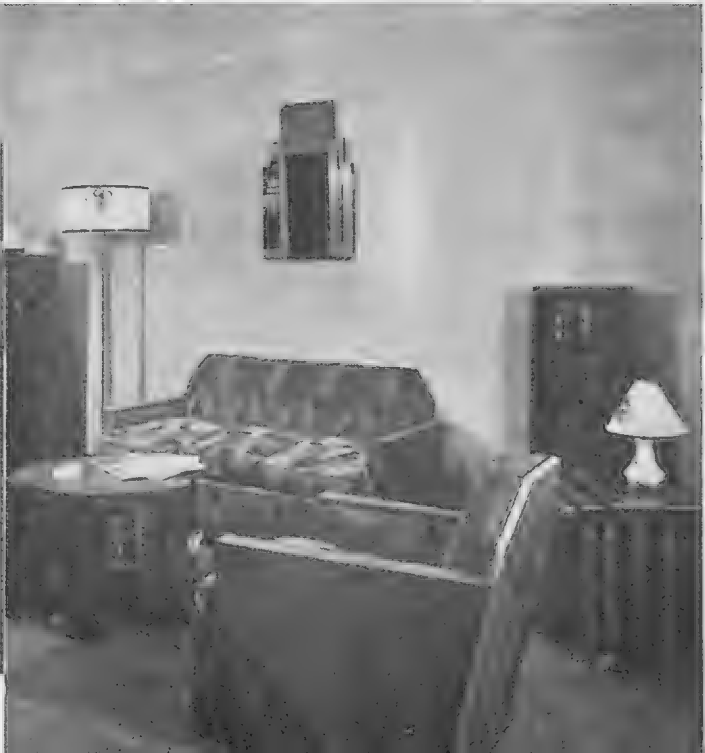
WHITE has proved itself a practical colour for interior decoration since the advent of washable walls and upholstery. That it is dramatic in its effect is proved by the interior below by Arundell Clarke

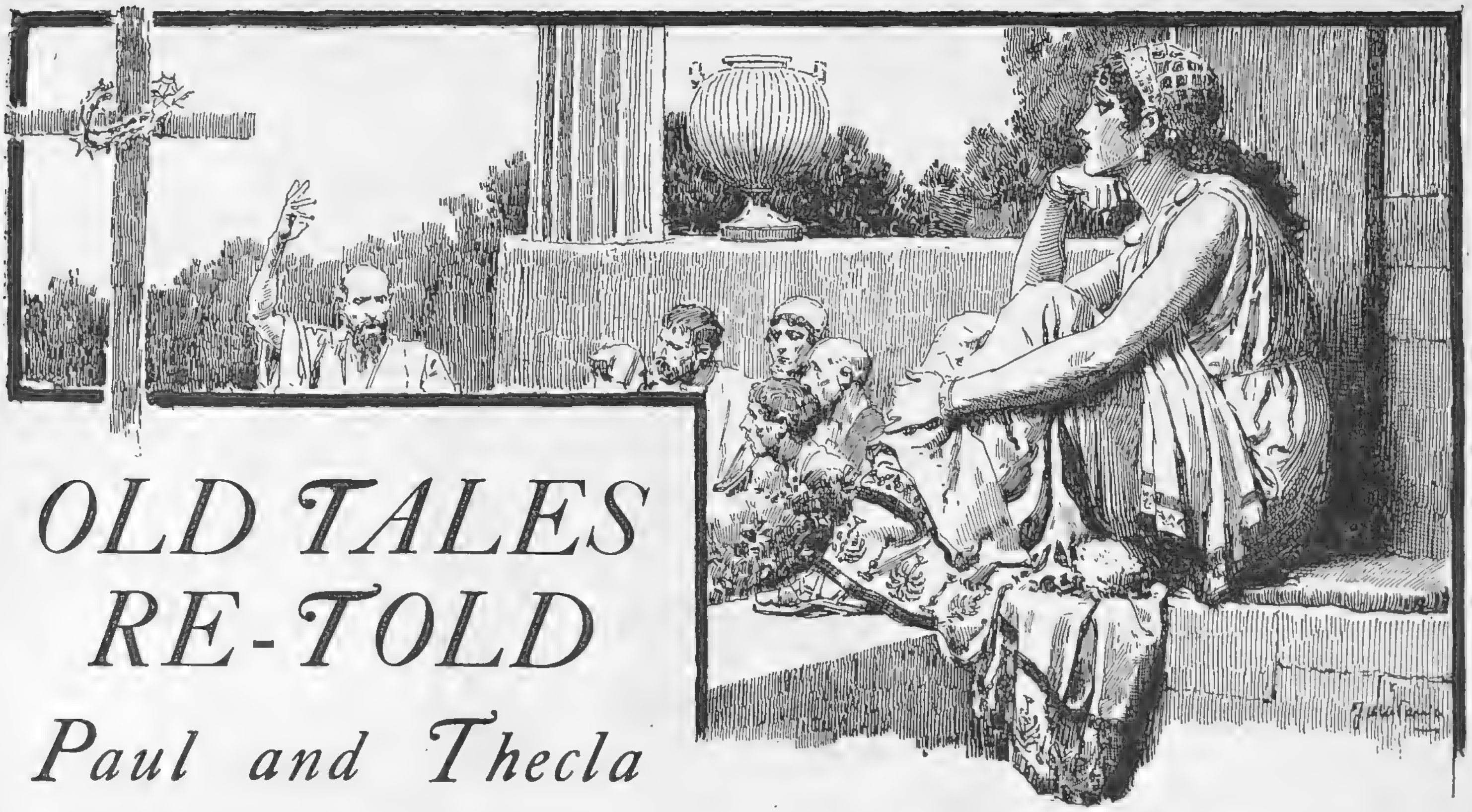


Below, Right:
PLYWOOD panelled walls are one of the simplest and most effective forms of decoration, the great virtues of which are in their durability. This is an interior by Hamptons

Below:
SHOWING again the dramatic effect of utter simplicity in decoration. This interior is carried out in the unexpected combination of pure white and navy blue. Arundell Clarke







OLD TALES RE-TOLD

Paul and Thecla

By D. R. Fotheringham. Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

THE Turkish train pushing its way slowly across Asia Minor puts you down at Konieh. The little town is the modern successor of the ancient Iconium, the City of the "Image" thrown down from Heaven by Jupiter: the "Meteorite," say modern astronomers, that after æonian circlings round the Sun came to rest at last on Earth. It is a city of romance. Greeks and Romans, Crusaders and Saracens, Byzantine emperors and the Sultans, have all left their marks on it. But in its essential features the place is still the same. To the east stretches an arid plain that marks the beginning of the inhospitable Asian deserts. On every other side are gleaming snow-topped mountains like another Switzerland. But at the foot of the mountains the streams that issue from the eternal snows have turned the desert into a wide and green oasis. There in its vineyards and gardens stands the city of delight, the famed Iconium.

Where the Turkish railway runs to-day, the Roman highway ran of old. Iconium was on one of the main lines of communication, a great trade route between Europe and the East. Our story belongs to the first century, and it is easy to picture the character of the city then. The old Phrygian population still formed the bulk of the inhabitants, though the power had passed from their hands. Some blue-eyed, fair-haired Gauls from the North. The gay, light-hearted Greeks. The stern Romans, whose legions guarded the frontier against the Parthians and upheld the *Pax Romana* of the world. A scattering of Jewish traders. All very typical, and all very modern. The Romans maintained peace between the rival elements, and enforced respect for law. The Greeks, perfect masters of the art of living, made a little Athens or a little Paris of every place they colonised.

THERE were two houses in Iconium, in the wealthy and fashionable part of the city. One was the house of Onesiphorus. Next to Onesiphorus lived a Greek lady and her daughter Thecla. Thecla was no languid beauty of the East. She is the incarnation of Pallas Athene. Quick-witted, high-spirited, self-confident, impetuous as the whirlwind; and, as the mood required, hot as fire or cold as ice—but never anything between!

It goes without saying that Thecla had a lover, as doubtless she had choice of many. She was betrothed to Thamyris. The date of marriage had not been fixed, but it was drawing near. And then the strange thing happened—that suggests to some people that we are but playthings in the hand of Chance, and to others that Eternal Purpose rules our lives.

It was the middle of the first century, in the reign of Claudius, and a new teaching was coming into the world. Thecla and Thamyris had not yet considered it seriously (if they had heard of it at all), or they thought of it only as a matter for the Jews. But their neighbour Onesiphorus was interested, and perhaps already inclined that way. Word came that a Teacher was at hand, and Onesiphorus wished to offer him hospitality, and went out on the road to meet him.

A friend, Titus, had sent a description of the traveller. So Onesiphorus waited by the Lystra road, looking at the passers-by according to the description given. And at last he saw coming towards him "a man small in size, bow-legged, well built, with eyebrows meeting, rather long-nosed, full of grace." That is the earliest description extant, probably the only authentic description, of one born to be famous throughout the world. It explains why onlookers were apt to prefer the tall and handsome Barnabas. But the ancient writer goes on to add: "For sometimes he seemed like a man, and sometimes he had the countenance of an angel," and surely that is the very beauty of holiness shining through homely or unattractive features.

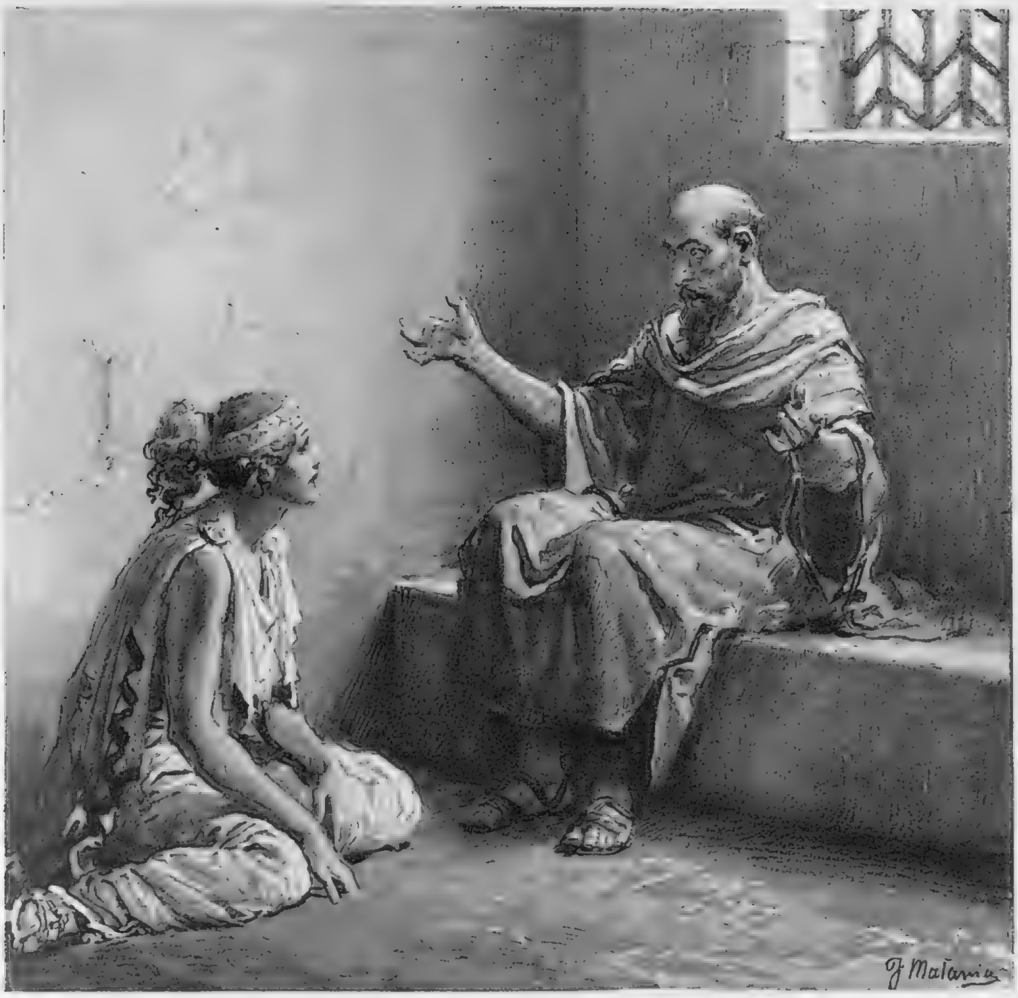
THE nimble-witted Greeks are the talkers and debaters of the world. And theirs is the life of the open air. What passed in the Jews' synagogue went no further than the walls of the synagogue. But what was spoken beneath the sun, or under the whispering trees in the courtyard of Onesiphorus, was open to the winds. And at a window overlooking the courtyard sat Thecla drinking it all in. She knew the philosophers. But their philosophy had grown stale. It was like an endless game of chess, a once-brilliant gambit, where every move was now known and the answer to it known, so that it had become a purposeless riddle with no finality and no solution.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but ever more
Came out by the same Door as in I went."

But this undersized man, with the shaggy eyebrows, whose eyes beneath them flashed with the light of a spirit within, had something new to tell: a message of Reality. Hour after hour he spoke; and day by day Thecla sat at the window enraptured, and listened to the voice that some had even called the voice of Mercury. There were mysteries, too, she knew, that were celebrated in that house of Onesiphorus, and she longed to know what they were. Something more than feminine curiosity was irresistibly drawing Thecla within the magnetic influence of that attractively unattractive stranger.

Her mother took alarm, and sent for Thamyris. Thamyris came rejoicing, as if already receiving her in marriage. The mother's greeting quickly undeceived him.

"I have a strange story to tell thee,



WHEN the officers of the watch came next morning they found Paul in his cell, with Thecla sitting at his feet

Thamyris! since for three days and nights Thecla has not risen from the window either to eat or drink; but looking earnestly, as upon some pleasant sight, she is so devoted to a foreigner teaching artful and deceitful discourse that I wonder how a maiden of such modesty is so painfully put about . . ." "Thamyris," she continued, "this man will overturn the city, and thy Thecla besides." So she goes on to urge Thamyris to try his best to win her back. Thamyris tried his best indeed, pleading first as a lover and finally with tears. But all in vain: as the stars pale before the dawn, Thecla's love for Thamyris was lost in new enchantment.

Thamyris gave up pleading with Thecla at last, and began to spy on Paul. Two false brethren gave him help; and on their advice Paul was brought before the Proconsul Castelius, on a charge of "trying to change the customs of society, and corrupt the city of the Iconians." It was a vague indictment, but it served its purpose. Paul was remanded in custody by the Governor. Thecla was shut up at home by her mother.

Love laughs at locksmiths. Thecla bribed the porter at her mother's door with her bracelets, and the prison-gaoler with a silver mirror. When the officers of the watch came next morning they found Paul in his cell, with Thecla sitting at his feet. Both were brought before the Governor together. The Governor seems to have felt that there was no real case for the prosecution, and heard Paul's defence gladly. But the scandal had run through the city, and no doubt gathered wild exaggeration as it ran. Thecla's mother was furious at the disgrace brought upon her house and family. She demanded that her disobedient daughter be burnt at the stake in the open Theatre.

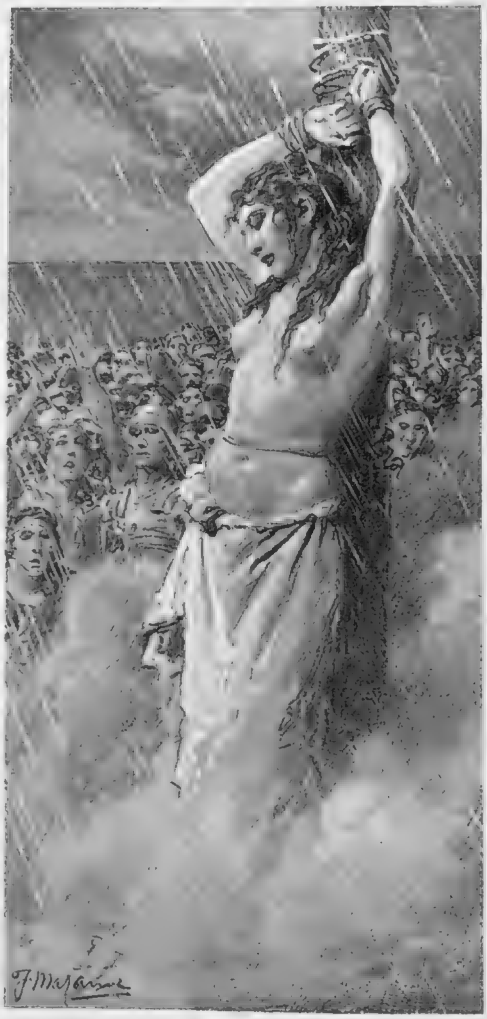
Castelius was greatly moved. But Thamyris and Thecla's mother were people of importance and had to be considered. Paul was a stranger of no standing in Iconium; and for strangers who caused trouble there was an easy way of dealing. He could be given a whipping and sent on his business. Thecla was sentenced to the stake.

Was it ever intended that the savage sentence should be carried out? Or was it simply meant as a warning to a wilful girl? Generally, it is enough to show the rod, and the object-lesson will be remembered. With Paul out of the way, and Thecla under proper discipline, surely Thamyris would come into his own again. So Paul was scourged and sent out of the city, and all eyes turned to Thecla.

The weak point of every dilemma is that the unexpected alternative may be the one chosen. Thecla refused to be frightened. So the Governor's reluctant sentence stood. Faggots were gathered for the fire. Thecla was stripped and bound to the stake. Would she repent at the last? She would not. So the torch was lighted. Would she now? But the rumble of distant thunder in the hills gave the answer. Dark clouds were gathering overhead. There was a flash of lightning, and then the rain. There could be no burning that day. Castelius shrugged his shoulders. If Jupiter sent the rain, it was Jupiter's business. Let Thamyris look out for himself. Thecla's sentence is dissolved by Jupiter. Let her go!

Paul was now homeless. Odium or suspicion had fallen on his host Onesiphorus and his family, as well as on himself. Driven from the city, they all took refuge in a new tomb—probably a cave hollowed out of the hillside, and not yet occupied—on the road from Iconium to Daphne. There they remained six days, while Paul was recovering from the scourge. On the sixth day one of the boys was sent into the town to buy provisions; and while shopping was surprised to meet Thecla alive and free. Thecla returned with the boy to the cave, and at the entrance she overheard Paul praying for her safety. Thecla was just in time to join in with a thanksgiving for having been preserved to meet Paul again.

The refugees took their frugal meal together. It was a meal of thanksgiving. We are even told what they had. There were five loaves, and fresh herbs, and spring water. Then it was necessary to part. Paul, having been expelled from the city, must go further. But now that the danger was over, Onesiphorus and his household might return. What about Thecla? Thecla answered that question herself. She would cut off her hair, she said, and follow Paul wherever he went.



THE Governor's reluctant sentence stood. Faggots were gathered for the fire. Thecla was stripped and bound to the stake

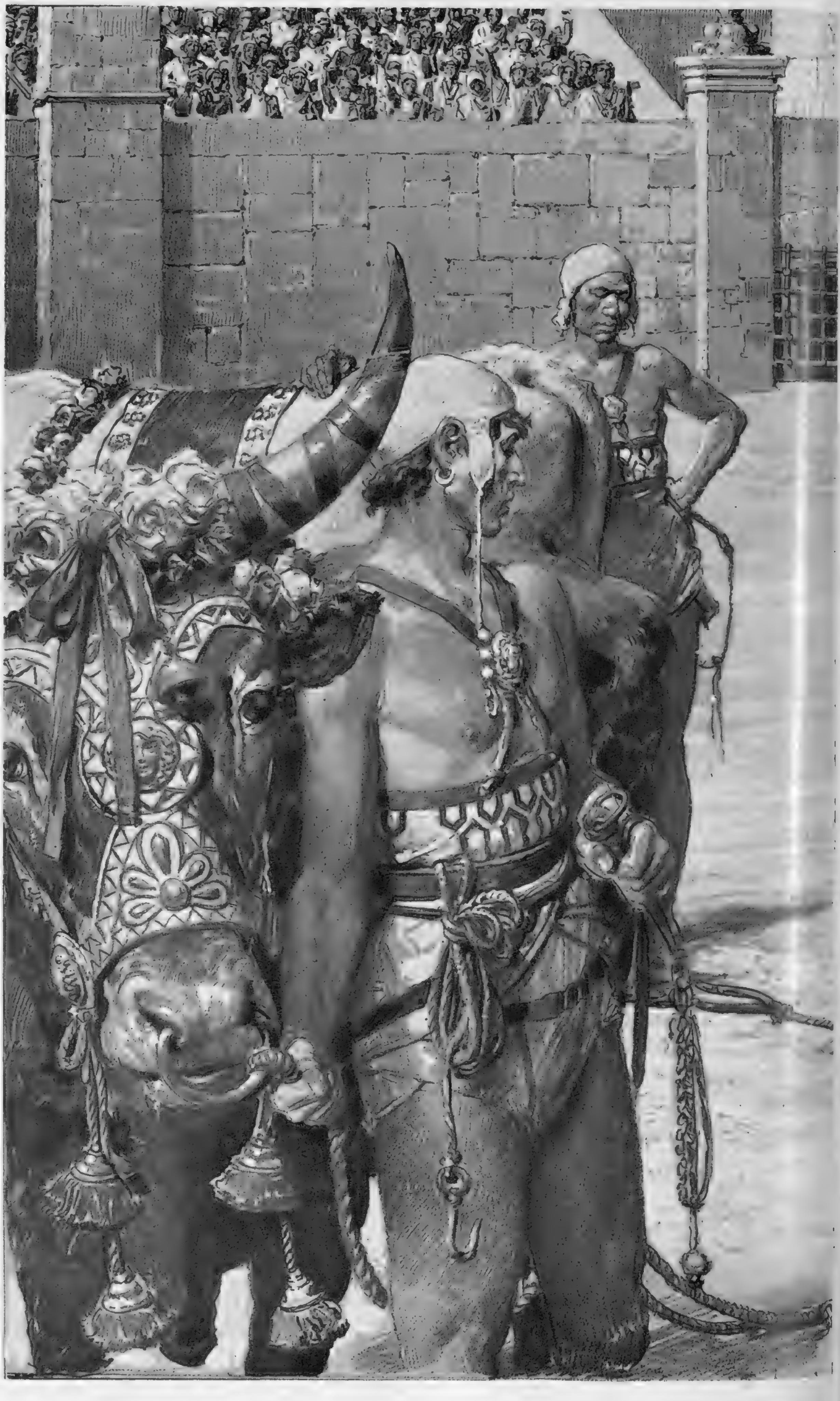
OLD TALES RE-TOLD: *continued*

PAUL and Thecla went on together till they came to Antioch. There Thecla attracted the attention of Alexander, one of the Emperor's principal officers in Asia. Alexander apparently mistook Paul for her father, and sent presents. But Paul disclaimed responsibility: he could not give Thecla away against her will. Alexander determined on another course.

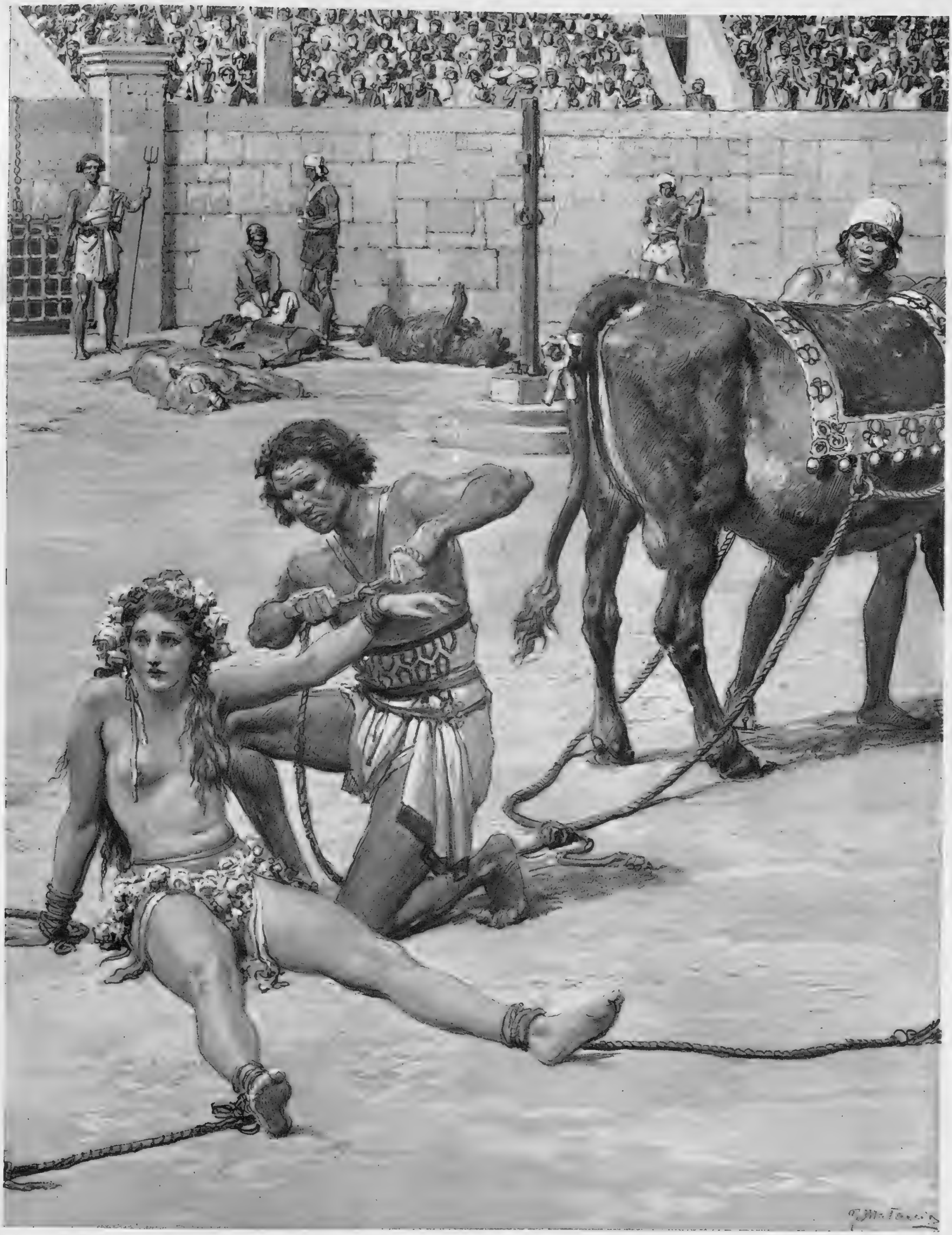
It was a great political occasion in Antioch. Alexander, the Asiarch, the Emperor's representative, was meeting Queen Tryphena in state. It was the policy of Imperial Rome to maintain the old reigning families in the provinces with all the prestige and much of the power of royalty. Tryphena still retained the title and prestige of Queen, though now that she was sixty years of age most of the power had passed to her three sons. Her daughter Falconilla had died. Besides her position in Asia, she was closely related to the Emperor. She was the great-granddaughter of Mark Antony, and so cousin once removed of Claudius himself. It is not likely at this time that she was a Christian; but in later years, when she retired from Asia, she became a great lady in the Church of Rome. Everything indicates that she bore her outward honours with queenliness and dignity, and that personally she was a woman of great tenderness and kindliness of heart.

THE meeting of the Emperor's Asiarch and the Queen was conducted with all the ceremony and pomp that Rome understood so well. Then, for the amusement of the people, the games were to follow. The games meant an exhibition of wild beasts in the circus, and thrilling fights. Alexander himself was giving the games: they would make a fit conclusion for all the ceremony of the visit.

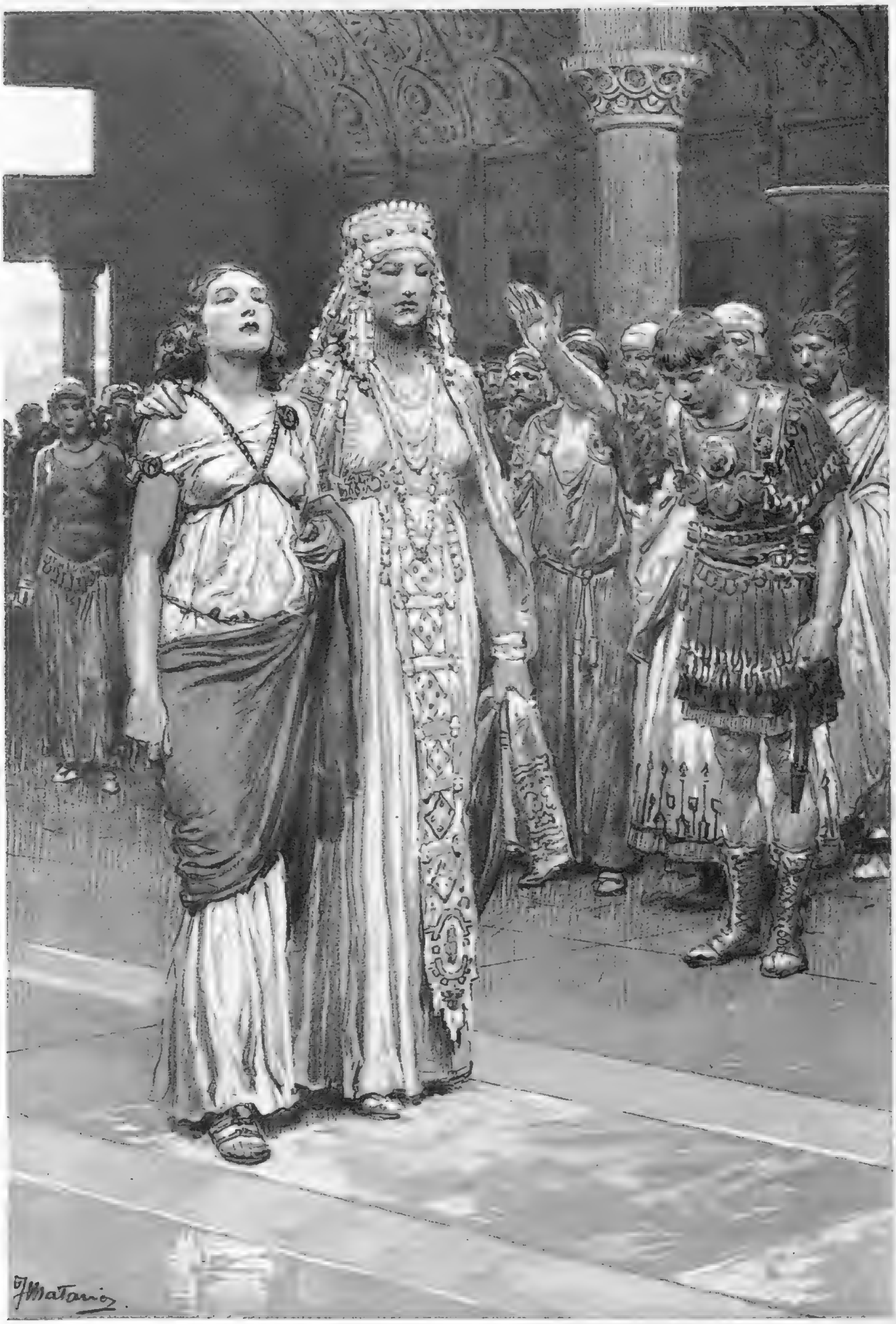
The ceremonial meeting with the Queen had passed off. The exhibition of the wild beasts was to be on the following day, and the games the day after. Alexander, accompanied



THE crowd yell at the sight. They .
to each of the bulls, and then drive



can guess the intention. To bind her limb by limb
them in different directions, and so tear her to pieces



Tryphena took Thecla home, and offered to adopt her

by a great train of attendants, saw Thecla alone in the street, and was again struck by her beauty. He stopped and accosted her, and kissed her where she stood. This was a piece of gallantry that between a Roman officer and an Asiatic girl, at a festival much like a Continental carnival, would have passed without special notice. But Thecla, who had resisted Thamyris, was not attracted by Alexander's advances. She repudiated his favours. Alexander persisted. The irresistible force met the immovable body. There was a struggle. Alexander's cloak was torn. His crown (would it be of vine-leaves or of ivy, or was he perchance wearing a golden coronet to match the Queen's ?) was knocked off his head. Worst of all, the crowd broke into laughter.

Alexander was furious, as he well might be. Thecla was immediately seized by his attendants and brought before the proconsul. And the proconsul, anxious to vindicate the majesty of Imperial Rome, insulted in the person of the great Asiarch, condemned her to the beasts.

But if the sentence was intended to vindicate the majesty of Imperial Rome, it was sadly miscalculated. The city was horrified. The women in particular denounced it with loud cries. " Evil judgment ! Impious judgment ! " they cried. This general sympathy had its effect. Instead of being sent for the night to the common gaol, Thecla was released on bail, and allowed to go on guarantees in private custody. Her surety was the noblest possible. Queen Tryphena took her home. That night, according to the story, Tryphena's lost daughter appeared in a vision and bade the Queen adopt Thecla for a daughter instead.

BEFORE the actual fight with the beats there was an exhibition—a wild-beast show. At this Thecla appeared " bound to a fierce lioness." The phrase has been misunderstood. At the exhibition the beasts would necessarily be caged. Thecla could only be exhibited sitting on the top of the cage, which explains the next sentence. " The lioness, with Thecla sitting on her, licked her feet." The accusation written over her was " SACRILEGIOUS." The Emperor was a god, and insult to his minister was sacrilege. But the whole business was as unpopular as ever. All the women of the city continued to protest, " An impious sentence has been passed in this city." And the next night, apparently to be Thecla's last on earth, Tryphena took her home again.

The following morning Alexander himself called for her at daybreak. Probably he realised that things were not going according to expectation. But Tryphena refused to surrender her ward till the guard of soldiers came from the proconsul. Then she let her go, very reluctantly, with the prayer, " God of Thecla, help her ! "

Fights with wild beasts vary. Sometimes, as with St. Ignatius, a martyr has been thrown to the beasts for merciless, inevitable death. Sometimes, as in a bull-fight in Spain, the beast is not expected to win. The fight is staged to show the matador's skill and dexterity. Sometimes beasts fight among themselves, like bear-baiting ; or, on a smaller scale, like cock-fighting. There were many wild scenes of courage and of cruelty that day, before the signal was given for Thecla to be led into the arena.

Thecla had been kept to the last. The mob, now mad with excitement, had its appetite for cruelty whetted rather than appeased by the scenes of bloodshed that day. Thecla, eighteen years old and beautiful as the dawn, naked save only for a cincture, was set in her place ; and a lioness bounded in. It was the lioness she had known the day before. The lioness knew her again, and lay down at her feet. Fierce cries rose from the crowd ; some calling for her death, and others protesting against the sentence. Garlands and scents were thrown to her, and a bear was turned into the arena. The bear and the lioness fought, and the bear was killed. Then another beast, and this time the lioness was killed. One feels almost the same pain in reading of the death of that lioness as in Spenser's "Faerie Queene" at the death of the noble lion that had been Una's companion and protector. But Thecla was still unhurt.

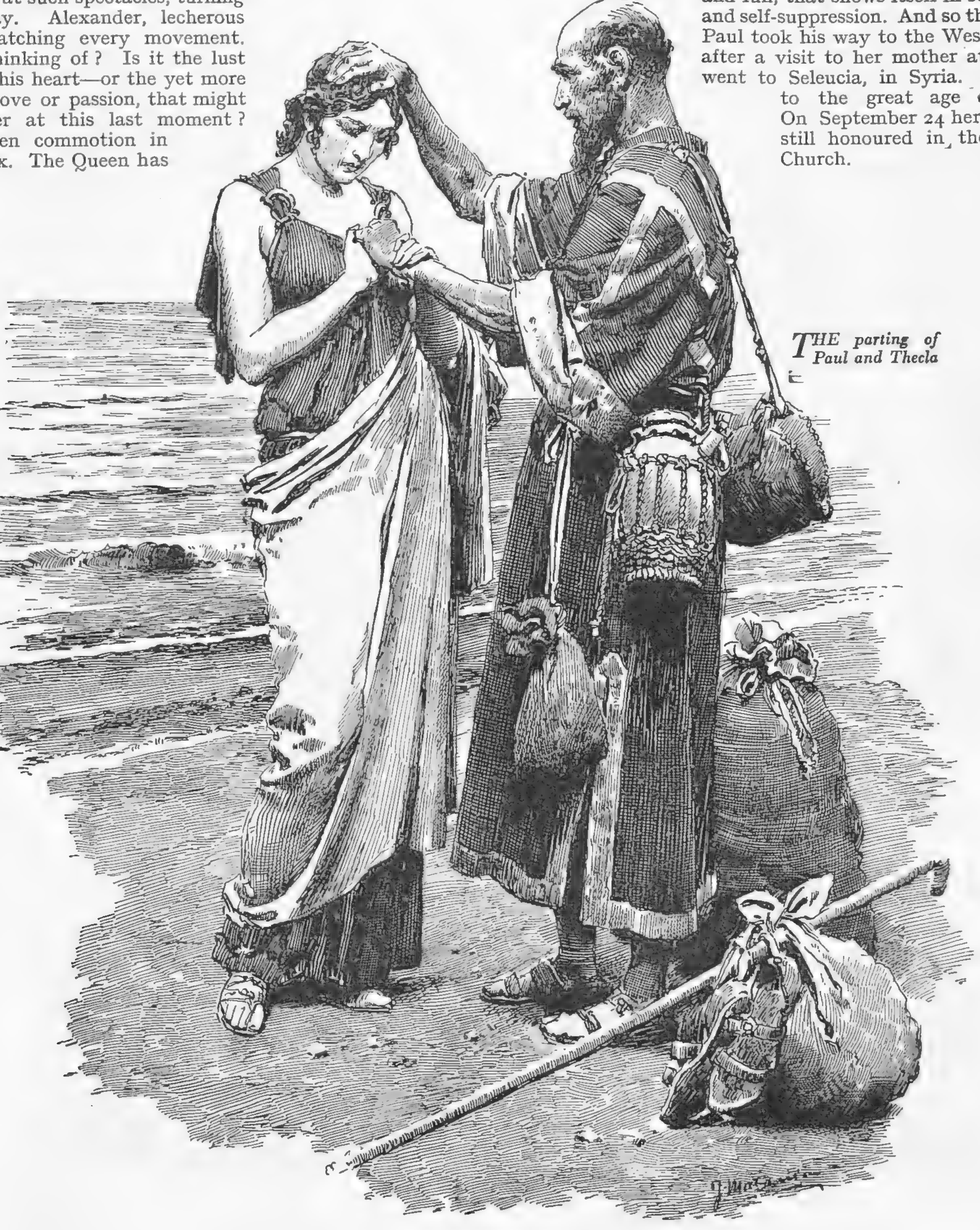
What had really happened? On the stage things are not always what they seem. Nor in the circus. Soldiers and attendants ostensibly offering Thecla to the beasts might in reality be protecting her. The Governor's sentence still stood; but two days had passed, and had given Alexander time to think twice, or oftener. Queen Tryphena's evident favour made a difference. But the crowd must have its spectacle. Let the Games go on!

Four wild bulls are driven in, and the crowd yell again at the sight. They can guess the intention. To bind her limb by limb to each of the bulls, and then drive them in different directions, and so tear her to pieces. Shouts and countershouts echo and re-echo round the ring. The Proconsul looks round anxiously. Queen Tryphena, gentle and kind, never quite at home at such spectacles, turning her eyes away. Alexander, lecherous and cruel, watching every movement. What is he thinking of? Is it the lust of revenge in his heart—or the yet more cruel lust of love or passion, that might even save her at this last moment? Then a sudden commotion in the royal box. The Queen has fainted. Word goes up that she is dead. Alexander looks up—his face pale now with apprehension. If the Emperor's cousin is really dead, or should die, he may have to answer for it. Asiarch and Proconsul exchange quick glances. Then the Proconsul rises in his seat, and proclaims the Games ended.

Tryphena took Thecla home, and offered to adopt her. But Thecla remained only eight days. Then, sewing up her tunic to make a man's cloak, she set out once more after Paul, and joined him at Myra, by the sea-coast of Lycia.

It is one of the turning points in the world's history, when so very little would have made all the great difference between what Is and what Might have been. It must have been in both their minds, whether they looked South to the blue Mediterranean gleaming in the sunlight, or North to the forbidding mountain range where they had seen and suffered so much. Suppose at that time St. Paul (for it was he) had married Thecla. One can imagine the building of a powerful Church in Asia Minor under the protection of Queen Tryphena. No more imprisonments, no more scourgings, no more shipwrecks, no more wars with the powers and potentates of this world. A Church in perfect peace with all mankind, basking in the sunshine of royal and imperial favour.

The vision must have been before them. They felt its attractive spell. A few day-dreams, a few castles in the air. And then they put it away. It was not by the easy road, but by the steep mountain path, that the Church was to move to the conquest of the world. Paul's eyes were already fixed on Rome, and on the path that led to the Mamertine Prison and to death. And Thecla knew in her heart that he had made the better choice. There is a Love, wide and deep and full, that shows itself in self-sacrifice and self-suppression. And so they parted. Paul took his way to the West. Thecla, after a visit to her mother at Iconium, went to Seleucia, in Syria. She lived to the great age of ninety. On September 24 her festival is still honoured in the Eastern Church.



THE parting of Paul and Thecla

The Fur Coat

A Comedy of

Illustrations

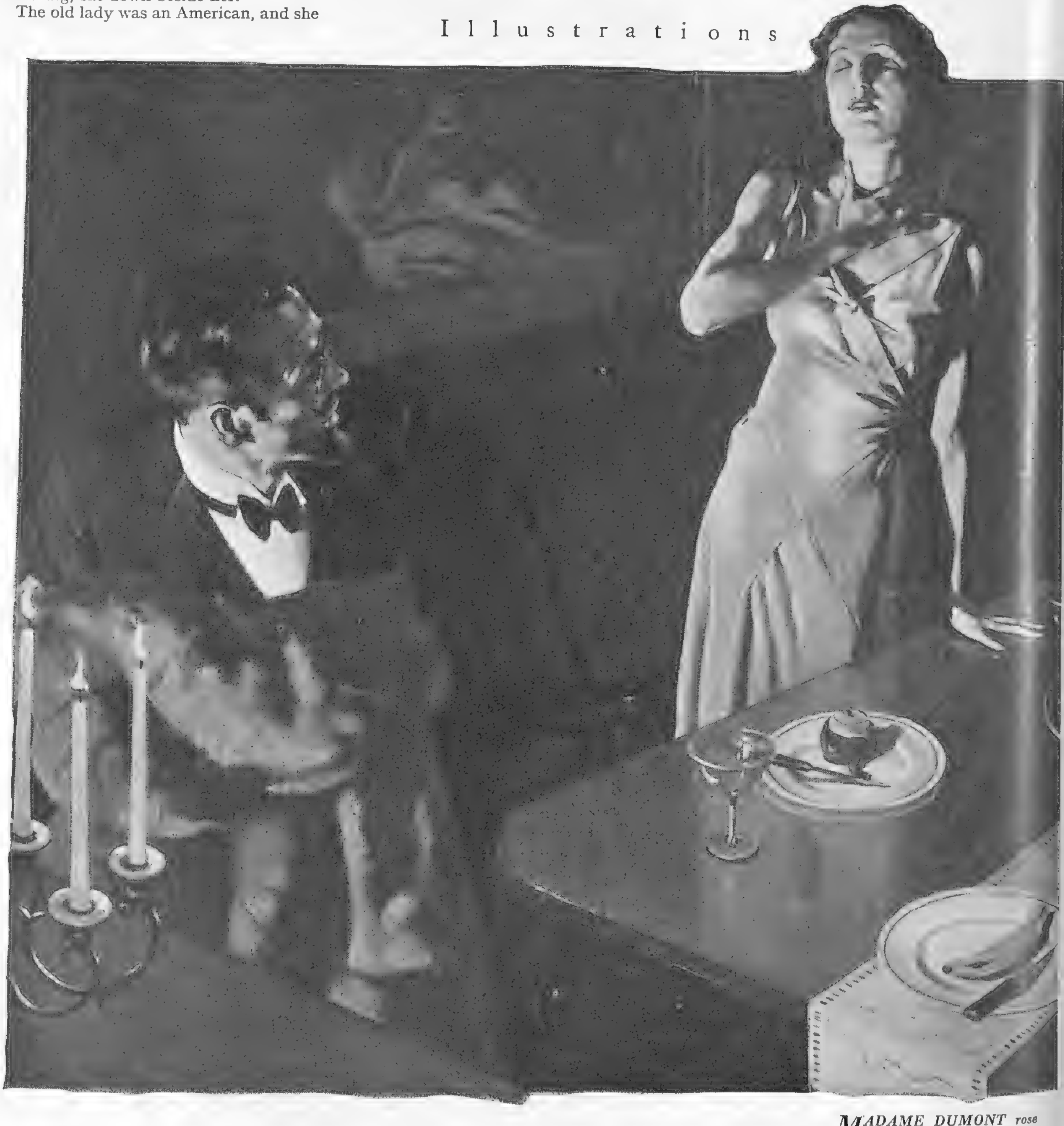
SHE was frightened, almost desperate, as she went into the Agence Havas to see if there were any answers to her third "want ad"—*English girl, 19 years, good references, seeks place as nursery governess.* Her other two "want ads" had brought her no answers whatever. Suppose this one brought her none? She was down to her last few francs.

It was hard to breathe in the Agence Havas. "Anything for 'H.L.'?" she panted.

The man looked in an empty pigeonhole. "Nothing," he said.

She walked back to her bench on the Promenade des Anglais. Stranded. The winter sunshine was lovely on the Promenade, but the sea smelt very bad; it was full of sewage. An old lady, a nice old thing, sat down beside her.

The old lady was an American, and she



MADAME DUMONT rose
chair. She stood. her hand

By W. B. Trites

said that here on the Riviera the fall in the dollar was bowling over the Americans like ninepins. Two American women, good friends of hers, had killed themselves in the last fortnight, and if the dollar fell much further—she turned her head away and wiped her old eyes furtively.

“ We're all down and out nowadays,” said Helen Lancaster, and she told the old lady how she had been companion to the Duchess of Monte Rosa, but, like a fool, she had gone and got herself fired.

“ Oh, how ? ”

“ She went wrong, and I told her what I thought of her. I had to—I'm an idealist, I suppose.”

“ Or else, perhaps, a prig,” said the old lady ; but her tone was kind.

“ Or else a prig. I hadn't thought of that.”

“ Well, this is no time for priggishness, or for idealism either. We must live.”

“ Ah,” said Helen, “ don't I know it ! And if I ever land another job——”

She took out her futile “want ad” clipped from the *Eclaireur*. The old lady read it and said :

“I don't wonder it brought you no answers. Of course, you haven't got a work-card, have you ? ”

“ No.”

“ Then you should have advertised for work *au pair*. Foreigners can't work in France without work-cards, and they've stopped giving them out, it seems. Try another ad, an *au pair* one.”

“ What does *au pair* mean?”

“ It means working for nothing ; just your keep. It's a dodge to get round the law. Trust the French to get round the law.”

“ I don't know the French very well. I have only been in France a little while, but how can anybody afford to work *au pair ?* ”

“ That's the dodge,” said the old lady. “ You take your job *au pair* to make it legal. You see, if you're not paid anything, you're not an employee ; you're just a guest or pensioner. But, of course, on the quiet, they do pay you something. Precious little,” she added angrily.

Then she got up. Another old lady was waving to her from the Casino terrace. “ It's Tilly,” she said, “ Tilly McCrystal. Maybe she'll ask me to lunch. Good-bye, good luck, God bless Roosevelt ! ” And she hurried off. She seemed a plucky old thing.

HELEN LANCASTER went back into the town and pawned her silver wrist-watch. Now, at any rate, she could eat. She ate without appetite, and afterwards, without hope, she arranged at the Agence Havas for a final want ad—an *au pair* one, which brought her eighty answers.

Waiting for these answers—she had to wait two nights and a day—she walked in the sunshine in avenues of palm-trees, or she brooded in her cold little bedroom, frightened almost to death. But the nights were the worst. She couldn't sleep. What would become of her ? American women were going down like ninepins. Veronal did the trick, it seemed. They said it was a painful death.

The eighty answers at the agency cheered her, and wrapping them in an *Eclaireur*, she carried them to her room to read. They weren't very cheering, really. Anyway, it was a fine morning, and she selected the ten best and started out.

The first five were hopeless—disreputable little cafés, grimy, smelly little food-shops and that sort of thing. The sixth

Deceit—and Deceit

by Jack M. Faulks

so abruptly that she upset her on the table, swaying a little answer was Madame Dumont's. Dusk, cold and damp had come on, and she felt very tired. She was frightened again when she reached Madame Dumont's villa, "Mon Repos."

"Mon Repos" was a small white cube of a villa in a little garden facing the sea. Half a dozen majolica gnomes in red jackets and green breeches stood here and there in the garden paths. They were about three feet high, with yellow beards that descended to their knees.

Madame Dumont herself admitted her. Madame Dumont was young and dark and pretty, and she wore a heavy coat, for the villa was damper and colder than the dusk outside. Standing in the salon, warming her hands at the luke-warm radiator, she said that the Duchess of Monte Rosa's reference was probably all right, but everything depended on her husband, who was out now watering the dog.

Helen thought she had never seen such an ugly salon. It was just such a salon as the gnomes might have led her to expect. But beggars mustn't be choosers, and Madame Dumont was very friendly. She began to talk about Nice society as if they had been friends for years. Nice society, she said, was dull, but Baron Marius de Mouton of Marseilles promised to liven it up this winter. The baron was a member of the Chamber of Deputies; he had castles all over France; he owned a newspaper, and he was handsome, too. She had had tea with him in Cannes last Friday. Perhaps, though, she shouldn't have mentioned this. Monsieur Dumont didn't know she knew the baron. Monsieur Dumont, she went on, was rather difficult; not jealous, of course, but he was older than herself, and that made him difficult.

"I like you, but you're silly," Helen thought, and she asked anxiously what pay the *au pair* arrangement was supposed to carry with it.

"All that rests with my husband," said Madame Dumont, "but if he takes you on, I'll see that you get five hundred francs a month. It will be on the quiet, just between you and me. George is so difficult. S-sh. Here he is."

Monsieur Dumont came in, a heavily built, unsmiling sort of man, with thick black hair and a black moustache. In his black suit he looked as strong as a bull. His lips were full and red, and his black eyes had a soft light in them, yet they were cold, suspicious eyes. Age, say forty-five. But maybe he was older. All that black hair, maybe, was dyed.

He sat down facing her. "Of course you have no work-card," he said.

"No, monsieur."

"Humph."

And he began to question her. He questioned her up hill and down dale. Then, as if in pity, he engaged her. But he pretended to think that she had meant her *au pair* ad literally. He pretended to be shocked when she brought up the subject of salary. Of course, he said, there could be no question of salary; that would be illegal; but Madame Dumont from the radiator caught her eye and winked; so she took the place, and little Antonia was brought in and presented to her; a child of four, rather pretty.

And that night she slept in peace.

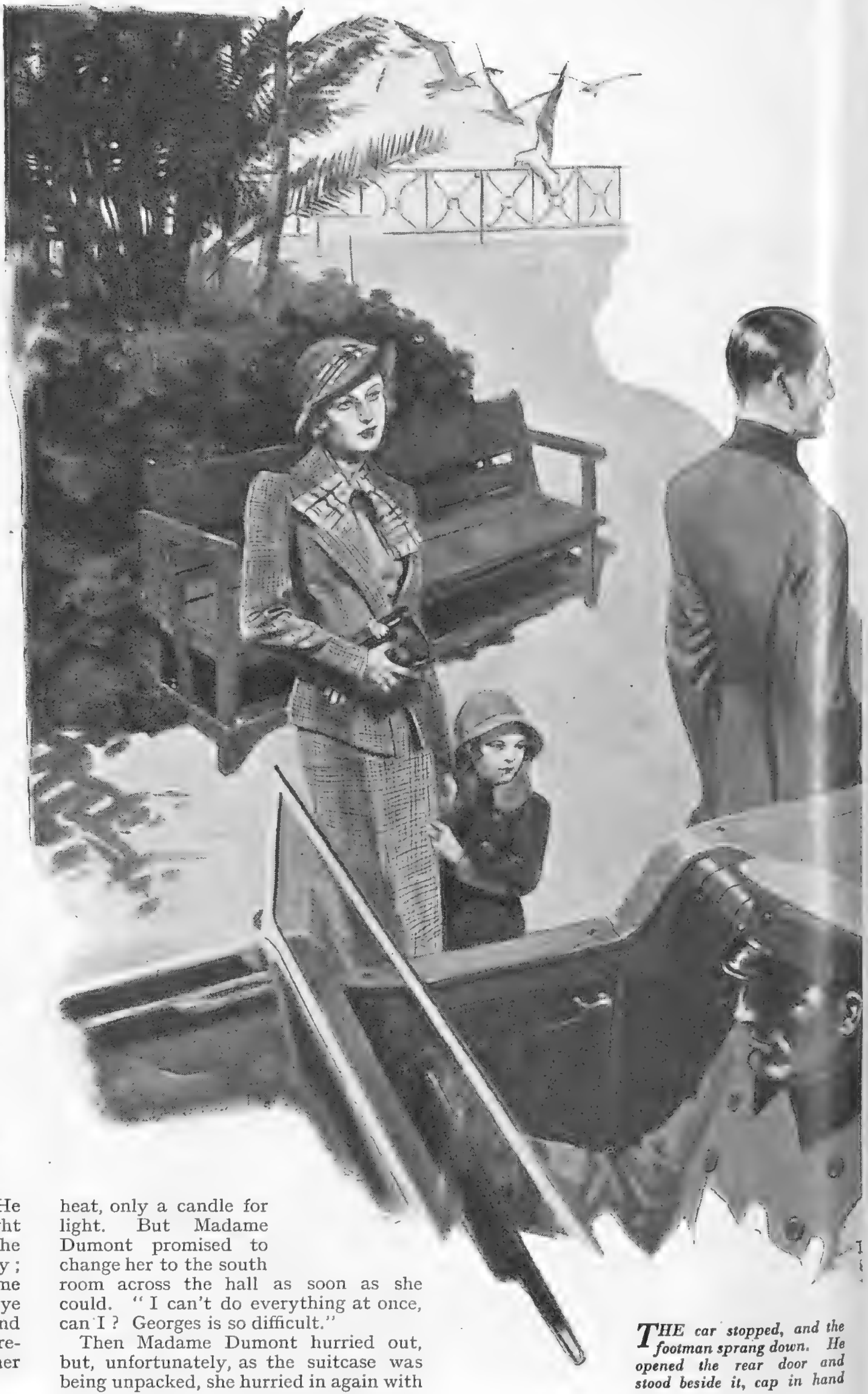
But, in the morning, she had to leave her trunk with her landlady as security for the unpaid rent of her room, a hundred francs, and she arrived at Mon Repos with nothing in her big suit-case but some toilet articles and underlinen. It was depressing. She had only one frock, the one she stood in. How get on till she secured a hundred francs?

Her bedroom was depressing, too; a cold, clammy room fronting north; no carpet on the red brick floor; no heat, only a candle for light. But Madame Dumont promised to change her to the south room across the hall as soon as she could. "I can't do everything at once, can I? Georges is so difficult."

Then Madame Dumont hurried out, but, unfortunately, as the suitcase was being unpacked, she hurried in again with little Antonia. The contents of the suitcase seemed to distress her. "Of course you've got more luggage than this, haven't you?" she said.

"Of course I have," said Helen, and she told about the detention of her trunk.

"Thank heaven it's only a hundred francs—I can manage that." Madame Dumont looked as relieved as if it were a question of her own trunk. "Marie will see to it. Marie's the cook," she said. In the morning light she had a



THE car stopped, and the footman sprang down. He opened the rear door and stood beside it, cap in hand flower-like freshness. She was indeed, a singularly pretty woman. "But what errand can I send Marie out on? Georges mustn't know."

"Doesn't Marie do the marketing?"

"No. Georges does the marketing; but I'll arrange it somehow. You'll have your trunk by lunch time, never fear."

"You're very kind," said Helen.

"No. Life is so hard on girls, that's all. Why did you leave your duchess?"

"She went wrong. I told her what I thought of her, and she fired me."

"Weren't you foolhardy?" said Madame Dumont in a queer voice.

"Not foolhardy—just a fool. Just a prig. You see, I used to think I must have something to look up to, an ideal. I thought I couldn't live without it. But I've learnt my lesson. What is there, anyway, to look up to any more?"

Madame Dumont said she didn't know, and went down to conspire with Marie about the trunk.

In old carpet slippers and unshaved, a dingy handkerchief round his neck, Monsieur Dumont was in the garden dusting the gnomes when Helen Lancaster started out with little Antonia. Monsieur Dumont hadn't made his toilet yet. It looked as if he hadn't washed his face or brushed his hair.

"Speak English to the child—nothing but English, mademoiselle," he said.

"Yes, monsieur."

"I'll examine her every day to see how she gets on."

"Do you speak English yourself?"

She asked the question in her mother tongue, and for a minute or so he searched her with his soft, cold eyes. Then he said:

"A small."

"Where did you learn it?"

"Oui, yaas," and he turned away and applied his feather-duster to a gnome.

ON a bench on the Promenade, she taught the little girl English words—sea, sun, palm-tree and so forth. Astonishing with what ease and what a perfect accent her little pupil mastered each word. The morning passed pleasantly enough.

When she returned at noon, she was glad to find her trunk in her bedroom, but she was hungry and the luncheon disappointed her, a luncheon of boiled macaroni, cheese and a plate of withered fruit. Monsieur Dumont explained that they were on *régime*, and over his coffee and cigarette at the end of the meal he counted the fruit left in the fruit-basket and marked with a pencil the height of the wine left in the wine-bottle. Then he went upstairs for his nap.

Madame Dumont said it was so cold in the house, she would go out and get some sunshine with Helen and the little girl. She came down looking prettier than ever, and she led them a long way—all the way to Rauba Capeu. Then she said:

"The baron may be passing Rauba Capeu in his Mercédès. He may take me for a ride. You'll wait here till I get back, won't you?"

Helen Lancaster nodded glumly, and a splendid car swung round the turn. A splendid fat man in a fur-lined overcoat sat in the rear seat. The car stopped, and the footman sprang down. He opened the rear door and stood beside it, cap in hand. "I'll be back at half-past four," said Madame Dumont in a gay flurry, but she wasn't back till five. Helen Lancaster didn't like it.

She said nothing, of course; there's no harm in a motor ride; and anyway, she couldn't keep her mind off food. The long day in the open air had made her ravenous. Would there be tea at Mon Repos on their return?

There was no tea, but Madame Dumont took little Antonia off upstairs—"I'll see to it that you always have from five to seven to yourself," she said—and this gave the hungry girl a chance to forage for a *tartine*.

She found half a loaf of bread in the dining-room sideboard, and went to the kitchen to get some butter from the cook; for that is all a *tartine* is, a slice of bread and butter.

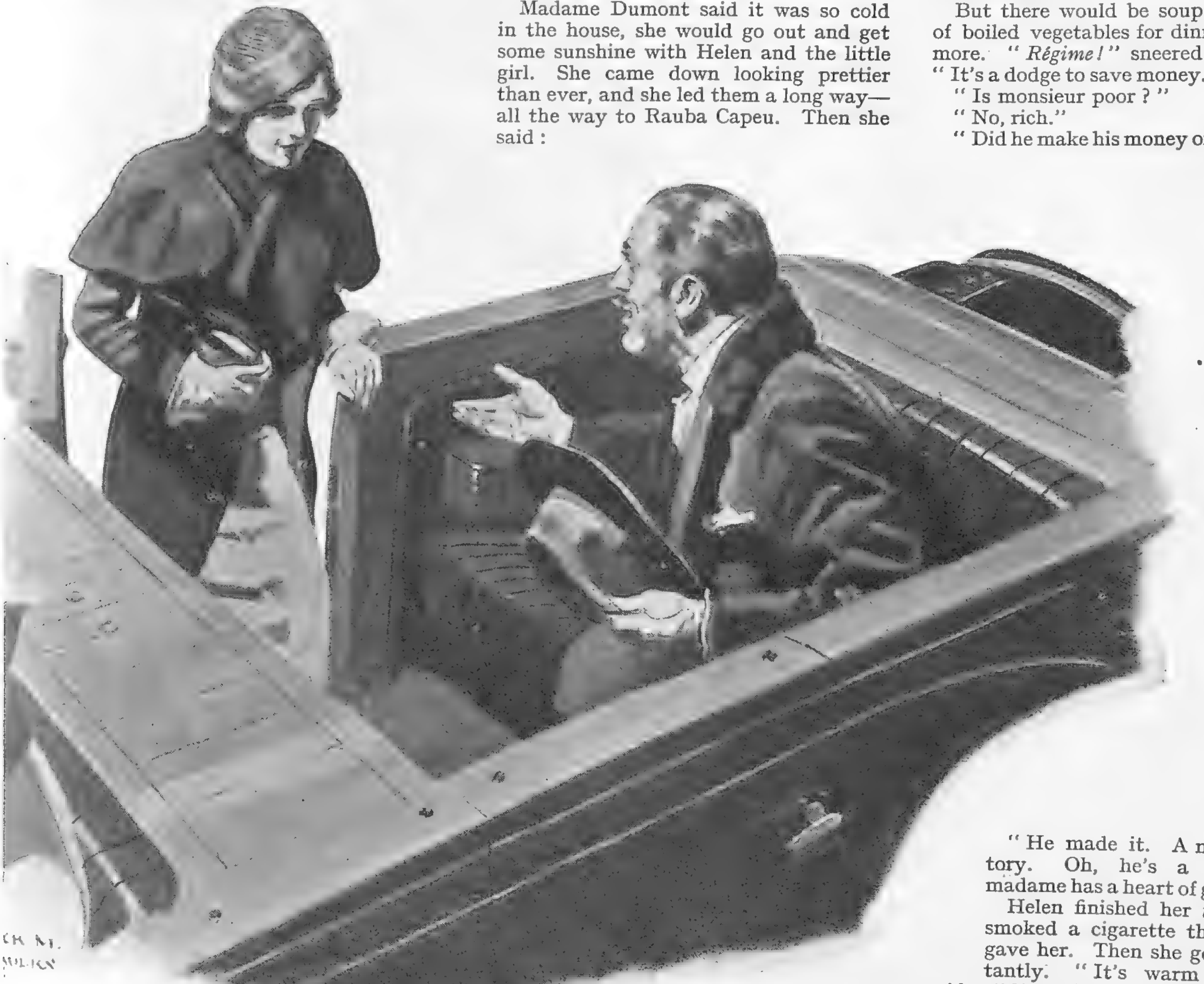
"I hope there'll be a good substantial dinner," she said. "I didn't get enough to eat at lunch."

But there would be soup and a plate of boiled vegetables for dinner—nothing more. "*Régime!*" sneered the cook. "It's a dodge to save money."

"Is monsieur poor?"

"No, rich."

"Did he make his money or inherit it?"

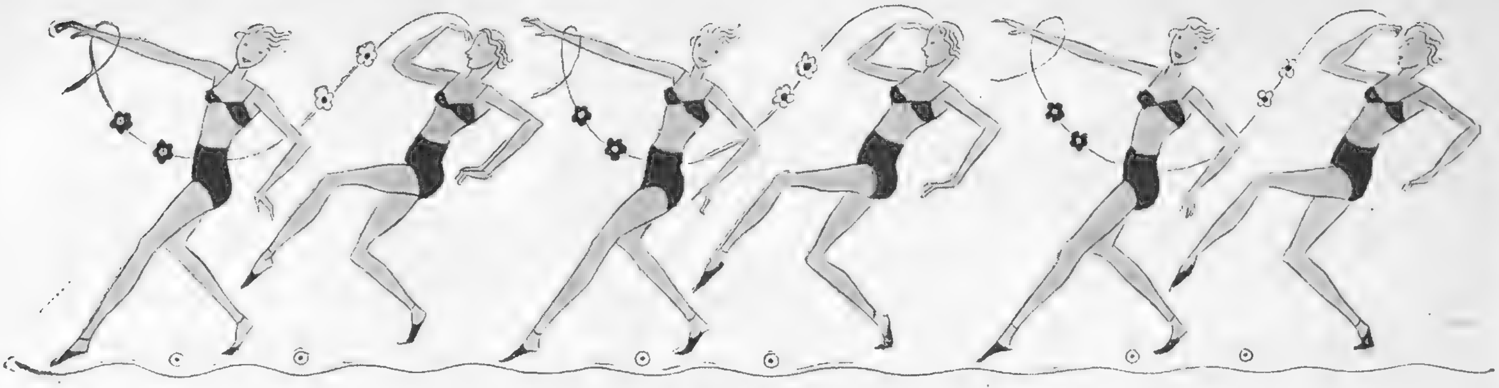


"He made it. A macaroni factory. Oh, he's a terror, but madame has a heart of gold."

Helen finished her *tartine*. She smoked a cigarette that the cook gave her. Then she got up reluctantly. "It's warm here," she said. "The kitchen is the only warm room in the house."

"Naturally, since monsieur looks after the heating. He'll find out, by the way, that you took that slice of bread."

"Nonsense. He can't keep track of a half-eaten loaf. (*Continued on page* 106)



Holiday Health

Don't envy the slender, active men and women running around beaches and tennis courts. Be like them. You can

THERE was a song in a recent American film: "Where do they come from and where do they go?" It referred to a beauty chorus, a collection of lovely young girls facially and bodily perfect.

One is tempted to ask the same question about the active, exuberant, slender young creatures, both girls and boys, whom one sees diving into swimming pools or the open sea, in the minimum amount of sun-tan beach clothing, racing over the sands, playing at medicine ball, leaping about the tennis court in shorts, bare-back frocks, with slender legs . . .

And not only boys and girls. Many older men and women are as fit, as active and as shapely as their nephews and nieces, and even their sons and daughters.

It makes the obese and the breathless and the visibly ageing, condemned to look on instead of partaking of the holiday side of life, the more pitiful.

Well, one knows that many of these young athletes, exuding the joy as well as the beauty of life, come from shops and offices and stuffy towns.

But they are the people who *keep themselves fit.* How is it done? Health, symmetry and slenderness are modern ideals. It is *old-fashioned* to be fat and out of condition, and, what is more, it is unnecessary.

With the will and a little intelligence, so long as you are not organically ill, you can cultivate your body so that every muscle is supple and strong, every function acts naturally and normally.

You can remove the dreaded superfluous flesh, and in so doing not only improve your general health, digestion, nervous system and regain youthful energy, but also immeasurably improve your bodily beauty.

A few minutes' exercise and deep breathing by an open window at the normal rising hour will do a great deal, and if you need instruction in what are the best exercises and the best means to avert that middle-age spread, it is easy enough to obtain them.

Happily, there are experts in physical culture ready and able to assist.

For instance, the whole of a floor at one famous beauty specialist's is devoted to the cult of bodily beauty.

There is an exercise salon where the best possible exercises for improving the figure, and, if necessary, reducing are taught, exercises that limber up the muscles without enlarging them, which fill out hollow necks, improve the bust and make arms and legs shapely.

There is also a special reducing apparatus which works marvels on hips and abdomen. The treatment includes massage, either to reduce or fill out, a sun-ray bath, or a paraffin wax bath.

This is a delightful way of slimming, and can be indulged in even by people with weak hearts or high blood pressure, to whom heat baths or Turkish baths might be dangerous.

The warm liquid wax is poured over the patient lying relaxed in a sort of hammock. As it cools, it hardens, forming a waxen case. A profuse perspiration is caused without any sensation of heat; when it is peeled off, the whole body is wet.

This treatment is not only effective for reducing, but is excellent for all rheumatic affections, as acids and impurities are drawn out of the system.

Then there is another salon, recently opened by two famous dancers, which is devoted entirely to physical culture.

Its promoters, who themselves instruct and demonstrate, assisted by medically trained practitioners, are themselves the best possible advertisement of what can be done by scientific exercise and treatment to perfect the human form.

Here, too, there is a radiant heat bath. Every form of light and sun-ray treatment is given, as well as scientific massage.

There are, too, all sorts of devices, such as rowing seats and bicycles to make exercises interesting and amusing as well as healthful and beautifying. An electrically-revolving lathe-like band is employed for abdominal reduction.

AT another beauty institute, a very special treatment is given for improving and refining the shape of the legs and ankles, with quite extraordinarily successful results.

It includes a foot and leg bath in electrically charged water and special massage, with a reducing lotion.

All these treatments would work marvels as a preliminary to a holiday, to allow you to appear at your best and feel at your best even in the scantiest of athletic clothes. Or, if you have had your holiday, they would enable you to retain the health and vitality with which we hope it has endowed you.

Once the habit of exercising correctly has been acquired, it is easy and, indeed, enjoyable to continue the good work at home.

The One, Two, Three of Beauty

Some women spend much time and money on beauty culture. Those who cannot afford too much of either must read this article

By "Chrysis"

I MAKE no apology for repeating a quotation which I have used before: "There is no such thing as an ugly woman: there are women who do not know how to be pretty."

It was the opinion of George Moore, bachelor observer of femininity and least sentimental of writers, something like thirty years ago, and its truth is borne out by the tremendous advance in the culture of beauty and its excellent results.

But while recognising that much may be done to promote and preserve youth, a good complexion and feminine charm, there are still women who say and think that they cannot afford the time and money involved in beauty culture, that it is a luxury and the prerogative of the leisured classes, of society women or highly salaried film stars.

Actually the reverse is the truth. Her appearance and the preservation of her youth are as important, if not more important, to the professional woman. To-day it is well within her reach.

ESSENTIALLY there are three components of every bona fide process: cleansing, toning and nourishing, and it is imperative that the ingredients of beauty preparations should be absolutely pure.

Inferior cosmetics may do more harm than good.

Costly experiments and the meticulous chemical combination of ingredients, as well as "over-heads," have in the past made the really effective beauty treatments expensive.

Furthermore, the pioneers of beauty culture have had to spend large sums in advertisement in order to educate the public, to tell, teach and prove what can be done.

To-day women in general and newcomers in the field of beauty culture are reaping the benefit.

Just over a year ago a new beauty parlour opened in a small street just off Bond Street. Its creator was a woman of taste, so that the small premises are charming, and a woman of intelligence who believed it was possible to provide a complete, comprehensive and honest series of beauty treatments and preparations at prices which would make them available to women who had not unlimited incomes, but who desired and needed pure and effective aids to beauty.

Since she is practical, she has simplified her treatment so that it can be reduced to the three essentials I have mentioned, a cleanser, a tonic and a skin food. A minimum of time is required in their application.

Her list of preparations, including as it does both cleansing milk and cream, several tonics of varying degrees of astringence, and a number of skin foods, as well as a very wide range of cosmetics (powders, rouges, sun-burn lotions, etc.), may seem to contradict this statement.

This is because she realises that no two skins and constitutions are alike, and it is the wise diagnosis of individual needs and the intelligent selection and application of the various preparations which reduces her treatment to a three-element formula.

ONE of the foundations of her business was individual and personal consideration and advice, which she has always given freely and intelligently.

When clients cannot call on her personally (and the advantage of this is obvious) she invites them to write to her as fully and explicitly as possible about their personal difficulties, their age, type and the conditions in which they live, before prescribing.

Many of her clients who live at a distance take advantage of a visit to London to call on her and benefit by the advice her experience enables her to give them.

All the preparations are made on the premises and are *guaranteed* to contain only the best and absolutely pure and chemically sterilised ingredients, all of which are of tested and proved efficacy in the preservation and creation of skin health and beauty.

The result of this personal and sincere essay in beauty culture is that in this short time, and from comparatively small beginnings, this beauty specialist's business has grown to such an extent that her preparations are retailed by most of the big purveyors of toilet accessories throughout the country.

This specialist's book, *The Science and Art of Loveliness*, not only provides admirable and valuable information on the general theory and practice of beauty culture, but will give some idea of the range of her products for women of every age and type—anti-wrinkle cream, hand lotion, which is a bleach as well as an emollient, acne lotion, from the formula of a well-known dermatologist, as well as the beauty aids. Her make-up chart is definitely helpful.

The BUSYBODY'S Notebook

THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects, and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems, write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

THE new Hollywood type of make-up with its clever emphasis on the eyes transforms any woman into a gazelle-eyed Eastern houri.

But it must be well done, and the greatest care must be taken in choosing the right kind of cosmetics.

Nothing is more maddening than to get a drop of mascara into the eye, and to be a red-eyed woman for the next ten minutes. Or to have eyelashes break off because poor mascara has made them brittle.

The mascara I use is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tear-proof; it stays on for hours and hours, and is enchantingly perfumed. The eye shadow made by the same people comes in the most delicate shades imaginable and smoothes on so well that the lids look like bits of shadowed satin and the eyes sparkle with just the right degree of allurement.

If you are a really thorough and sensible woman, you will use a special eyelash grower I know of which works wonders for thin lashes, and makes luxuriant ones even better and more enticing.

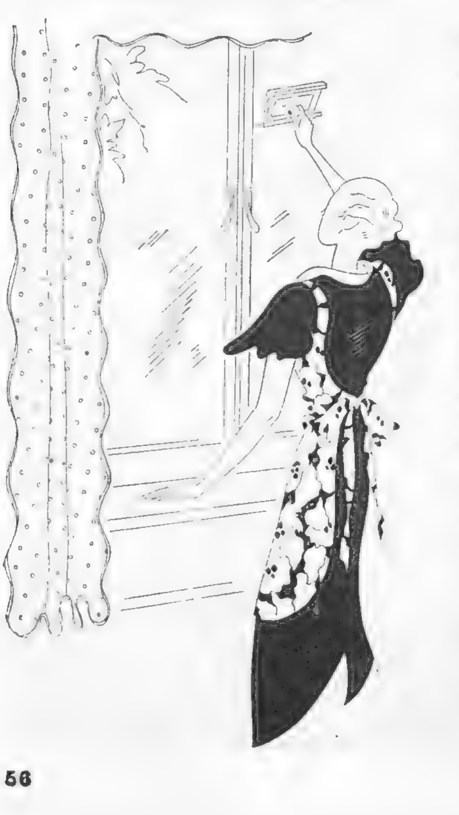
SO much unhappiness and real harm are caused to young girls through their mother's natural diffidence in talking over certain things with them that I feel I must claim your attention for a few moments for a very serious subject.

A sudden emotional and mental shock can cause untold harm to a girl who is just growing up. No mother should let her daughter reach adolescence without careful and delicate preparation.

Now, I know from my own experience how difficult it can be to talk over these aspects of life with one's daughter; the closeness of one's intimacy makes for embarrassment.

But there is a little booklet which puts the whole matter in the most straightforward and natural way; reading it will interest a girl in the right way and prepare her without embarrassing her or making her feel self-conscious.

There is no hint of sex in it, so that no one need hesitate to put it in the youngest girl's hand, but doing so will prevent any possibility of a frightening surprise or disgust.



If you will write to me I shall be delighted to give you the name of this booklet (which is free, except for a 1½d. stamp to cover postage) and tell you just how to obtain it.

NOTHING is more attractive, or speaks more clearly of a pleasant home, than well-kept windows, but they often fall short of perfection, owing to the tediousness of the old-fashioned methods of window washing, which take so much time and energy.

Now the house-proud woman can obtain a window washer which is simplicity itself and ensures glittering windows. It consists of a water container which allows water to flow through a felt washer. Opposite this is a rubber squeegee which cleans, dries and polishes.

By slipping a broom handle through the washer, the tallest windows can be cleaned without the aid of steps or ladder. It is also invaluable for cleaning glass table tops or the windscreen of a car.

It is inexpensive, another virtue. When so much plate and mirror glass enters into the furnishing and decoration of our homes, such an appliance is really a blessing.

A DREAM walked into my room the other day. It was Janet, whom I had not seen for years and years and years, and who yet looked every bit as young as at our last meeting.

Janet laughed at my excitement about her new face.

She explained that while, in our dust- and grime-laden atmosphere, cleansing creams and lotions were a necessity, they could not in themselves rejuvenate an ageing skin.

A perfect skin is a gift with which we are all born, but it begins to age long before the signs of this are outwardly visible. No amount of external care alone can prevent it, for it is caused by the gradual deterioration of the cells of the skin, and can only be arrested by biological means.

All this sounds terribly scientific, I know, but the actual remedy is simple, and consists of some wonderful tablets which are prepared according to the formula of a famous dermatologist.

These rebuild the skin from within, restore the blood supply to the cutaneous tissues, and so rejuvenate the skin of the whole body.

The result is a beautifully youthful complexion; of course, this result is not the work of a moment, and a six weeks' course is prescribed. But at the end of this time a wonderful improvement will take place, and a general feeling of well-being will also accompany the outward results.

THERE is no denying the fact that the sun, beneficial though it may be generally, does make us screw up our eyes, and thereby start a host of tiresome little lines and wrinkles.

Then, too, the excitements of holiday-time, the travelling, the extended gaieties, are apt to leave the face looking slightly jaded.

Luckily, the remedy is a simple one, and lies in a grand anti-wrinkle cream by which I swear. You smooth it lightly on before dressing for dinner, or any other convenient time, and then rest for a few minutes to relax the tension of the facial muscles.

When the cream is removed, the face looks fresh and rested, with a clear, supple skin, from which all the lines and wrinkles have disappeared. This cream is not only a wonder worker for eradicating wrinkles. It also contains nourishing as well as contracting ingredients, which cannot possibly make the face any fuller, or stimulate the growth of hair.

I won't pretend that it is cheap, but the woman of fastidious taste who really cares for that most precious of all her possessions, her complexion, will quickly realise that a cream concocted of such rare ingredients could never be produced cheaply, and that its efficacy makes it not only well worth its cost, but practically indispensable.

DON'T you despise all the periodical fuss of having to remove superfluous hair? One always seems too busy to cope with it, or else too lazy. Then, of course, the most delectable impromptu party is planned, and you have just twenty minutes in which to make yourself beautiful and that wretched under-arm grooming takes up most of the precious moments. Well, if you are a wise woman, you will do what I have done. That is, invest in a wonderful set of two clear liquids which settle the business once and for all.

The first liquid dissolves the stiffest hairs in two or three minutes without leaving the slightest trace on the skin. The second liquid is applied after the first and reaches and destroys the roots laid bare by the first, thus *preventing* the re-growth of hair.

These two liquids must be used together for several times (of course with a short interval of time between applications).

The result is that the roots are so weakened that the hair is permanently removed. The skin is left soft and smooth, and the liquids are absolutely harmless.

This method can also be used on the arms, legs and face, and as the liquids are not subject to deterioration, the very last drop in the bottles can be used up.

Perfect Understanding

BEST-DRESSED feet are those which attract attention from others but not from the wearer, who should be able to forget them.

Comfort and smartness—which to consider when buying shoes? The right shoes combine both virtues in equal proportions.

Do a morning's shopping, walk in the park, hike—if you must, dance under shaded lights in Dolcis shoes. They won't pinch. Your feet will be flattered.

As for stockings, women need to be told very little. They know them nowadays as they know their skins. They know, in fact, that a good stocking should fit like a second skin. They know that good tailoring is as important as shade and weight. They know what bad stockings can do, even to good ankles. They know what good stockings can do, even to bad ankles.

Shoes by Dolcis

LIGHT beige kid courts, smartly stitched. Sheer Kayser stockings

WALKING shoes that don't exaggerate the feet, made of supple brown leather, and worn with Kayser thicker-weight stockings

BLACK satin evening slipper, cut low at the sides. Morley's stockings that look like gossamer, but last and last

Just a Matter *of* FORM

It is not much use being clever and choosey about your new dress if you have been foolish or careless about its foundation.

The subtlety and imagination that went into the making of the dress are forgotten ; the bulge above the waist, the wrong line of the bust, the outline of the suspender which shows as you walk, remembered.

Only one woman in a hundred can afford to go around with just a little suspender belt to keep her stockings up. Even she runs the risk of her figure spreading . . .

Modern corsetry works miracles with almost any figure, emphasises the good lines, glosses over the bad.

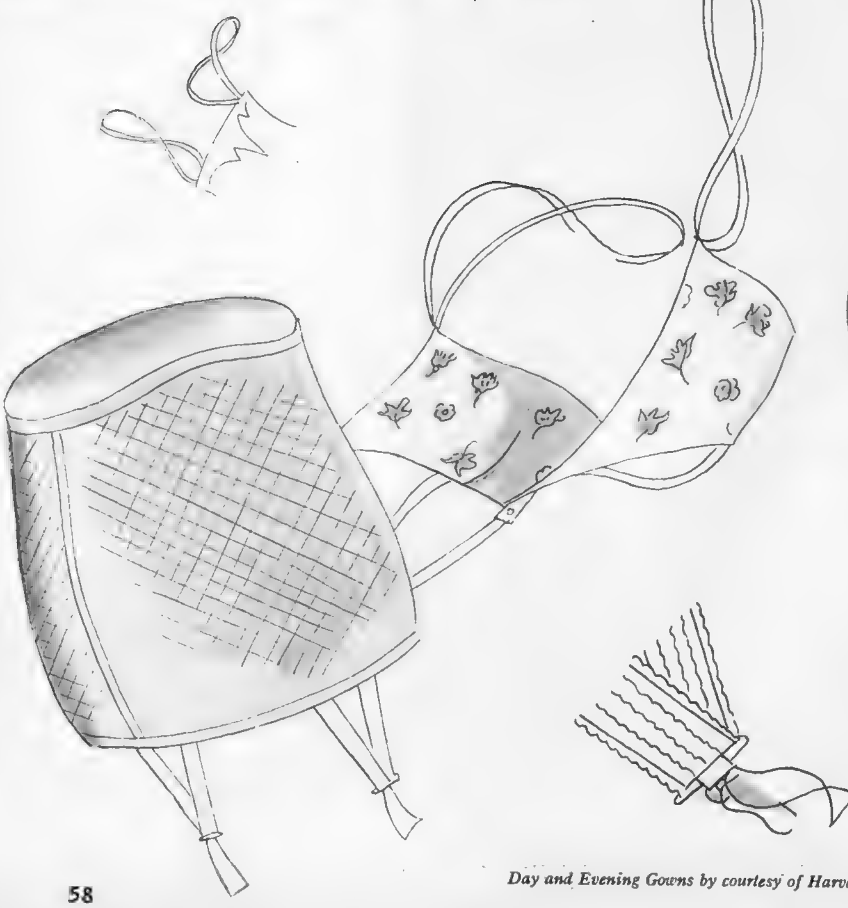
Did women ever put up with discomfort and real bodily injury by tight lacing and heavy boning ?

We know they did. We shudder . . . and are grateful for the fascinating foundation garments of to-day, which not only enhance the line and contour of the figure, but provide anatomically correct support.

On the left is a Roussel long belt, peach colour, with a brassière top of hand-made lace. This belt cleverly moulds the figure into perfect lines. At the same time, it gives adequate support and allows absolute freedom of movement.

The Berlei Controllete below is in peach figured batiste with strong hand-knit elastic insets. Two features are the specially designed uplift bust sections in lace, and the Phantom Grip suspenders which lie absolutely flat beneath the flimsiest wisp of a frock. The very low back makes this a perfect garment for evening.

To the left, below, is a Kestos two-way stretch lace girdle made of lastex yarn in a lovely tea-rose shade. Although it clings closely, outlining the figure in smooth and pleasing curves, it is cool and light, and can be laundered with ease. The brassière is of broché crêpe de Chine.



Day and Evening Gowns by courtesy of Harvey Nichols.

DRESSING *to* Please MEN

By Jean Burnup

Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve"

WE have seen women in this century do all that the feminist pioneers set out to do. They have climbed every peak in the masculine mountain-country, and many will tell you how lonely and cold it is up in them thar hills.

Yet the most astounding achievement is a snap of the fingers compared with the real purpose of every woman's life, which has been the one thing since Eden-time and—unless the world goes crazy—will continue to be the one thing.

Attracting men goes on being the most exciting, the most satisfying, and, in these highly competitive days, when the plainest women can disguise themselves as enchantresses, the most exacting part of a woman's life.

The most important weapon in our armoury is . . . clothes. Yet we blunt the edge as casually as we close a door behind us, or call up a friend.

We dress without a thought of a man's deep-rooted feelings about women's clothes.

We pander to men. Pretend an interest in higher mathematics. Suffer boring afternoons watching their favourite, and our loathed, sport.

But we still dress to please ourselves, to be in the fashion, to express our individuality, to make other women envious.

We are more excited at a woman friend's grudging admiration than at a man friend's whole-hearted approval. There seems to be no reason why we should not have both.

By keeping to a few simple rules, always allowed for by every turn of fashion's tide, we can please ourselves, men too, and still annoy other women.

The only men who really know everything about women's clothes are those who make us wear them. As the whole purpose of their job is to look into the minds of women and mirror what they see reflected there, they are forced to think like women.

Other men, thinking like men, while knowing what they actively dislike, could not tell you just what it is, or why it is, that they approve certain clothes. They merely know what they like when it is put before them.

They know, as definitely as they know they don't like artichokes or marmalade, or tripe, or oysters, or whatever is their particular hate, that, above all things, they detest to see a woman looking conspicuous.

They want her to attract admiring attention—yes—just enough of it. The too-naked back, the too-exaggerated form of the mode, an outfit that is too busy, too many jewels—in fact, too much or too little of anything—gets bad marks.

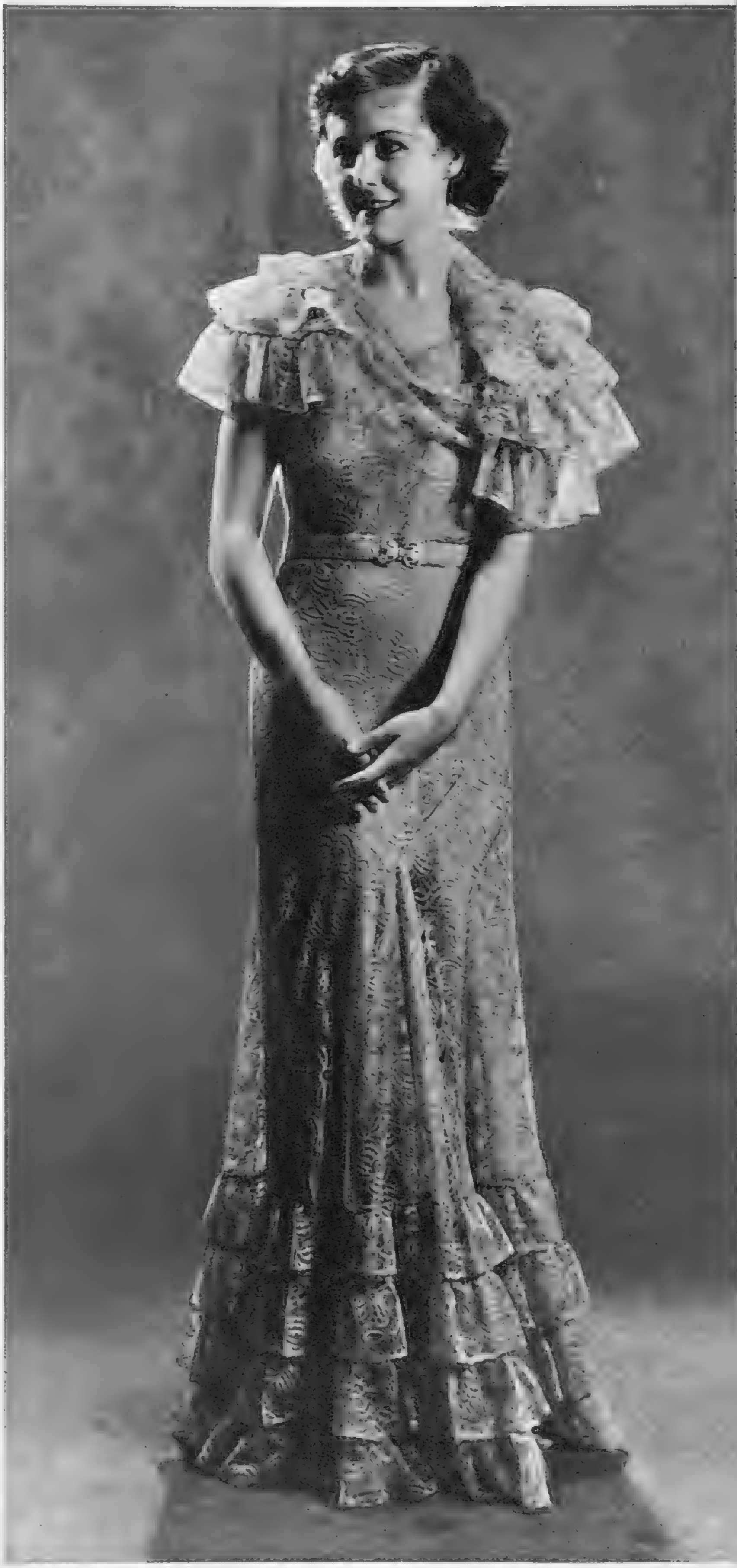
Overdressing is a crime—and aren't they right ?—so is underdressing. They are embarrassed by very tight-fitting, revealing clothes. Their sense of subtlety is outraged.

They don't like harsh colours, however new; or clothes that are too challenging. Make no mistake about this; they may admire them, or, handing us back a little of our own perversity, pretend to admire them on the women who pass by. They do not approve or admire them on their own women.

MEN have an unerring instinct about line. Anything wrong, eccentric, out of harmony with the flow and movement of a woman's figure is frowned on. They don't care if it has cost fifty guineas and meant economy for the rest of the year.

Simplicity gets full marks. Anything which suggests femininity, trimness, tenderness, even a little gaucherie, as a relief from poise. They like to see something white on dark clothes, severe pique or frothy frilling at throat and wrist (perhaps this can be explained as a compliment to

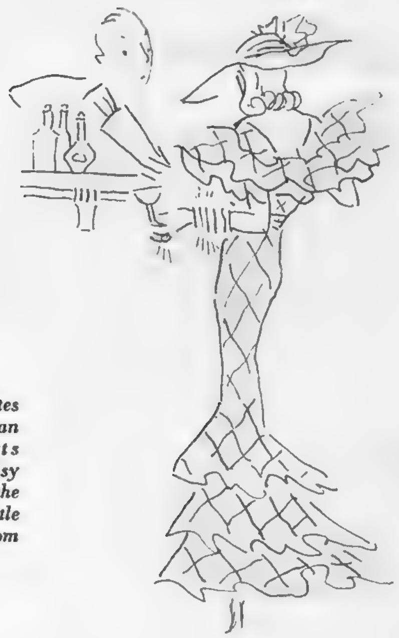
(*Continued on page* 80)



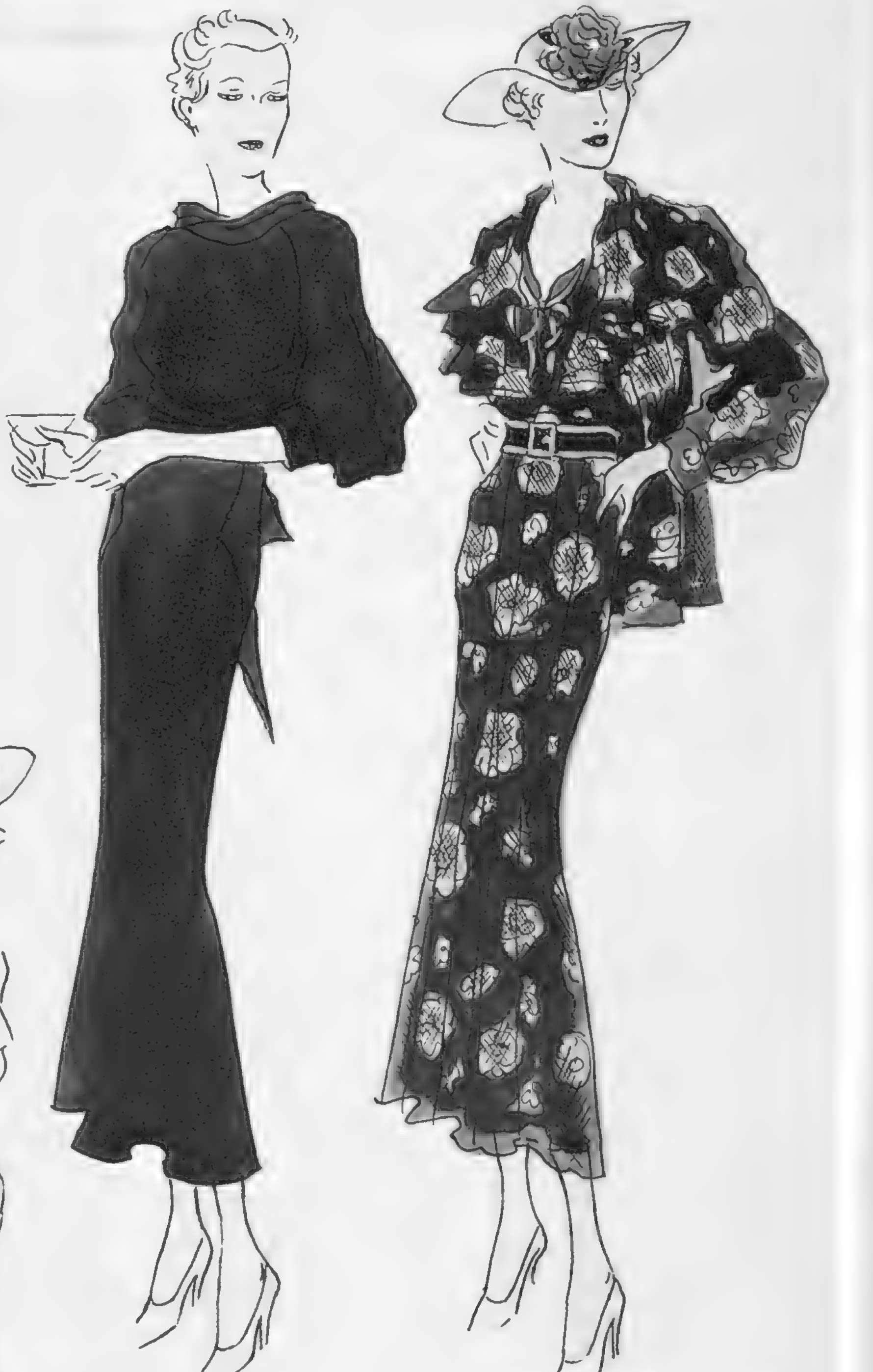
Posed by Virginia Bradford

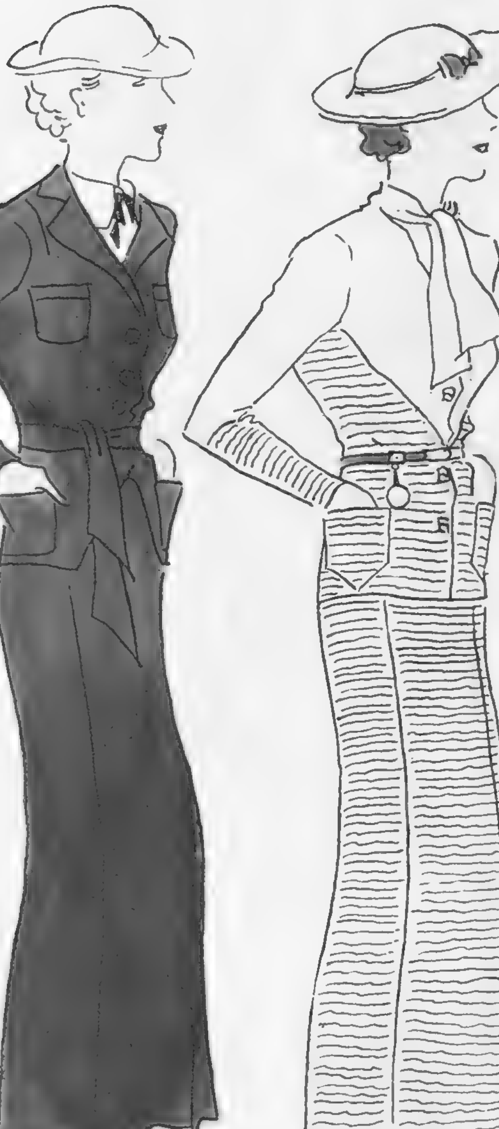
THIS is the kind of dress that lures the most reserved men into making pretty speeches It suggests gentle femininity, grace, repose, and sweetness, virtues prized by most men because they are gradually being submerged in a sea of hard, imitative sophistication. It is blue lace, with straightness, curves, and frills in the right places. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, Model Gowns

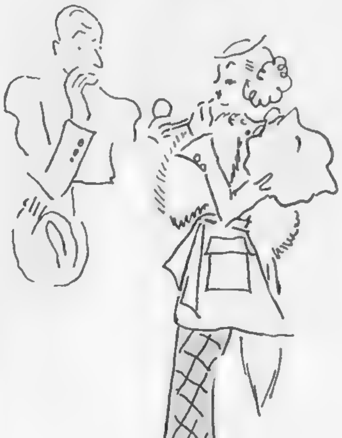
FASHIONS FOR WOMEN



EVERY man hates to see a woman in dressy sports clothes and dressy accessories, like the lady in the little sketch at the bottom of this page







ABOVE at the left is a crêpe afternoon or cocktail frock with unusual sleeves, a tight cowl, and grace all over it. Its man-appeal lies in its cut, its dignity, its grace. And it is black. (Debenham and Freebody)

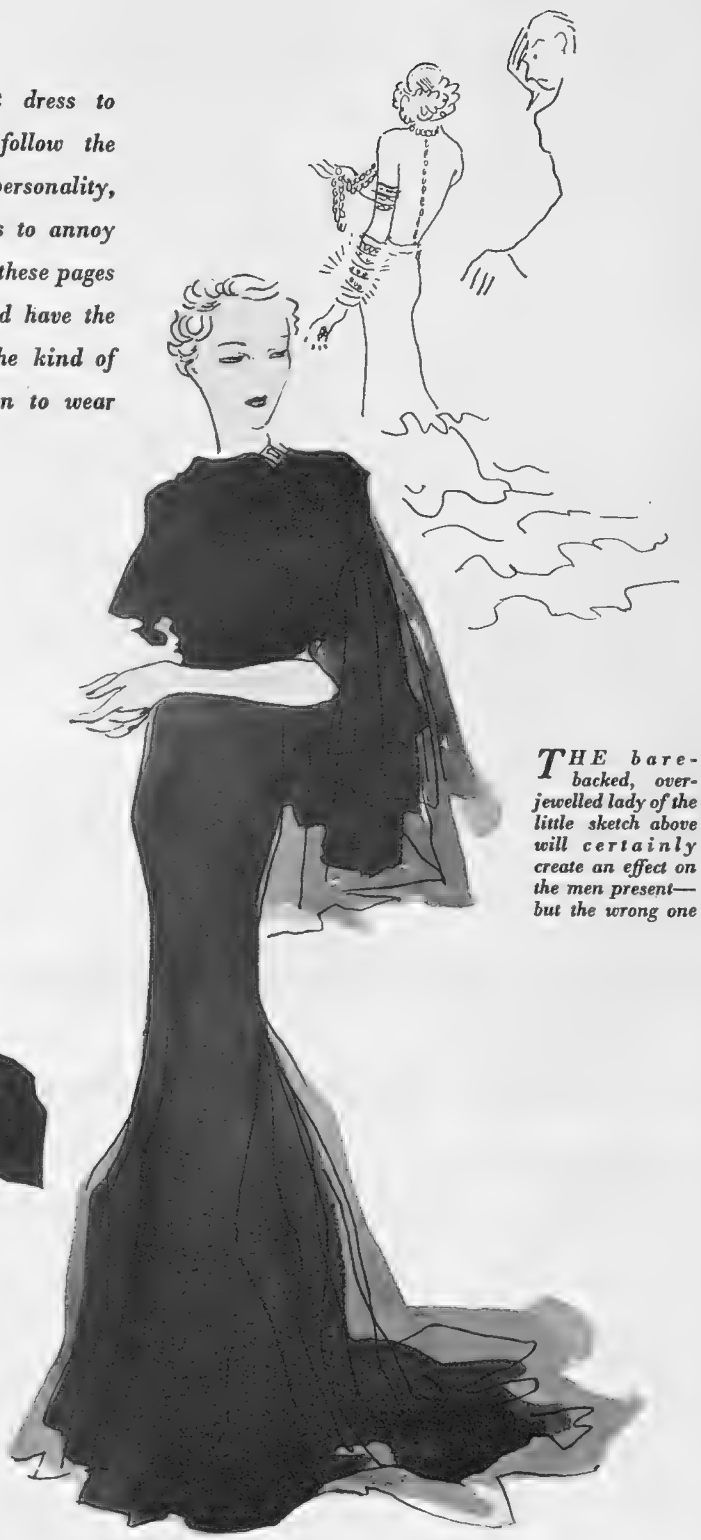
NEXT door is a frock and little coat from Marjorie Castle, in printed cotton net, pink flowers on black, soft bow at front corsage. Unusual enough to attract attention, but not obvious. Feminine, but not too fussy, like the lady at the cocktail-bar at the extreme left of the page

ANY man knows that Aquascutum are never wrong about men's clothes, so won't be wrong about women's. The suit at the extreme left is navy blue tweed, with four pockets to the coat, a cut-away front, and a belt that ties. The skirt has the slight kick that is fashionably correct

A GREY-BEIGE suit from Richard Sands, in which plain and self-striped angora tweed are mixed with intricacy disguised as simplicity. It can be either skirt and coat, or dress and coat. It is always the kind of suit a man would like to see walking beside him

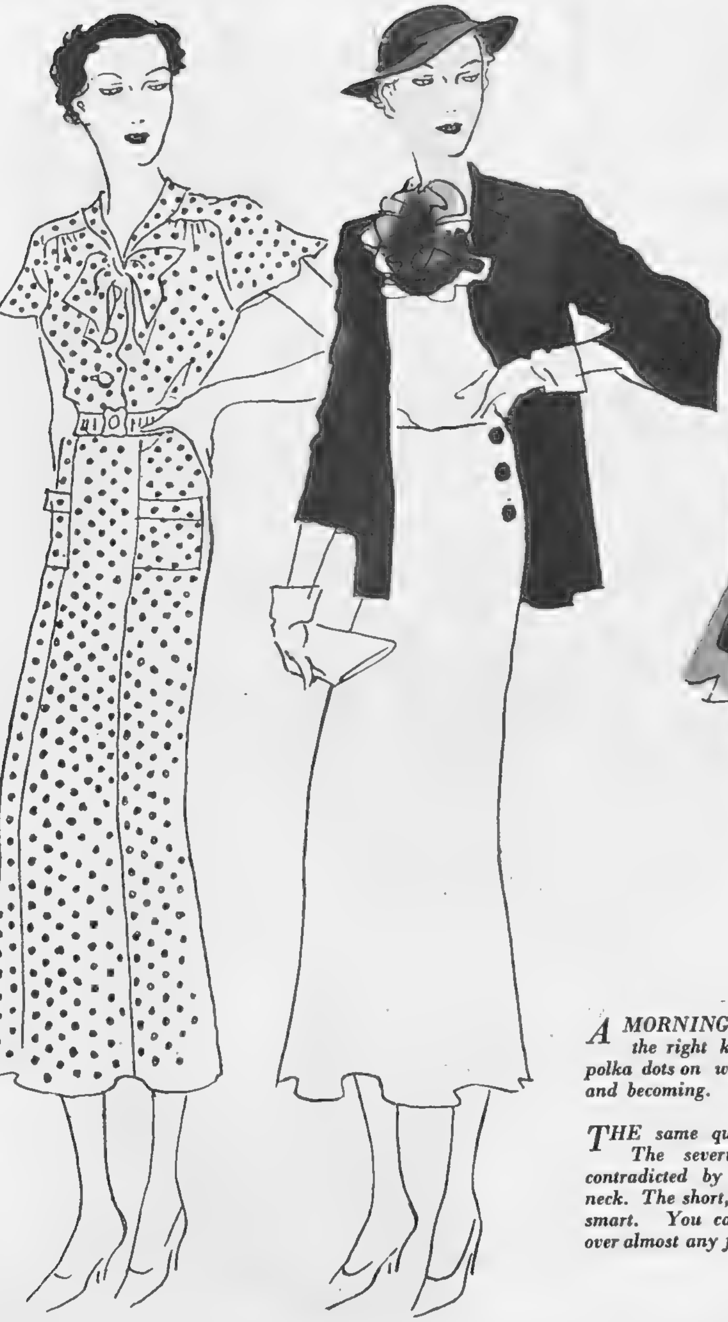
that MEN APPRAISE

AS a rule, women don't dress to please men, but to follow the mode, to emphasise their own personality, to attract attention, sometimes to annoy other women. The clothes on these pages cover each of these points, and have the added distinction of being the kind of clothes that men like women to wear



THE bare-backed, over-jewelled lady of the little sketch above will certainly create an effect on the men present—but the wrong one

AN evening dress which will ensure the success of your evening. Black crêpe clings to the figure, flows out at the hem. The cape and the little train have fluty inserts of net. (Debenham and Freebody)



A MORNING or holiday frock, at the left, with the right kind of reserved gaiety in its red polka dots on white jacquard. Trim, serviceable, and becoming. (Marjorie Castle)

THE same qualities distinguish its neighbour. The severity of the white crêpe dress is contradicted by the large organdie poppy at the neck. The short, swinging navy crêpe coat is very smart. You can wear it, with navy accessories, over almost any frock. (Debenham and Freebody)

To-day, H*er* Luggage

is P*art*—and P*arcel*—of the S*mart* Woman's Personality. She S*elects* it *with* discrimination *and* Stamps it with *her* own individuality

By

Judith Ann Silburn

THREE pieces of distinctive, elegant luggage from Debenham and Freebody. Wardrobe-trunk in fawn rawhide. Fawn leather suit-case. Fawn pigskin hold-all. Light camel-hair travel coat from Studd and Millington. Wrist-watch from J. W. Benson

(Photographed by Helen MacGregor)

ONCE, women used to travel around with weather-worn Gladstone bags, pilgrim baskets, tin boxes, carpet bags, even ugly hold-alls.

That day is over. Modern luggage is beautiful, distinctive, elegant. And the modern woman is conscious of the extra attention and better accommodation given to those who arrive with good-looking trunks and suit-cases.

Luggage, in fact, has grown into an important item of a woman's appearance and personality.

There is definite moral support in knowing you will arrive at your destination with all-to-match kit; suit-cases attractively initialled and distinctively marked with your own individual motif—stars, cross, stripe—whatever it may be, to facilitate collection at stations.

Special leather holders for labels are useful, neat and business-like.

Size, utility, individual needs, appearance, strength, weight—all these points need consideration when buying a trunk or suit-case.

Continental travellers usually find several small packages more convenient than one large trunk, as in some countries no free baggage is allowed, except in railway carriages. On the other hand, for long sea-tours, or when several weeks are to be spent in one spot, a smart wardrobe-trunk is a great joy; also, when travelling in a single cabin (or where the other cabin-mate does not object), sometimes special permission to keep a wardrobe-trunk in the cabin can be obtained by coaxing and a judicious tip.

The fawn-coloured rawhide wardrobe-trunks so much in vogue at the moment are attractive, and, if bound with vivid-coloured strappings, can have a personal note, especially if the bindings match the motif selected.

Avoid very large hat-boxes which cannot be taken into a railway carriage; also, deep, roomy trunks may hold a large amount, but are not practical if clothes are required en route.

Cabin-trunks should be the requisite size and not too shallow. Expanding suit-cases are a great boon, and can be bought to match the rest of the outfit.

Real leather trunks are not heavy if of good quality. The best workmanship (if possible, hand-sewn leather) is worth a little more, as badly tanned leather goods are often heavily weighted.

When buying a real leather article, pay special attention to handles and corners. These should be properly finished and of the same leather as the trunk.

Polished hides rub up well with furniture cream, and wear for ages if covered with dubbin when not in use.

If you own a smart leather dressing-case, be sure to have a protective canvas cover made to match.

Some of the best composition goods are almost featherweight, but in buying suit-cases or trunks of this type look carefully to the framework.

Strong, light steel foundations, with good copper rivets, burred nails, and reinforced corners of real brass or stout leather, are needed; and, of course, well-turned battens of the best wood. Avoid angles when choosing trunks. Corners should be rounded.

Locks should be unpickable. Yale locks and other well-known types are put on many of the up-to-date leather goods. Failing a good lock, it is an easy matter to have special fastenings put on to any trunk or suit-case to take a padlock.

Trays should fit well. Linings should not be papery. Wrinkles denote bad workmanship. For small blouse-cases, moiré silk looks charming and wears well.

As a rule, fitments for dressing-cases are best made to individual needs.

Shoe trunks, and other receptacles for special articles, make modern packing a simple matter. Where space has to be considered, shoe bags and stocking satchels are a great help. Attractive hold-alls for make-up and odds and ends are useful where boxes are too bulky.

As in the case of the rest of the outfit, it is best to keep to one colour scheme throughout.

Plenty of tissue-paper is a necessity in packing, and, for flimsy dresses, those new cellophane wrappers, with a lavender pad, are most useful.

The dress is folded neatly along the inside of the wrapper and rolled up without any creasing. Another good tip in packing, which comes from France, is a cardboard coat-hanger placed inside jumpers, blouses and dresses to keep their shape.

Put all heavy articles at the bottom. Follow with coats and costumes. Fill in corners and (*Continued on page* 80)

Keeping *the* Children H*appy* on Holiday

By Winifred Lewis

DISCUSSION never ceases about the length of school holidays. Parents are delightfully inconsistent about it, plaintively decrying, at one point, the excess of work which the modern school system imposes and, at another—perhaps a little jaded now after a few weeks of holiday-time—condemning the system which endows the young rebels with so much leisure.

Well, after all, bringing up a family is enough to put the most level-headed of us at a disadvantage, and the parent who can sustain a consistent and tranquil point of view throughout six weeks of summer vacation is a person of superhuman accomplishment.

All the same, we could do more to make these leisure times more pleasant and profitable for everyone.

Children unorganised are children in mischief. Satan and the idle hands are boon companions still, and the mistake we fall into so easily is in leaving their leisure totally unplanned, or in planning it so zealously that it ceases to be leisure at all.

My twelve-year-old niece paid me a frank compliment which revealed a number of things when she spent a few days of a recent vacation with me.

" I like it here . . ." she said, " there's always something to do."

I was flattered, of course, and asked her why.

" Well, Mummy says we mooch about the house and waste our time. She worries us to go for walks, but we *know* all the walks. She says I'm funny because I don't want my friends in to play, but I see them all the time at school."

A funny little story of misunderstanding and glorious leisure gone to waste, I thought. Actually, my house has nothing more to offer in the way of interest than her own, but while appearing to leave the choice to her I generally manage to keep her amused.

One morning, for instance, I invited her to try her hand at a dessert for lunch. She chose a trifle—all interest, at once.

It was hard to tell just where the jelly left off and the cream began, and a good deal of my best sherry had gone to enliven the flavour, but she was rapturously employed for an hour and a half.

I praised it discreetly at lunch, before making oblique suggestions for the improvement of the next. She was flushed with accomplishment. Responsibility. There you have it—responsibility.

CHILDREN, especially older ones, find pleasure in the simplest undertaking if it involves responsibility to themselves and a suggested freedom of choice. If only we could stifle our extravagant fears in regard to their capacity for taking care of themselves, children would have a much better time.

Take this seaside holiday business, a period all too frequently marked by incidents of strife on the part of the youngsters and of nervous prostration by their elders.

As far as the children are concerned, excitement at the host of pleasures to be enjoyed and their inability to coordinate them into a programme is partly responsible. But give them a start, shape a programme for them and then retire, only intervening when opinions diverge too hysterically, and things will take on a much rosier hue.

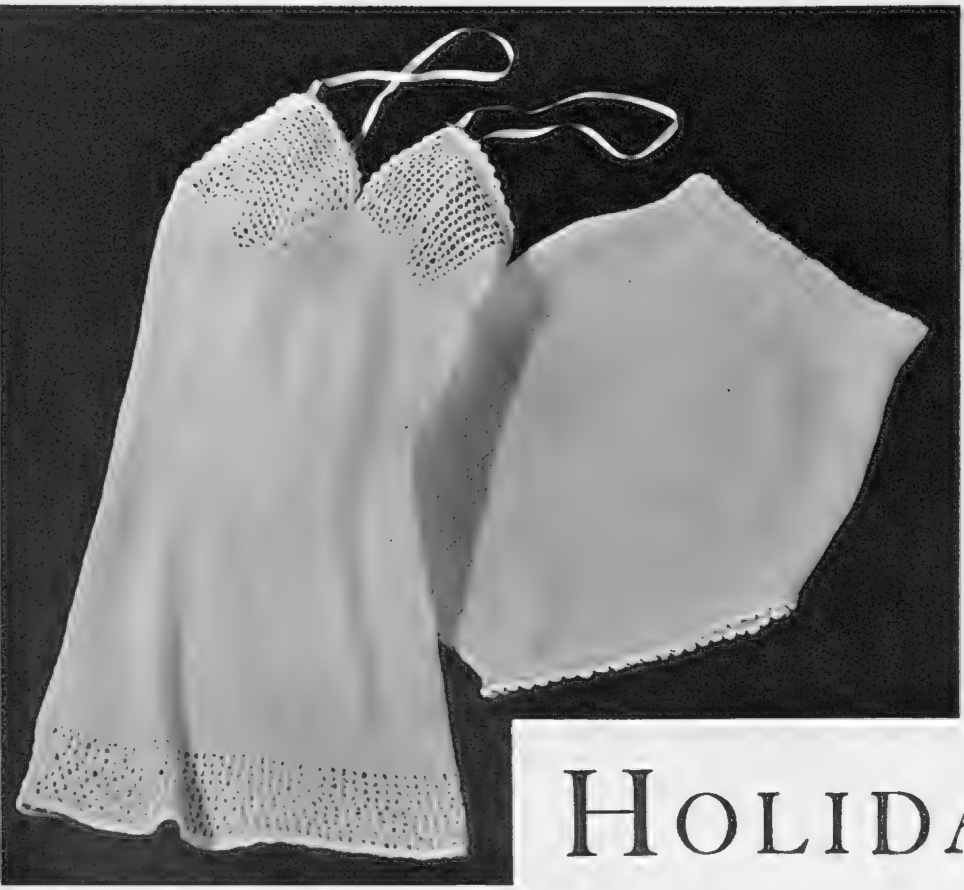
Ingenuity on the parents' part can work miracles with the most hackneyed pastimes, even the much-despised " walks " can be made instructive and thrilling.

Take a party of boys, for instance, and send them off in separate groups (say, two at a time), each making towards a selected spot. They are to find the way by compass and landmark alone and are on their honour not to enquire the way.

The route must be unknown to them, of course, and in a strange holiday district this idea is full of exciting possibilities. The first to arrive gets the reward.

Smaller members of the holiday party will make their own amusements more easily. The mere privilege of getting dirty and wet is ecstasy in itself, and, having taken adequate precautions for their safety and clothed them in such a way that sand and water can do no harm, the wise parent will leave them pretty much alone.

(*Continued on page 96*)



There are always some idle holiday hours when you think "I should have brought my knitting." This vest and pantie Set is simple to make, and is something you are going to be thankful for in a month or so

HOLIDAY *Knitting*

THIS charming set is worked in softest baby wool and weighs next to nothing. But it can be relied on to give warmth where needed. The pantie garment fits snugly, and can be worn under crêpe-de-Chine or satin knickers. The vest has a brassière top in front, and is very low at the back. The size will fit a 32-in. bust, but can be made larger by adding stitches in multiples of 4.

Materials required: 7 ozs. Pale Pink Jaeger Baby Wool (4 ozs. for the Vest, 3 ozs. for the Panties. Pair No. 12 tortoiseshell needles. No. 12 crochet hook. Ribbon.

Begin at the lower edge with 100 stitches on No 12 needles. Work a row into the backs of the stitches, then 2 rows stocking stitch.

Next row: Slip 1,. k. 1 xx k.1. make 1 (by bringing wool round needle), slip 1, k.2 tog., pass slip stitch over the 2 knitted tog., make 1. Repeat from xx across row, ending with k.2.

Next row: Purl across row.

Next row: Slip 1, k.1, k.2. tog. xx m.1., k.1, m.1, sl. 1, k.2 tog., pass sl. st. over 2 knitted tog. Repeat from xx across row, ending row with m.1, k.1, m.1, k.2 tog., k.1.

Next row: Purl across row.

These four rows make the lace pattern. Repeat to make 10 holes above one another. This makes about 2 inches of pattern.

Now change to stocking stitch and work smooth fabric for 14 inches to bring the front to the shaping for the bust-line. End on a knit row.

Next row: Purl 24, purl 2 tog., purl 1, turn.

Next row: K. 1. k. 2 tog., k. to end of row. Repeat these 2 rows, purling 2 stitches at the beg. of every purl row, until 2 stitches remain. Cast off. With the wrong side of the work towards you, join on the wool.

Next row: Purl 1, purl 2 tog., purl 40, purl 2 tog., purl 1, turn.

Next row: K. 1, k.2 tog., k. 38, k. 2 tog., k.1, turn. Repeat these 2 rows, knitting 2 sts. less in the centre of the row until 2 remain. Cast off.

With the wrong side of the work towards you, rejoin and work the remaining stitches as you did the first 27 sts.

The diamonds are worked in lace pattern, and stretched and pressed to shape when finished.

Cast on 40 sts. Work a row into the backs of the stitches, then work 2 rows s.s. Now work pattern as described at first until you have 18 holes one above the other. Stretch this out to make a square. Work another piece in the same way.

The Back.

This is worked to match the front, until you have done 12½ inches of stocking stitch. Now, with the wrong side of the vest towards you, work as follows:

Next row: Purl 34, purl 2 tog., purl 1, turn.

Next row: K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end of row. Repeat these 2 rows, purling 2 less at the beginning of every purl row until 2 sts. remain. Cast off.

With the wrong side of the work towards you, rejoin the wool, and cast off the centre stitches (32), leaving 34 at the other side. Shape this side to match.

Pressing and Making Up.

Stretch cornerwise and press the small pattern squares into diamonds. Stitch them in place into the V shapes at the front, sewing the cast-on stitches to the centre V slopes. Any slight fulness should be gathered into the centre of each row.

Sew up the side seams, pressing under a damp cloth. Thread in all ends of wool neatly.

The Picot Edge.

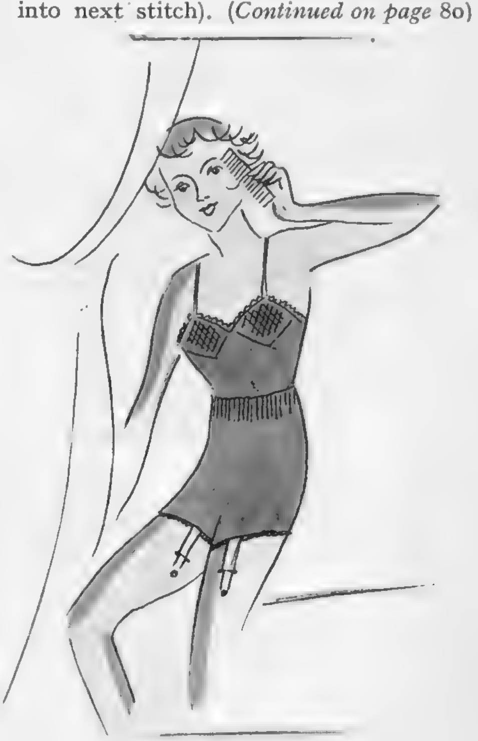
With a crochet hook, begin at the top of the back—to one side, work 1 d.c., 3 ch. 1 tr. into the first of these 3 chain, miss over 2 stitches, 1 d.c. in next. xx 3 ch. 1 tr. back into first ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next. Repeat from xx to make a picot edge across back, and over front shaping.

Sew on ribbons to tips of diamonds and into the centre of the back.

The Panties.

Cast on 110 stitches on No. 12 needles, and work 24 rows of ribbing of 1 pl. 1 purl (do not work into the back of the stitch for the first row, as this tightens the ribbing too much). Change to stocking stitch, and work 15 rows, ending on a purl row.

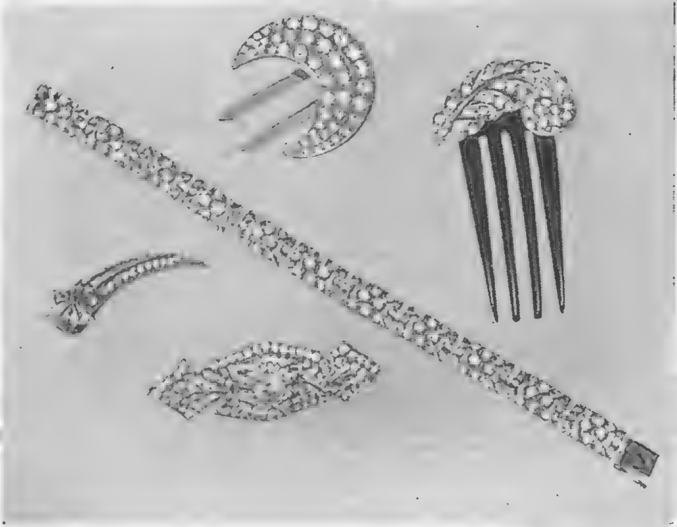
Next row: K.3, m.1 (by working twice into next stitch). (*Continued on page* 80)



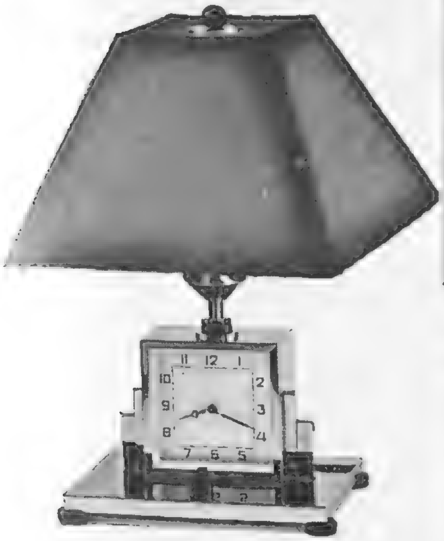
What I *have* Bought *this* Month

NATIVE basket work in gay colours has been fashioned into useful and inexpensive household accessories. The bread platter (1s. 6d.) comes from Ceylon, and the waste-paper basket (4s. 6d.), work basket with lid (5s. 6d.) and general household or dog basket (7s. 9d.) are of Egyptian origin

NATIVE work is again exemplified in this useful waxed wood box (1s. 6d.). The dainty china jar containing pot-pourri in a silk bag is only 4s. 9d.



HERE are some of the newest hair ornaments. The crescent paste pin is 10s. 9d., the feather pin 6s. 11d., and the comet clip in fine paste is 19s. 6d. The bracelet of paste on a silver setting costs 69s. 6d. and a fine paste brooch is 29s. 6d.



THIS bedside lamp and chromium alarm clock represents excellent value at 25s. The lamp shade is of parchment shaded in pink, green or blue

A NOVEL idea is presented in this wristlet watch with five straps which can be changed to suit different colour schemes. Three of the straps are of leather in red, green and blue, one is of black silk moiré and another of black silk cord. The chromium watch has a 15-jewel Swiss lever movement and, with the straps in the case, costs £3 12s. 6d.

A STRIPED linen cravat in attractive colour schemes is a useful addition to a holiday wardrobe. This one is 4s. 11d. and the scarf pins, gilt or dull oxidized, in many designs, including rabbits, foxes and mice, are 2s. 11d.

A POCHETTE in plaid art silk in navy, black, red or beige, has a matching sunshade which slips into two loops at the bottom of the bag when not in use. The price is 21s. The two well-fitted linen pochettes are only 10s. 9d. each.

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, *Britannia and Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

VICTOR BAYLEY, author of "Permanent Way through the Khyber." The author tells a wonderful story which leaves the reader with a great liking, as well as a profound admiration, for the man who tells it

MARIA RASPUTIN, whose book "My Father" is reviewed in this article

G. ORIOLI, whose book "Moving Along" is a journal of a walking tour through Southern Italy with Mr. Norman Douglas and two other friends

THE law of averages reveals itself at leisure. Novels, volumes of travel, volumes of short stories, biographies, historical works, essays and commentaries appear, year by year, in roughly the same proportions. But not month by month, and still less week by week. The volumes of travel mentioned below were not hunted out by me with the idea of providing a pleasant change, or because they might be supposed to suit the holiday season. I should like to claim the credit; but the truth is that, in the erratic manner of human affairs, a little clot of interesting travel books arrived together, the fortuitous and almost simultaneous products of different publishing houses.

Here they are, five of them :—

Moving Along, by G. Orioli (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.)

Maiden Voyage, by Margaret Gilruth (Cape, 7s. 6d.).

Permanent Way through the Khyber, by Victor Bayley, C.B.E. (Jarrolds, 18s.).

Pilgrimage to Mecca, by Lady Evelyn Cobbold (Murray, 10s. 6d.).

The Valley of the Assassins, by Freya Stark (Murray, 12s. 6d.).

They are all, except Miss Gilruth's, illustrated with photographs.

Mr. Orioli's book makes a companionable and conversational introduction. It is the journal of a walking tour through Southern Italy with Mr. Norman Douglas and two other friends. The author's attitude to life, and even his literary style, resemble Mr. Douglas's; that is to say, he provides the best company in the world if you happen to like your intellectual and material pleasures strongly flavoured and well mixed. I must admit that I do. I like the curious lore, the keen interest in geological and natural history, the equal appreciation of genuine peasantry and local culinary art. The following passage reveals very clearly the author's enjoyment of travel and his debt to

Baker Street and Bond Street

"The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes": *by Vincent Starrett*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 8s. 6d.)

A LITERATURE amounting to some hundreds of volumes and articles already surrounds the most famous of all detectives. Is it really true that he never lived? Is it really true that he ever died? Mr. Starrett, who has collected and summarised most of the available data, makes out a pretty good case for believing that he is still, in his eightieth year, bee-farming in Sussex; and certainly a lady, well versed in apiculture, applied by letter for the post of housekeeper. Fifteen years ago a French general demanded his services, and Doyle, through whom the request was made, replied that the Sage of Baker Street was too old—thereby implying that he was still amongst us. On many other points, such as the precise position of 221B, Baker Street, and the strange evasiveness of Dr. Watson in the matter of the date of his marriage, Mr. Starrett throws a fierce light. But even he does not convince me that Holmes was entirely genuine in his professed love of music. I have always had, and still have, my suspicions of a man who beats time at a concert; and long, artistic fingers, so far from excusing, merely aggravate the offence. "What," he demanded, as he dragged poor Watson to Neruda's violin recital, "is that little thing of Chopin's she plays so magnificently?" I wish I knew!

"English Dress, from Victoria to George V": *by Dion C. Calthrop* (Chapman and Hall, 15s.)

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

Mr. Calthrop has written a very lively review of sartorial fashions during the last hundred years, though it is odd that so keen an observer can allow himself to hope that "the trailing skirt is gone, if not for good, at least for some very long time." Even if he was not present at Ascot or the Eton and Harrow match, he must surely have seen illustrated papers in which these events did not pass entirely unnoticed. Mr. Calthrop, it seems, would like to be a cynic, but optimism will keep breaking through. But he has one great qualification for the task he has undertaken—he does not profess to find any profound philosophical or psychological revelations in women's hats.

Magic Casements —and a Good Word for Rasputin

Mr. Douglas: "Here were some lampreys *morene*—for sale. We bought a few and took them to our restaurant for luncheon. Were it not for all those bones, they would be one of the best fish in the world; and the bigger the better. From a modern Italian cookery-book I learn that lampreys have lost some of their flavour and fallen into disrepute because they are no longer fed on the flesh of slaves. Something should be done about this. A good lamprey is surely worth a slave or two."

FREYA STARK, author of "The Valley of the Assassins." This book is recommended to all those who like books of travel and also to those who like good books, no matter what their subject

Miss Gilruth's diary offers entertainment of a very different nature —how different may be judged by a comparison between the extract just quoted and this: "I think I enjoyed a drive in a rickshaw and a square of honest British grilled steak more than anything else in Colombo." Miss Gilruth is an Australian who, having booked passage to Europe on a Norwegian tramp, made herself so useful that, on reaching Naples, she was invited to remain on the ship as "deck-hand-steward-cook-accountant." She accepted the post and continued with the vessel first to Poti (in Russia), then to Constantinople, then to Rotterdam, and finally to Hamburg, at which port she received her discharge and £16 in wages. She tells her story so very heartily that a hurried or unimaginative reader may fail to realise that the *June* was a very ramshackle old tub indeed, manned by a polyglot and far from reassuring crew.

Permanent Way through the Khyber is a quiet and modest record of a staggering performance. Mr. Bayley is an engineer who was entrusted with the task of building half—the less accessible half—of the railway over the Khyber Pass, a project dismissed by Kitchener as impossible. When Mr. Bayley arrived to inspect the plans which had been prepared and the site on which he was to work, he believed that, with much heavy plant and 20,000 workmen, the thing might perhaps be done. In the course of the next day he decided very definitely that it could not. He learned that the formation was mostly shale, very unstable and broken; that the climate varied from below freezing in winter to 120 degrees in the shade in summer—"only, of course, there is no shade"—with gales, floods and sand-fly fever as frequent ingredients; that there was no labour available except native labour, and

(*Continued on page* 84)

STEFAN ZWEIG, author of "Kaleidoscope," a book of thirteen short stories

New Novels

ALICE CAMPBELL

"The Tales of Jacob": by *Thomas Mann*

(Secker, 7s. 6d.)

IN this novel, the foremost living German writer retails the Biblical story of Jacob. His efforts arouse admiration rather than enthusiasm. The task he has set himself is indeed a difficult one—it might be deemed impossible, if George Moore had never lived.

"Kaleidoscope": *by Stefan Zweig*

(Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

Another translation from the German, consisting in this case of thirteen short stories by the author of *Marie Antoinette*, *Amok*, and other works known to the British public. Although the stories were written at various times during a period of twenty years, they reach a uniformly high level. They are at once direct and sensitive, and should help to increase the number of readers—said to be a growing body—who appreciate the charm of the *conte*.

"The Mirror of Fools": *by Alfred Neumann*

(Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

A third importation from Germany, by a writer who has met with much success there. It seems doubtful, however, whether Herr Neumann's new book will meet with wide popularity here. Its Rabelaisianism may not be against it, but the heavy deliberation of its humour almost certainly will be.

"Weep for Lycidas": *by Michael Harrison*

(Barker, 8s. 6d.)

This long modern novel is all about one of those contemporary Young Men who talk tremendously, my dear, about Themselves.

"Via Mala": *by John Knittel*

(Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)

Another very long novel, but a solid, well-built affair. The scene is laid in a remote district of German Switzerland, where life is hard, violent and narrow. Mr. Knittel's English is rather awkward, and sets one wondering about his nationality; but there is no question of his power and sincerity. One emerges from his story as from an actual experience.

"Desire to Kill": *by Alice Campbell*

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

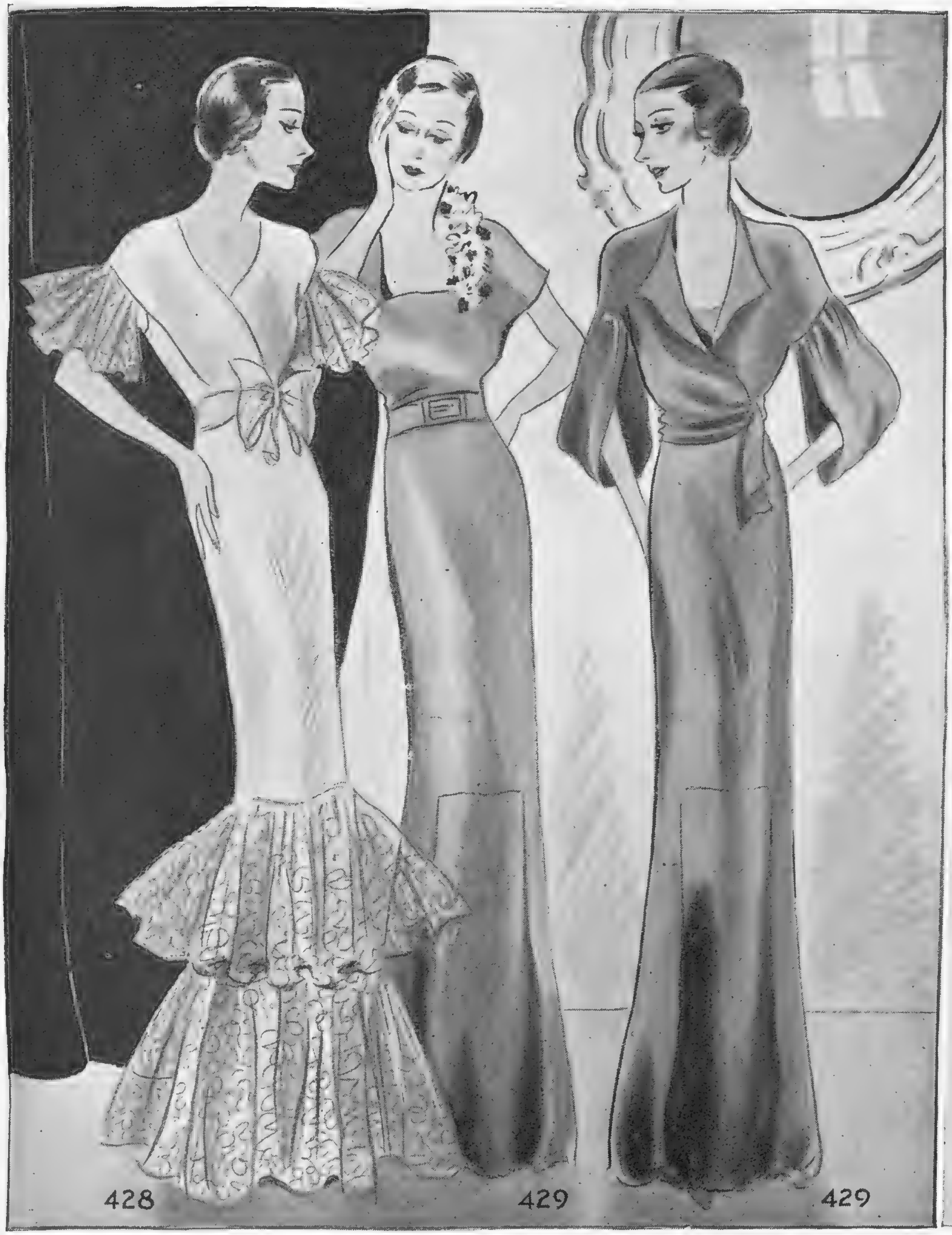
This thriller, though it can hardly be said to afford light relief, makes a change from the preceding volumes. It is a very serious example of criminal fiction, and will give pleasure to earnest connoisseurs of the art. Its principal defect is the slowness of its *tempo*. There are times when the story is practically motionless.

SIMPLE DESIGNS for LATE

YOU have made yourself every sort of dress, but never an evening dress, because you thought it too difficult.

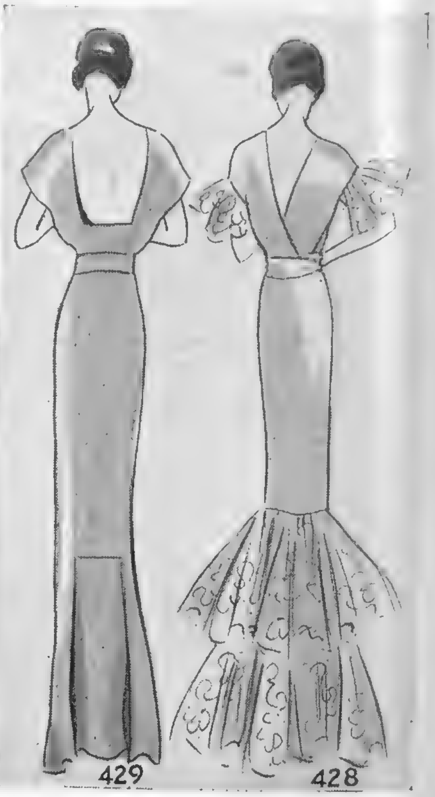
But with a really good pattern, faithfully followed, an evening dress can be just as simple to make as any other of your successes.

Here are two attractive designs with a little coat which can be worn with either, if you are clever about colours.



428. *This would look the dress of the evening in smoky grey georgette and slightly stiff lace. The cross-over front and back corsage is new and slimming. Required: $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch lace. Price* 1/–

429. *The short coat worn with the dress in the centre makes a particularly useful two-piece. It would look distinguished in heavy black crêpe, gay in coral. Think of a coral coat with a grey dress! The coat might be made in velvet the exact shade of the crêpe. Its sleeves are worth a second look. Required: 5 yards of 36 inch material for the dress, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards for the coat. Price* 1/6



SUMMER and EARLY AUTUMN

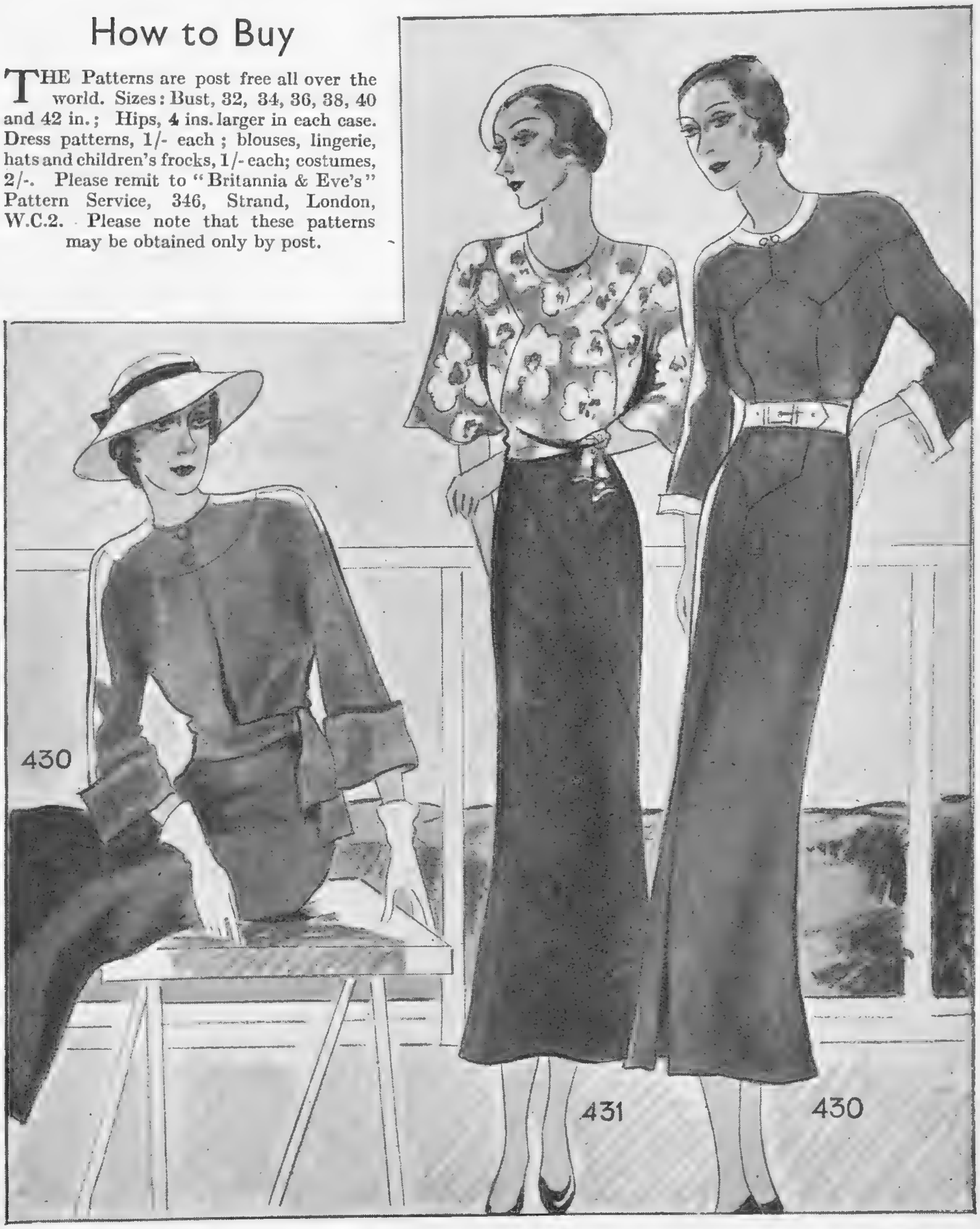
HERE is a utility trio to see you smartly through early Autumn, a dress and coat to match in light-weight woollen; a gaily patterned silk overblouse and skirt of the same material as the woollen. Or you might choose one of the new jersey knitted fabrics, so cunningly woven that you can't tell the difference between them and tweed. Wear the coat with either

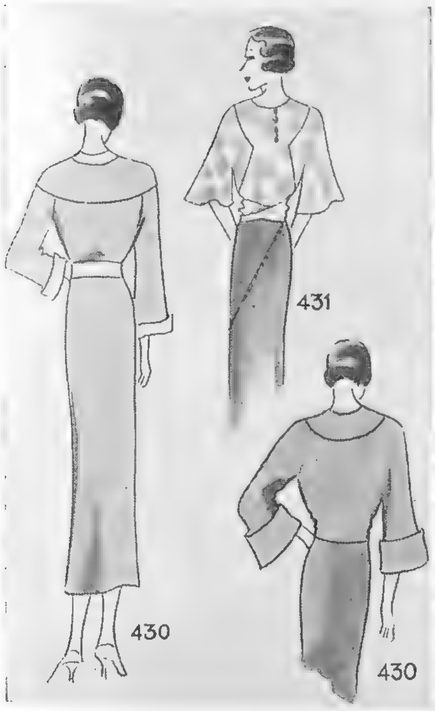
430. *This is navy, with duck-egg green at the neck and wrists. Required: 3 yards of 54 inch woollen material, ⅝ yards of 36 inch silk. The coat takes 1¾ yards.* Price 1/6

431. *2 yards of 54 inch material required for the slightly flaring skirt, 2¼ yards 36 inch silk or satin for the blouse. (Navy ground and two-colour bold flower pattern for choice).* Price 1/–

How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 ins. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.



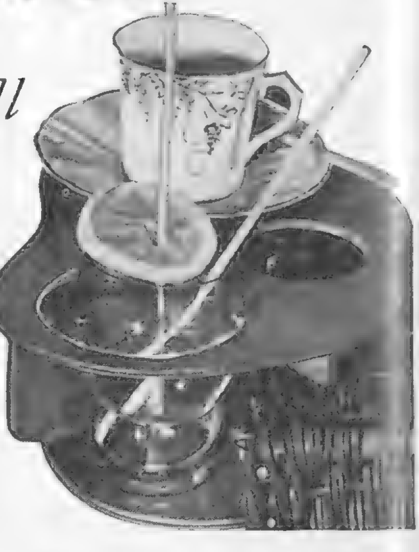


By
A. H. Adair

At a recent successful tennis party, buffet tea was served both indoors and outdoors. There were only three drinks, but they were just right: lemonade, iced tea and a delicious cup. Bowls of ice-chunks were on the tables to add to glasses which lost their coldness

Summer Drinks

which will make any Party go



An out-of-doors table fitment that will fasten on to any seat and makes tea or drinks in the garden easy and comfortable

The English hostess probably knows more about summer parties than anybody else in the world.

This is specially noticeable in the summer when she organizes the many out-of-door affairs for which she is famous.

Our garden and tennis parties are always admired and envied by foreign visitors to England. To many of them, the most pleasant memories of their visit are of those hot, bright afternoons in somebody's garden, with green lawns, the scent of herbaceous borders, tennis balls plopping softly in the distance, the friendly shade of tall elms, and miraculous tea-time refreshments.

Englishwomen seem to have an instinct for serving the right sort of food at afternoon parties. But, sometimes, their drinks can be criticised.

They are inclined to forget that the taste in long drinks changes. Guests will always look for and drink tea—which is, after all, the focal point of the afternoon party, its reason. But they are on longer satisfied with tea alone, or mild lemonade.

At a modern tennis party, people usually expect to find at least one drink that is not soft.

It is worth giving a little extra time and care to the selection and arrangement of your drinks if you want your party to be one of those which are remembered.

At a recent successful tennis party I attended, the drinks were exceptionally well chosen and planned.

Tea with all its ordinary accessories was served in the house at the dining table, and guests could go in as they pleased, and more or less help themselves.

Outside, a buffet table was placed in a convenient position between the courts and that part of the garden which had been specially arranged with comfortable chairs and small tables.

On the buffet itself was the usual display of suitable foods, but the drinks, of which there were only three kinds, were just right:

Lemonade, iced tea, and a specially delicious cup which was so good that, although whisky and soda was available in the host's own room for the men, few of them seemed to want it.

This brings me to an important point. Whatever drinks are being served, whether they are alcoholic or not, let the flavour be full, and if they are meant to be cold, see that the ice is not spared.

A good plan is to have a large bowl of ice chunks on the table, which guests can add to their glasses in case the drinks have lost their coldness.

Here are some cup suggestions :—

Rum Swizzle

Put a few sprigs of crushed mint into a large glass jug, add six lumps of sugar, a tumblerful of rum, and the strained juice of three lemons.

Fill the jug with crushed ice and beat with a large spoon until all the ice has melted. Taste to see if the drink is sweet enough and well flavoured, for if the jug is exceptionally large, you may have to add a little more rum. But this must be regulated according to taste.

Cold Gin Punch

Allow for each person half a port glassful of gin, a slice of lemon and small bottle of well-iced tonic water. Put the gin in a large jug or bowl, add the lemon and let this stand for one hour. Pour in the tonic water and stir well.

It is preferable to leave this drink unsweetened, as many people prefer it without sugar. A bowl of castor sugar and some teaspoons should be placed near the jug for the sweet-toothed.

Whisky Punch

Put half a port glassful of whisky per person into a large jug, a slice of lemon, a few stoned cherries, or raspberries and sugar to taste. Leave this to soak for one hour.

Half fill the jug with crushed ice, and when this has melted, fill up with soda water. Stir well and taste to see that the drink is sufficiently sweet.

Claret Cup

Put one bottle of claret into a jug, add a port glassful of brandy, half an orange and half a lemon in slices, a sprig of mint and some (*Continued on page 80*)

Light Meals *for* August

Summer Food Suggestions which give the Housewife Time on her hands

A PLEASANT prelude to dinner. Tomato juice cocktails, biscuit fingers enlivened with Heinz sandwich spread

A quickly prepared and satisfying summer dinner. Madras grilled ham with curried beans and pineapple salad

THERE are many reasons why food should be planned on different lines at this time of the year.

Health is the first.

It is obvious that heavy meals, consisting of substantial meat courses and solid puddings, must be avoided. Diet should include as many light dishes as possible, supplemented with vegetable soups, salads, rice, macaroni and similar foods with plenty of fruit, cooked and raw.

There is also the change in late summer habits to be considered. Most people are anxious to be out of doors as much, and as late, as they can.

Golf, tennis, gardening, walking, whatever our pursuits, we grudge every moment spent indoors. We feel that we must extract every drop of the pleasures of summer life before they are once again taken from us.

Therefore it would be unfair to expect the housewife to spend a lot of time preparing food for a household whose members are all out of doors enjoying themselves.

She, too, wants to be out, enjoying herself.

But since we live in an age where everything is simplified, the question of summer catering is not difficult.

Look at a list of Heinz preparations alone. Out of these, many complete meals can be arranged, composed of dishes requiring no cooking and very little preparation, and which provide exactly the right kind of food.

There are soups in great variety, creams of mushroom, asparagus, and many other vegetables, oxtail, cream of chicken.

Entrée dishes, complete in themselves, are easily served if you use baked beans, curried beans or macaroni, not only cooked but seasoned and flavoured with cheese and a cream sauce. Any of these things can be used with eggs, ham or chicken, in which case they become perfectly good main dishes, substantial and yet light.

Salads of all kinds will appear frequently on August menus. These can be varied by using either of the famous Heinz dressings, salad cream or mayonnaise.

An excellent *hors d'œuvre* is made with the ready prepared Heinz vegetable salad, with dry biscuits or neat fingers of toast piled with their Sandwich Spread. Served with a small glass of tomato juice by way of a cocktail, there is a most appetising and stimulating prelude to a late evening dinner.

Below are two specimen menus for a luncheon and a dinner planned on these lines, which are, of course, only examples of the many combinations so easily worked out if full advantage is taken of the wide range of Heinz preparations:

LUNCHEON
Hors d'Œuvre
Vegetable Salad, Fingers of Sandwich Spread
Tomato Juice Cocktail

Poached Eggs à l'Italienne

Hearts of Lettuce, Mayonnaise Dressing

Plum Fool

DINNER
Cream of Asparagus

Madras Grilled Ham

Pineapple Salad

Lemon Fingers

Poached Eggs à l'Italienne

Take one or two fresh eggs for each person and poach them in boiling salted water, to which you have added a teaspoonful of vinegar.

Meanwhile have ready in a hot serving dish the Heinz cooked macaroni which you have made hot according to directions given. Drain the eggs carefully and place them on top of the macaroni.

Madras Grilled Ham

Take two slices of ham for each person, having it cut rather thicker than usual. Grill or fry very crisply and serve on or around a dish of Heinz Curried Beans which you have made thoroughly hot.

Pineapple Salad

Use individual salad plates, placing on each a crisp leaf of lettuce, which you sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange on these a few cubes of pineapple and top with a dressing made of Heinz Salad Cream and Tomato Ketchup in equal proportions and well mixed together. Sprinkle the top with chopped yolk of hard-boiled egg and finely chopped parsley.

Lemon Fingers

This pleasant little sweet is easily prepared with some sponge fingers split in two lengthways and spread with Heinz Lemon Curd. If you feel luxurious, spread the tops with a little sweetened whipped cream.

Prisoners and Captives

(Continued from page 17)

afternoon, at six the signal was made, for all the boats man'd and armed to assemble on board the Admiral; Mr. Inman and myself volunteered on this occasion. . . . On the signal being made the Neapolitan flotilla, consisting of about 20 low galleys, and bomb vessels, together with the boats of the British squadron, began a heavy cannonading, which continued till near 2 o'clock in the morning. . . . Leaving the Neapolitan flotilla to contend with the batteries by themselves, the boats of the English squadron proceeded towards the entrance of the Mole, in search of a galley that had the preceding day continually fired on the British squadron. It being very dark probably we should not have found her, had not the soldiers on board betrayed her situation, by firing musketry at us; having discovered the object of our pursuit, we rode close under her stern, amidst a shower of shot from cannonades, swivels, musketoons, muskets and pistols. We let them fire without so much as returning a shot, till we were the distance of an oar from her stern, we then poured into her one round of shot from the boats, and then immediately pulled up alongside, and leaped on board with each of us a sword in the right and a pistol in the left hand. We engaged the soldiers in this barbarous manner until they threw down their arms and ran into the English boats; our first object was that of cutting her cables and towing her from the shore. The French at the Grand Fort which she lay close under, finding we had taken possession of her by our repeatedly cheering, opened a most dreadful fire upon us, which it was impossible to return without running the risk of the galley's being too near the shore when daylight approached. The only damage their shot did us on board was the killing of one of the slaves, wounding another in so dreadful a manner, by taking his left cheek and ear entirely off, that he expired in about four hours. They also slightly wounded one of our sailors. . . . At 5 o'clock a.m. we found ourselves safe under the stern of the 'Minotaur,' Lord Keith's ship. I now had leisure to satisfy the prying oar of curiosity. I believe she had . . . slaves chained to their oars [in the copy of Lt. Ibbotson's letter the number is not given; possibly it was undecipherable in the original; but from the number of oars mentioned, there would be probably about a hundred and fifty, three to an oar], 50 regular soldiers, and about as many more volunteers; she had mounted two large brass 24-pounders, long guns, 2 brass cannonades, 38 swivels, and an immense number of musketoons and small arms, she is a surprising vessel, being nearly as long as the 'Expedition,' rows fifty oars besides her sails; and her stern is about three times higher than the rest of her keel."

Lt. Ibbotson then goes on to describe how the ship was searched, and the only person found in the officers' cabins was "a holy friar, so fat that he was scarce able to turn himself in bed," who kissed his captor's hand in a transport of joy and kissed it on finding that no harm was intended him. "The poor slaves of all nations," he continues, "very soon knocked their irons off, and showed the most extravagant marks of gratitude, such as kissing our feet, etc. Their food was only black bread quite decayed, an onion and about half a pint of very bad wine."

GALLEYS were, of course, employed to some extent in the British Navy, as the name of a public house, the "Swallow Galley," in Rotherhithe Street, calls to mind, and the job of rowing them, according to an Act of Parliament of Elizabeth's reign, was allotted in particular to the "turnpike sailors" who swarmed on the roads at that time. Moreover, that sturdy old ex-freebooter Sir Henry Mainwaring, in his "Discourses on Piracy," recommends his Royal master, James I, to introduce slavery into the galleys as a deterrent for pirates. Men were, however, very largely recruited from the convict prisons in Nelson's time, and smugglers were also "sent to the Navy" instead of to jail, as the memoirs of Jack Rattenbury show. The coming of peace put an end to this way of relieving the congestion in the prisons, and the hulks moored in the lower reaches of the Thames took its place, the prisoners being employed in Woolwich Dockyard or on similar works. Readers of *Great Expectations* will recall Dickens's vivid picture of the prison ship —"the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah's Ark, cribbed and barred and moored by massive rusty chains." One can imagine no sadder fate for an old ship than to become one of those floating hells, for so they undoubtedly were. In 1825 that curious character, Jurgen Jurgensen, ex-King of Iceland, a picturesque figure in the history of Tasmania, spent some time in the hulk "Justitia," moored off Woolwich, and his memoirs contain an interesting account of his experiences there. "The moment a convict passes over the gangway of a hulk," he writes, "he is searched for money or other articles of value; he is then taken below and entirely stripped, is subjected to an ablution, has his hair cut off, and a prison-dress put on; irons are placed on his legs, and next morning he is sent to hard labour in the dockyard. All communication with the rest of the world is cut off; no person is allowed on board; a visitor must stand on a platform by the side of the hulk, and can only speak to a prisoner in the presence of an officer." A House of Commons committee of inspection visited the hulks from time to time, but, according to Jurgensen's account, these visits were a mere farce. The captain and mates, so-called, of the hulk, who were in fact only promoted prison turnkeys, held absolute power over the wretched men on board, and any complaint of ill-treatment would only bring a dire retribution on its author. Jurgensen describes the hulks as "schools of abominable pollution," adding that "those who have been discharged from them have overrun England and spread vice and immorality everywhere in their track."

DREADFUL places the hulks undoubtedly must have been, and so, too, were the convict ships which carried criminals to Australia and Tasmania, more especially in the early days. Old and leaky ships were often chartered for the purpose, many of which never reached their destination with their melancholy freight of human sin, vice and weakness—a matter perhaps in a good many cases more for congratulation than for mourning. The captains in many instances did not scruple to make a profit on the scanty allowance of provisions prescribed for the transports, making it all square with the prisoners by an extra tot of rum on their last day aboard, while they, like the superintendents of the hulks, had absolute power over the miserable beings in their charge and often put it to brutal and cruel use.

But on the whole, and when allowance has been made for the entirely different code of the times in the treatment of criminals, it seems likely that a good many of the stories about convict ships are decidedly over-lurid. There was certainly a very heavy mortality in some of the early transport fleets; but it was probably not much greater than that in some of the Western Ocean packet ships of the mid-nineteenth century, and the dietary in the later vessels, on paper at least, compares very favourably with that of the free third-class emigrant of the period. Bread, beer, fresh meat, vegetables, oatmeal, sugar, cocoa, and tea are among the articles mentioned, the latter being a luxury practically unknown at that date in many working-class homes. Raisins, suet and currants are also mentioned. In these later ships, too, a surgeon superintendent was also carried, who received a bonus for every convict landed in good health at his or her destination. Floggings were handed out freely enough when no control was exercised and the captain of the ship was of the sadistic type; but during the later period they were of infrequent occurrence, and were never inflicted without the concurrence of the superintendent and captain.

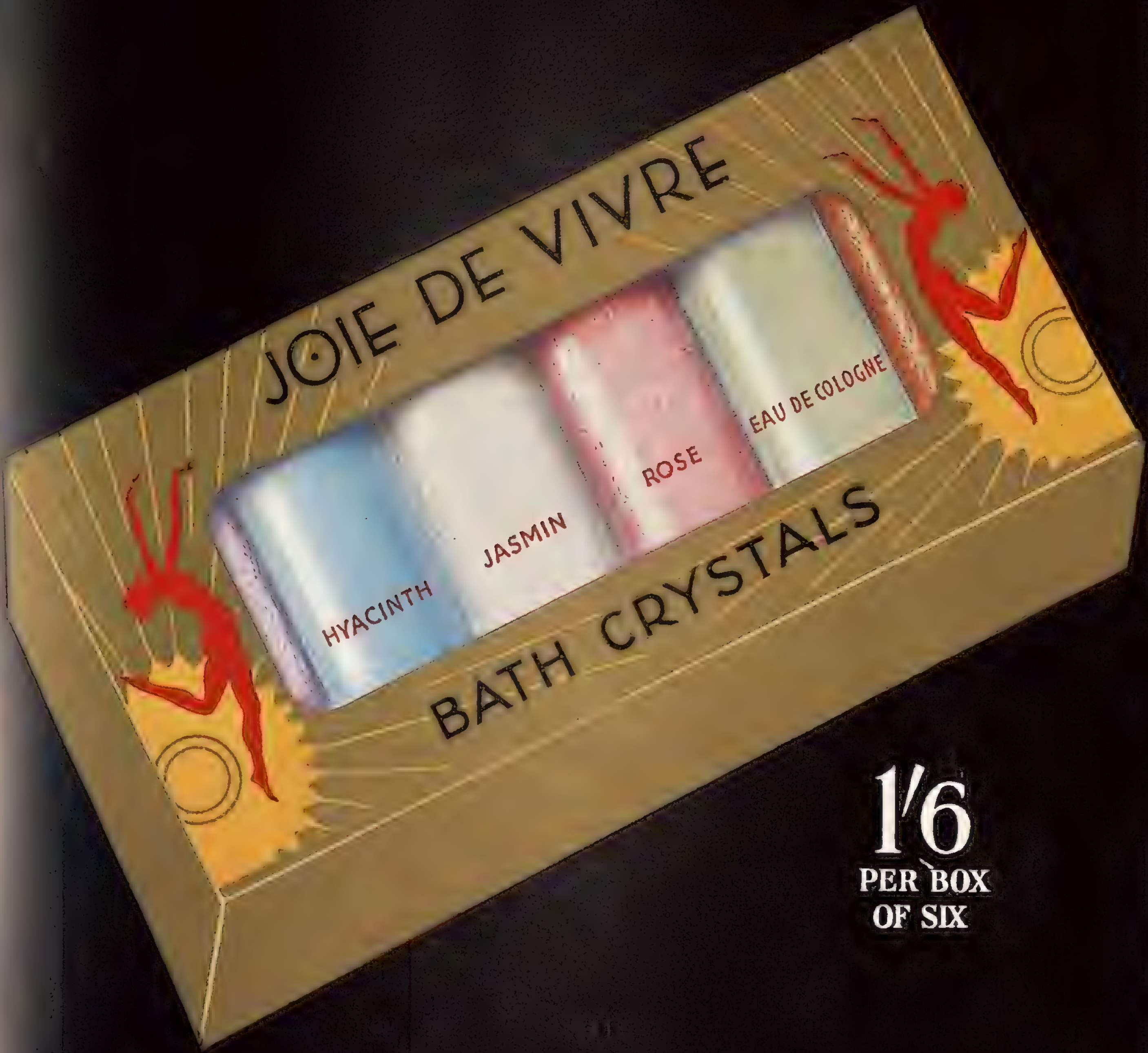
NEVERTHELESS, at the best of times a convict ship was by no means an abode of bliss, and disaster at sea under the conditions it presented had added terrors of its own. One of the most dreadful of such tragedies was the loss of the "George III," which was wrecked in April, 1835, when outward bound with three hundred souls to Tasmania, on an uncharted rock in D'Entrecasteaux Channel. The ship, which had already had a narrow escape from destruction by fire, arrived off the entrance of the channel about nightfall. The weather was stormy, and the navigation of the channel difficult; but scurvy was raging among the convicts, and the captain was anxious to make port as soon as possible. Accordingly, he decided to attempt the channel instead of taking the longer route through Storm Bay to Hobart. In the darkness the ship struck a rock, hitherto uncharted, but which now bears the name of the illfated "George III," and soon began to break to pieces.

Terrible scenes followed. The water soon began to invade the hold where the convicts were imprisoned, and, lest in their panic they should destroy all hope of saving any lives in the boats, they were kept under hatches by an armed guard while the sea mounted higher and higher about them. Their cries for freedom were harrowing to hear, and in their frenzy they broke through the iron bars of the hatchway and a few tried to force their way on deck, only to be shot down by the guard. At last the boat was got away, and they were allowed to come on deck, but only the strongest survived to do so. The sick of scurvy, and the boys, of whom there were many in that cargo of misery, were drowned or trampled to death in the hold. Altogether 134 lives were lost in the wreck, nearly half of those on board, a number having already died during the long voyage.

Intended mutinies in convict ships were numerous enough. But very few of these ever materialised. Surgeon Wilson, of the "Governor Ready," used to deal with these plots in an original manner of his own and prisoners who made use of mutinous expressions were forced to parade the ship in mock solemnity, beating up for volunteers to seize the vessel, when the incipient rising was quickly killed by ridicule. Now and then, however, mutinies did take place, and the surprising thing about most of them is, considering the class of men involved, that in nearly every case no cruelty or vindictiveness was noticeable. Very seldom, either, were they successful. Sooner or later the mutineers were almost invariably brought to justice, and in most cases they paid the full penalty for their offences.

The majority of the vessels seized were small craft manned by convicts, and operating in Australian waters. The only one on record which was actually seized while on passage from England was the "Lady Shore," and the mutineers were not the convicts, who were as a matter of fact nearly all women, but the guard and crew. The mutiny took place in the South Atlantic, and after shooting the captain and mate the mutineers turned the rest of the officers adrift in one of the ship's boats, providing them, though only after some discussion, with food and water. The boat reached the coast of South America in safety, as did the "Lady Shore" herself. But the mutineers were less fortunate than the castaways. It happened that the Spaniards were at war with Britain when they arrived at Montevideo, and the "Lady Shore" was promptly seized by the authorities as a prize. The women were handed over as servants to some of the principal inhabitants, while the unfortunate mutineers were clapped into prison—a complete example of the irony of fortune!

END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TWENTY FOR
ONE SHILLING

They Were *Never* Heard Of Again

(*Continued from page 21*)

Raevski, a half-civilised type swept into the aristocratic life of Petersburg, was a man whose natural emotions had long been diverted into sordid channels. Loyalty for the ruler of Russia had changed into a kind of shrewd ambition, passion had become strangely tangled with class instinct and jealousy, but, though the Czar and Sonya were now mere symbols of self-gratification, the regiment—*the regiment*—was something that Raevski loved. He cared for it as a skilful artisan might care for a machine, and Cossacks, Siberians and Tartars were like primitive kinds of cog-wheels that had learned to enmesh each other in the service of the whole. Each unit in his military machine meant less than nothing to him, but collectively they received his deep, inarticulate worship, and, as Raevski drilled with his regiment within St. Isaac's square, his heart beat with rapture, his soul felt uplifted, and he almost believed in God . . .

Raevski began to plan his future on generous, dazzling lines, a future in which the despised would triumph over the aristocrats, and live happily ever after in a whirl of manœuvres and reviews. In the next hour the Czar would congratulate him on his military efficiency, and probably offer him promotion, but he would ask for the boots instead, and next day they would arrive at the barracks, with sleigh-loads of costly fur helmets and delicacies for the officers' mess, and a sword for Grisha Ivanych Raevski, engraved with a royal message. The Petropavlovsk regiment would be commanded to open the famous May manœuvres, and spectators from all over Russia would watch them marching, wheeling, saluting in the Petersburg parade ground, and Sonya Nikolaemna would watch with admiration, and forget the tiresome Kaysarof who had fled into the country. Perhaps the Czar would catch sight of the charming young girl and summon her to appear before him, and invite her to the Palace. She would come, trembling, before him, like Esther of old, and touch the tip of his army cane, and he would say: '*To the half of my kingdom*——" and she would kneel down and answer: "*If it please the Emperor of the Russias to grant me one request, I would beg that the Petropavlovsk regiment may join the Royal Guard.*" And then, and *then*—Raevski would soon have admittance to the Palace, and cajole the Czar's Mademoiselle Nelidof, or his Countess Lopushin, or the beautiful Chevalier from Paris, or—even—the—Empress—Raevski would terrify eminent statesmen with a quirk of his little finger, and the Governor of Petersburg would make a friend of him, and Marshal Suvarof would treat him as a brother officer, and the English Ambassador would give him some fine foreign decoration, and—— Perhaps, some day, men might see fit to dethrone this crazy Czar, and after a wild revolution had cleansed the country, the people might suddenly desire a strong leader of their own.

Grisha Ivanych Raevski might rule all Russia yet . . .

So went the rhythm of his thoughts to a swifter, wilder pace, even as the royal little man on the terrace issued his ridiculous orders, and the great, united machine of the regiment obeyed him by a miracle and marched round the square of St. Isaac at a delirious speed. So went the tumult of his mood in a gigantic crescendo, even as the drums throbbed through the wintry air, and the bugles sang shrilly, and the Emperor's voice grew louder, higher, more *crazy*. So ended Raevski's thoughts, and the pace of the regiment on a single, violent discord, as if an evil spirit had suddenly swept man's ambition, men's obedience, on to a giddy plane, and hurled them down into a staggering, noisy and bewildering chaos.

"Halt!" said the Czar from the terrace, and flung down his imperious cane, and trampled on it, and spat upon it, as if he were mangling the regiment.

An instant before, Colonel Raevski had felt an odd sensation in his breast, as if some local tension had relaxed and something snapped over his heart. Something had dropped lightly at his feet and penetrated into the snow, and now lay like a tiny spark of sunshine amid the powdery carpet. Raevski had swung past it, beyond it, and known naught of what had happened, even as a bullet might tear through a man, and drop, spent, behind him, and he might know nothing until he fell and died. So Raevski, marching past the terrace with that object in his rear, was unaware of Fate's ironic blow, through him, at the Petropavlovsk regiment, until the furious roar of Czar Paul arrested the rhythmic men, and, checked unexpectedly in their swift, relentless pace, they blundered backwards and forwards like a regiment of toys, collided with one another, and swore and sobbed and lost their places.

The Emperor of all the Russias was a comic figure with his tilted nose and his three-cornered hat, but he became the injustice of all the world embodied in a caricature as he lurched down the terrace and appeared on the steps. Raevski looked dumbly up at his round, heavy face, and saw that the Czar's eyes were blazing, and that he had begun to foam at the mouth. And, because it was his continual, fatal habit to fumble with a button, he lifted his hand to his third button-hole. . . .

"Pahlen!" said the Czar in a choking voice, "do you see that man down there? That—dog—from Gatshina has insulted me. He stands before me *undressed*, Pahlen. He is practically *naked*. Mother of God!" shouted the Czar, "but it is a plot, a plot. He intends to make me—ridiculous—before the eyes of Europe. The Englishman will send despatches to say how I am used. Napoleon will throw his army into Russia and cut us all to pieces. We will be cut to pieces if we possess this regiment, this——" the Czar cast such a baleful glance round the square that many a soldier surreptitiously crossed himself, and even Count Pahlen, the Governor of Petersburg, shivered with an uncontrollable awe.

"*If*——"

The fate of two thousand men hung in the balance, while the regiment waited in the square of St. Isaac, and lighters swept down the sunlit river towards the Gulf of Finland, and a horse-drawn water-barrel lumbered along the snowy quay. Somewhere in Petersburg men and women were worshipping in the cathedral, and workers were slaving in the great cannon foundry, and people were quarrelling over bargains in the vast brick bazaar . . .

"*If*——"

The Czar lifted his right hand and clenched it convulsively, and his voice sounded inhuman as it croaked through the terrible silence. "Pahlen, what is this collection of devils?"

The Governor answered: "The Petropavlovsk Regiment?"

"Summon the Palace Guards," said the Czar. "We will have a massacre."

Count Pahlen drew himself up to his full height, and flickered intelligent glances at the statesmen in the background. A group of court officials were whispering fearfully together, and some of them began to edge towards the nearest door. The Czar's women were huddled together at an upper window, chattering loudly together and peeping down at the soldiers. They all watched with breathless excitement as the Governor walked quietly up to the Czar, and spoke in his ear for a few moments, until the Czar nodded his head in reluctant agreement.

"The Governor of Petersburg has asked for clemency," said the royal voice at last, "so you are accorded a complete pardon for your criminal behaviour, but"—and he began smiling from ear to ear—"your exile from the capital will begin an hour from now. You will march to Siberia by Yaroslav, Perm, Petropavlovsk——"

Raevski's choking voice rose from amid those cowed thousands. "Equipment—" he gasped out "Pontoons—Cantiniers—."

"You can obtain them," said the Czar, "when you reach Siberia."

* * *

The trail of the lost regiment stretched across Russia in a disorderly way, and fouled the winter snow with the men's litter ere they littered their road themselves. The terrible route to Siberia was branded for a while with the blackened circles of camp fires and patches of dark blood in the snow, and muskets and swords abandoned by the way, or clutched in the hands of dead men. If immortal eyes could have glimpsed every stage in the drawn-out tragedy they would have scanned a broad tract of country from the Petersburg palace to the bitter marshes of Novgorod, where the soldiers died of some strange pestilence, and the windswept Valdai Hills, where the starving ranks were molested by wild beasts, and the banks of the Mologa where, for lack of a pontoon train, they attempted to cross the half-frozen ice, and drowned in hundreds there.

Yaroslav —Perm — Petropavlovsk — the three words that Czar Paul had hurled at them in the square had lived for some weeks on the bitter lips of his soldiers. They had whispered them to each other in an incredulous way as they marched out of Petersburg on their long road towards death. They had muttered them to the curious crowds who followed them as far as the gates of the city. They had shouted them in defiance as they raided their first village in their frightful need of food, and killed and were slaughtered, and won enough for a tenth part of their number. And a long, long while afterwards, the half-dying survivors gasped out the three words to the dusk upon the way to Yaroslav. "*'slav—Perm — Petro . . .*'

A husband and wife speeding east in a comfortable sleigh had discovered the terrible track that lay like a gangrene scar on the country, and checked their horses again and again to decipher the awful story told by an untallowed military boot with its uppers almost gnawed to pieces, or a half-made bearskin helmet clutched in a pale, stiffening hand, or a little brass crucifix shining on a dead man's skeleton breast. Sonya and Kaysarof had halted each time they saw a stark figure in the snow, but always the green cloak, like a withered leaf, was rotting away round a corpse, and not the least sign of life was upon the long way to Siberia, until one wild night, in the snow-swept shadows, they perceived some sinister figures prowling suspiciously about like a pack of ravenous wolves, then heard some inarticulate moaning sounds that scarcely resembled human utterances any more . . .

"Mother of God! Mother of God!"

"We are marching—to Petropavlovsk—."

"I died last week, but I'm tramping on—on—."

"He is crazy! Crazy as the Czar! Be silent, fool!"

"We must not forget the May manœuvres."

"Do not leave me behind next time I fall down."

"I am frightened—I am hungry—I am only seventeen."

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we——"

A great cry. "Forgive *me*, my children!"

Sonya sobbed with alarm and huddled up to her husband, as a ghastly figure loomed out of the darkness and confronted a group of men. He appeared unnaturally tall among those bowed objects, and his eyes gleamed out of a masklike face that resembled dirty parchment. He had been hacking open a dead horse with his sabre in order that a half-frozen drummer boy might be revived amid its entrails, and his clawlike hands were clotted in blood and rags of dreadful flesh. He wore a filthy fur forage cap, and his boots were falling to pieces, but his old green frieze coat still betrayed some attempt at military smartness. He stood there swaying on his feet and staring at Kaysarof, then he spoke in a strange, discordant voice, while one hand began fumbling with an imaginary button.

(*Continued on page 76*)

They Were *Never* Heard Of Again

"My orderly tells me—your cellar is locked, and the regiment—is dying——"

"Raevski!" said Kaysarof quietly. "*Raevski!*"

The scarecrow looked at the fur-muffled pair leaning down out of the sledge, and his face contorted with an effort of memory, before he shook his head in bewilderment.

"Raevski! Raevski! Where are my men?" shouted Kaysarof.

"We had no stores," said those dreadful lips, "and the city cantiniers—deserted us. We could not buy food in the villages to feed two thousand. We ate horse-flesh, and leather and——" Raevski began to shudder and held his hands over his face.

Sonya looked at the terrible figure with abhorrence, then a divine pity brightened in her eyes, and she whispered through her tears. "As we forgive them . . . O Michael, Michael, let us take him to Yaroslav."

"Come with us," said Kaysarof gently, and made a place in the sleigh.

The first tears Raevski had ever shed poured down his filthy cheeks, and he wiped them away before they froze upon his face. He made a vague, inarticulate gesture, and began to shake his head, then he turned aside and rallied his gaunt ghosts with a grim word of command.

"I must stay with my regiment," he said. "We are marching to Siberia. I wish you a good journey to Yaroslav. Good-bye, beautiful lady."

The last of his drums beat a wavering tattoo, the last of his bugles quavered out upon the wind, then Sonya screamed with fear and flung herself into Kaysarof's arms, as she saw those ragged, dreadful figures lurch forward into the darkness. The reeling feet and the muttering voices died deliriously away in the night, then a great flurry of snow descended upon Raevski and his men.

"Yaroslav! Perm! Petropavlovsk!"

Previous Rank

(*Continued from page* 37)

throat, spun half round and fell kicking furiously. Then he lay still—badly hit and unconscious.

Instantly, Le Gollet heard Le Chinois' deep voice ring out, "Down! Down everyone!" The panting soldiers flung themselves behind convenient boulders. "Good work, Jean!" whispered the lieutenant. Then with fascinated eyes he watched the corporal direct the men. It was the work of a genius. Slowly and surely the Englishman placed riflemen in strategic positions so that their fire enfiladed the strong points of the oasis. Patiently he advanced squad after squad while their fellows covered their advance. "My God! that's the work of a field officer!" thought Le Gollet. "No corporal could do things like that. Can Le Chinois have found——? By God! I wonder if I've won that dinner?"

The Tuaregs, drawn from their original positions, were now better targets, so with the decreased range the rifles of the platoon did fearful execution. Ere long many blue and white heaps lay among the palm roots. How much they looked like piles of old rags, thought the officer.

With short rushes between long intervals of fire Le Chinois skilfully closed the interval and was preparing for the final charge when panic seized the raiders; they broke and, leaping on the nearest camels, fled madly out of the oasis. There was some desultory firing and fancy shooting as the last of the Tuaregs melted among the rock ridges, but that was only as a relief to overstrung nerves.

Vaguely Le Gollet watched the corporal lead a file of men upwards to where he lay.

"Now I'll know, if he's remembered," he said aloud. He strained his eyes as the men approached. The corporal was walking as one deep in thought, head bent, so that he did not see the lieutenant's open eyes until he was almost up to him, then he gave a glad cry and rushed forward to catch up the bloody head in his huge arms.

"*Grâce à Dieu!* Mon Lieutenant," he exclaimed, "I thought you were dead!"

He poured a generous dose of eau de vie down the officer's throat.

The other coughed and smiled feebly, his stricken eyes searching the corporal's face. "Not by a long shot. But you," he whispered, "have you remembered——?"

Over the Englishman's sweaty, dust covered face came an expression of confusion; bewilderment was written in each feature. He swallowed nervously and passed a trembling hand over his brow, while his eyes shifted uncertainly.

"Something happened down there," he said in dull monotone; "it was as though I'd just waked up from a deep sleep. I seemed to see——" his voice died away.

"Yes, yes!" prompted the officer eagerly, "what did you see?"

"I seemed to see," his strained face pale, as he went on, "I seemed—" then his voice broke with something like a sob, "Oh, God! It's gone—I—I can't get it again. I had it—but I can't remember—I can't remember."

The utter pathos stung the heart of the stricken officer; impotently he reached up a feeble blood-stained hand and patted the other's shoulder.

"There, there, you'll get it again, Jean; you'll remember," he essayed to speak with a conviction that he was far from feeling.

The man picked him up and bore him to the oasis, and as they carried him into the blessed coolness among the palms his one thought was to recover sufficiently soon to neutralise Monet's baneful presence.

"IF old Tippoo Yusef doesn't get a move on and try to get through before long," said Captain Hugomont, "the rains will come, the Sari will rise and we'll be in this God-forsaken hole for months to come."

"Yes," said Le Gollet, pitching a dirty *casque de soleil* on the tent floor; "a few weeks more of this we'll be having the fever season, and you know what that means!"

The Captain nodded, his wasted features ghastly in the light of a sickly moon. "This damn country's getting on my nerves, with its slavers, its brutalities and its sorceries—it's no place for a white man anyway. Why a lot of fat bureaucrats in Paris want this fever-ridden land is beyond me; this Lake Chad region has always been the white man's grave." He got up and poured a stiff drink of cognac, with which he washed down some quinine pills.

"Besides," he went on irritably, "that new lieutenant they wished on us was no damned good—lucky he's dead!"

"Too bad they wouldn't give poor old Le Chinois a commission after his conduct in the Atlas country," said Le Gollet as he unbuttoned his sweat-stained tunic and threw it over the foot of his cot. "I tell you he's a rare soldier."

"He was lucky to get a sergeancy," returned the other; "you know you can hardly expect them to give responsibility to a man who isn't quite all there."

"That's the hell of it," said the lieutenant bitterly; "just because of a technicality a damn fine man can't get what he deserves. If he could only remember who he is—I'll find out yet——!"

"Don't take it to heart so, Armand, ——Who's there?" A footstep had sounded on the gravel outside.

"Sergeant Le Chinois, sir."

"Come in. What's the matter?"

The sergeant saluted. "Sorry to trouble you, sir, but I've found one of the native soldiers in a very queer state. I can't make out what's wrong with him."

"Is he sick?"

"No, sir, he doesn't appear to be. I've brought him along."

"Well, we'll see him. Turn up the lantern, lieutenant."

The sergeant stepped out into the darkness and reappeared guiding a huge Senegalese private. The man stood before the officers, staring blankly with dull, unseeing eyes. His savage face, seamed with tribal scars, wore an expression of dumb stupidity.

"I found him like this after roll call," explained Le Chinois. "I had missed him at the formation. When I called him by name he couldn't answer, and didn't seem to know who he was."

Le Gollet suddenly sat up very straight and leaned forward, his face tense. "What had he been doing?"

"Nothing out of the ordinary that I could find out. Only that he once had trouble with one of the natives in the village yonder. The man swore vengeance, but the fellow hasn't been touched; he's been in camp ever since, and no one's been near us but that silly wizard yesterday, and he only sat on the hillock down by the river and sang long songs on three notes——"

"Tell us, Le Chinois," asked Le Gollet, "have you any idea what's wrong with him?"

"Sorry, sir, it's beyond me, but——" the sergeant stopped uncertainly.

"But what?"

"Well, sir," continued the Englishman with an embarrassed grin, "it seems almost too foolish to mention, but the men have a theory——"

"Well——?"

"They say that a juju's been put on him."

"A what——?"

"A juju, sir."

"What in hell is that?" asked Hugomont wearily.

"A charm, sir, an evil spell or whateve one wishes to call it."

"What rot!"

"Exactly, sir; but the natives believe i it implicitly."

"How does it work?" queried the younge officer as he lit a cigarette in a vain effor to drive off the clouds of insects whic hummed about in the thick damp air In the not-distant river a hippopotamu boomed.

"It seems, sir, that when a native has grudge against another he hires, at a considerable fee, the best witch doctor that h can find. The wizard weaves a malignan spell about the intended victim."

"I suppose the spells vary in intensity?" broke in Hugomont.

"Yes, sir, they can kill a man, make him sick, or just bring him bad luck. When th spell is complete the doomed man is informed that he has been jujued and his downfall forthwith begins. The strange part of it is that, in the big majority of cases, the victim actually does die or suffers a formidable series of reverses."

"Very interesting," murmured the lieutenant. "Does the victim know that the spell has been put upon him?"

"Yes, sir, they say he does."

"Mostly auto-suggestion then, isn't it?"

"Very likely, sir; but I'm beginning to think that there's nothing too strange to happen out here——"

"You're right there, Sergeant," said Captain Hugomont, "it's a hell of a country. It's no place for a white man, as I've said before. Well, we can't do anything about it to-night. Bring him round again in the morning."

The sergeant saluted and led the helpless black out of the tent towards the camp, where the fires twinkled smokily. The sour river fog, smelling of crushed marigolds, had risen higher.

"Let's get to bed, Armand," said Hugomont. "I'm fagged out with this eternal waiting for a dammed nigger slaver who never appears——"

"I don't think I'll turn in just yet," replied Le Gollet meditatively, "I've just an idea and I want to think it out. There's a strange similarity between the condition of that nigger who has just left and the condition that Le Chinois was in way back in Sidi Bel Abbes. There might—just might—be a clue—and——," he smiled thoughtfully, "I want that dinner at the Atlantide, complete with wine."

(*Continued on page* 78)

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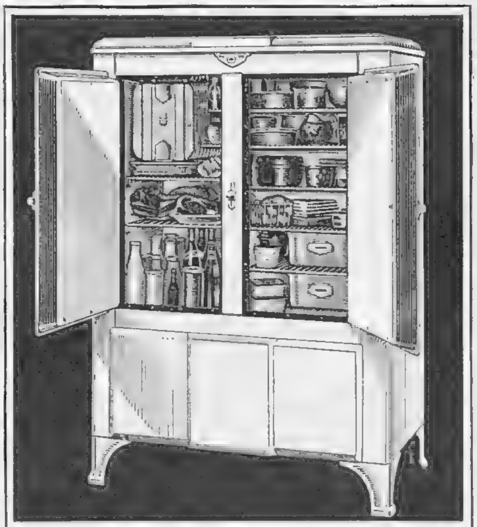

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Hugomont yawned heavily as he commenced to pull off his battered field boots. "That dinner will never be cooked, Armand. Better come to bed." But the other shook his head.

"HOW soon do you expect Le Chinois ?" asked Hugomont as he dropped with a tired sigh on his cot. Outside the patched and travel-stained tent the brazen sunset was paling rapidly.

The other glanced at his watch. "He ought to be here any minute. The witch doctor is getting together his paraphernalia."

"Look here," said the Captain looking intently into Le Gollet's face, "do you realise the risk you're taking in testing with this crazy theory of yours ? The old fakir's doing it under protest in the first place ; no man likes to be threatened. Second, he doesn't know himself if he can lift this theoretical juju which you fancy is the root of Le Chinois' trouble. Remember, he told you that he couldn't be sure of the result ; something might go wrong and Le Chinois would be reduced to a drooling imbecile——"

The lieutenant, whose white, drawn face showed the strain he was undergoing, held up a hand in protest.

"Good God ! Henri, don't you think I've weighed all that time and again ? But the fact remains, Le Chinois has a right to know who and what he is. I propose to do everything humanly——"

"And inhumanly——" added Hugomont.

"Humanly possible," insisted Le Gollet in a determined tone, "to help him. Of course, there's a grave danger ; but then, so there is also to a major operation performed for the ultimate good of the patient. Think what an officer he'd make for the Legion."

The other lit his pipe meditatively, blew out the match, and went to the tent door, where he stood gazing at the broad yellow Sari streaming sluggishly by.

"Well, Le Chinois's a damned good sergeant now," he said slowly. "This witch doctor may kill him by accident or design ; but I see your point and I admire your courage in taking the responsibility on your conscience, even if I don't agree with you. Here comes your man—I'm going to keep a gun handy, by the way, and I warn you I'll plug that old devil at the first suspicious move."

In a moment the tall figure of the Englishman loomed in the doorway.

"Come in !" called Le Gollet.

"Thank you, sir," said Sergeant Le Chinois, "for letting me come up to watch the old wizard's tricks. Things of this sort have always interested me."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Le Gollet ; "barrack conventions don't hold out here. Sit down in that folding chair towards the back of the tent. The witch doctor will begin in a moment. It may be worth while. What do you think, Captain ?"

The other laughed shortly, his eyes on the Englishman's face. "God knows. It ought at least to be interesting from the fancy preparations he's made."

"Why, what did he do ?"

"Among other things he sent to the village for a rooster and his other professional paraphernalia, then he went down to the edge of the river and gathered all sorts of poisonous looking weeds," for an instant Hugomont's eyes looked meaningly into those of the Lieutenant, "then he got a gourd full of stiff red clay. Presently he went back to that hilltop of his and sat there a long time working at something—a queer old devil."

"Most interesting, sir," said Le Chinois. "I hope he doesn't try any of those hypnotic tricks that they say these witch doctors deal in."

"Why is that ?" queried Le Gollet.

"I—I don't exactly know; somehow I have rather a horror of that sort of thing."

"Don't worry ; he probably won't. At any rate, here he is."

There was a scratching at the tent door and presently a head appeared. The three Europeans were barely able to suppress an outcry. It was the head of a gargoyle. The wizard was an old man with black deep-set eyes. They were ringed and looped with streaks of white clay, while his sunken cheeks were dazzle painted. From his scanty white hair a great bunch of ostrich feathers nodded eerily, whole rows of charms and amulets clinked against his bony chest. He was horribly emaciated, and every bone in his body appeared outlined on the withered black skin. About his waist was fastened the black and orange coloured skin of a long-furred monkey. In one hand he held a gourd rattle which he vibrated gently, in the other a large woven basket of fantastic design. The latter he placed on the floor, and from it drew out a small goat-skin bag.

With a jerk he untied the gathering string and spilled a weird collection of objects on the floor.

"Now, Sultani, please to watch very close," said the wizard in a subdued squeaky voice, "no take eyes from M'Atoula ; strange things happen."

Le Gollet suddenly realised that, though M'Atoula appeared to be addressing all three men, he was in reality concentrating his attention on Le Chinois, who sat wide-eyed and obviously intensely interested. Presently the witch doctor commenced a number of amazing sleight-of-hand and conjuring feats which grew steadily more complicated as he proceeded from one to another making mysterious passes.

Suddenly Le Gollet heard a sigh from Le Chinois and, glancing in his direction, saw him slumped in his chair quite unconscious.

"So far so good, M'Atoula," whispered Le Gollet, the sweat standing out on his forehead, "but remember, if you don't play straight——" he glanced at his revolver significantly. "Now go on."

"Look here, Le Gollet," protested Hugomont, "this is insane; stop it while there's yet time"

"No," said the lieutenant doggedly; "it must go on—I'm convinced it's the only chance he's got."

Quickly the native built a little fire on the earthen floor of the tent and on it threw a handful of dried herbs. They smouldered for a moment, giving off an acrid smell that stung the nostrils of the watchers. Silently the ghastly figure glided to the side of the unconscious sergeant and tilted the head back so that the throat was exposed.

"I don't like that," whispered Hugomont tensely, "I don't like it."

The Englishman's shirt was unbuttoned so that his inseparable amulet hung in full view. As the witch doctor caught sight of it he gave a piercing scream and leaped back; then he whirled on the Frenchmen.

"How long him wear that ?"

"Ever since I've known him," replied the lieutenant shortly.

For a moment the wizard stood motionless, apparently meditating, his beady eyes fixed on the amulet, then he delved once more into his basket and produced a scrawny cockerel which commenced to squawk vigorously. Dexterously the magician cut its throat and caught the spurting blood in a small earthenware dish. Flinging the still struggling carcass behind him, he dropped a handful of fuel on the fire and, as it flamed up, he danced around the blaze to the accompaniment of his gourd-rattle. Wilder and wilder became the dance as the sorcerer leaped madly to and fro, mimicked by his huge shadow on the roof of the tent. Foam gathered at the corners of his mouth and dribbled down his chin.

"Watch out ! He's going crazy," warned Hugomont, a hand on his automatic.

Suddenly the frenzied witch doctor flung away his rattle and drew a long knife with a crescent-shaped blade. This he brandished as he flung his arms upwards again and again. Then with incredible swiftness, he flew at the motionless Englishman, the gleaming blade rose, poised an instant, then fell. Hugomont, with a growl of fury, levelled his automatic at the savage. "Don't, Henri !" Le Gollet screamed in warning. The witch doctor turned with the amulet and its severed cord in his hand. Le Chinois was quite unharmed.

Uttering unintelligible sounds, the wizard dipped the amulet thrice in the blood of the cockerel, held it dripping a moment, then flung it into the fire.

The two officers shielded their eyes from the intense flame which immediately arose, and when it had died down not a vestige remained of the amulet. With the rooster's blood M'Atoula was tracing groups of circles and triangles on the brow and cheeks of Le Chinois, who stirred slightly.

"What will he do next ?" Le Gollet asked of the air in front of him.

"He'll murder him yet," replied the captain tensely ; "he'll try again. That devil saw my gun in time."

But the old man was unwrapping an object which appeared to be a statuette of some sort. The fire blazed up and Le Gollet saw to his amazement that it was a fair likeness of the sergeant, who now lay unconscious.

"Curious, why has he driven needles through his little statue ?" queried Hugomont. "It's like a native to do a senseless thing like that."

"We'll see in a minute. Look ! The doctor's getting excited again."

With a gentle swaying of his hideously decorated body, the wizard commenced to sing again, softly this time, but his eyes glowed in the reddish light cast by the dying fire. Crooning to himself, he plucked the needles one by one from the statue, then of the sergeant, and flung them with a guttural invective into the flames. Fascinated, the Europeans watched him remove the last one ; then Le Gollet, glancing up, gave a hoarse cry of amazement. Le Chinois was standing by his chair, his eyes wide and staring.

In an instant M'Atoula glided to his side, took him by the sleeve of faded khaki tuni and led him to the fire ; Le Chinois went walking mechanically, his face utterly devoid of intelligent expression. With piercing howl the witch doctor cast a handful of greenish powder on the embers and instantaneously a dense cloud of cloyingly sweet smoke obscured all vision as suddenly as if a pair of hands had been clapped over the operator's eyes. Le Gollet's head swam and he clutched for Hugomont's arm to steady himself. Then he heard an unfamiliar voice speaking in English.

"I say, Harris, this damned Hindu's smoke has got me dizzy. Watch out—I don't altogether trust him—he's too much like that murdering fakir I hanged at Mastuj last spring. It was a damned silly idea to have him here—these conjurers are all fakes anyhow. Harris, why don't you answer ?"

Then as suddenly as it had come the greenish smoke pall lifted. The wide-eyed sergeant stood staring in utter astonishment at his officers. He passed a shaking hand over his eyes as though to banish an hallucination, then peered again at the dumbfounded men on the other side of the tent. He swayed a little, then put a hand to the back of a folding chair to steady himself. Finally he took a deep breath ; Le Gollet heard it almost whistle as he drew it in.

In a deep voice shaking with emotion he asked the question.

"Why, who are you ?"

"We," said Le Gollet quietly, as though he had long been expecting that question, "are Captain Hugomont and Lieutenant Le Gollet, of the Foreign Legion of France." Then, looking into the clear blue eyes of the Englishman, in a strained voice that trembled a trifle, he put the crucial question, "And whom, Monsieur, have I the honour of addressing ?"

The tall man bowed slightly as he said unhesitatingly :

"I am Major Sir Robert Ives, sir, of the Scots Guards, at your service."

Then for the first time spoke Captain Hugomont.

"A pleasure to meet you, sir, which has long been delayed. And when we get back to civilisation I wonder if you would join Lieutenant Le Gollet and myself for a little dinner—complete with wine—at the Restaurant Atlantide."

END

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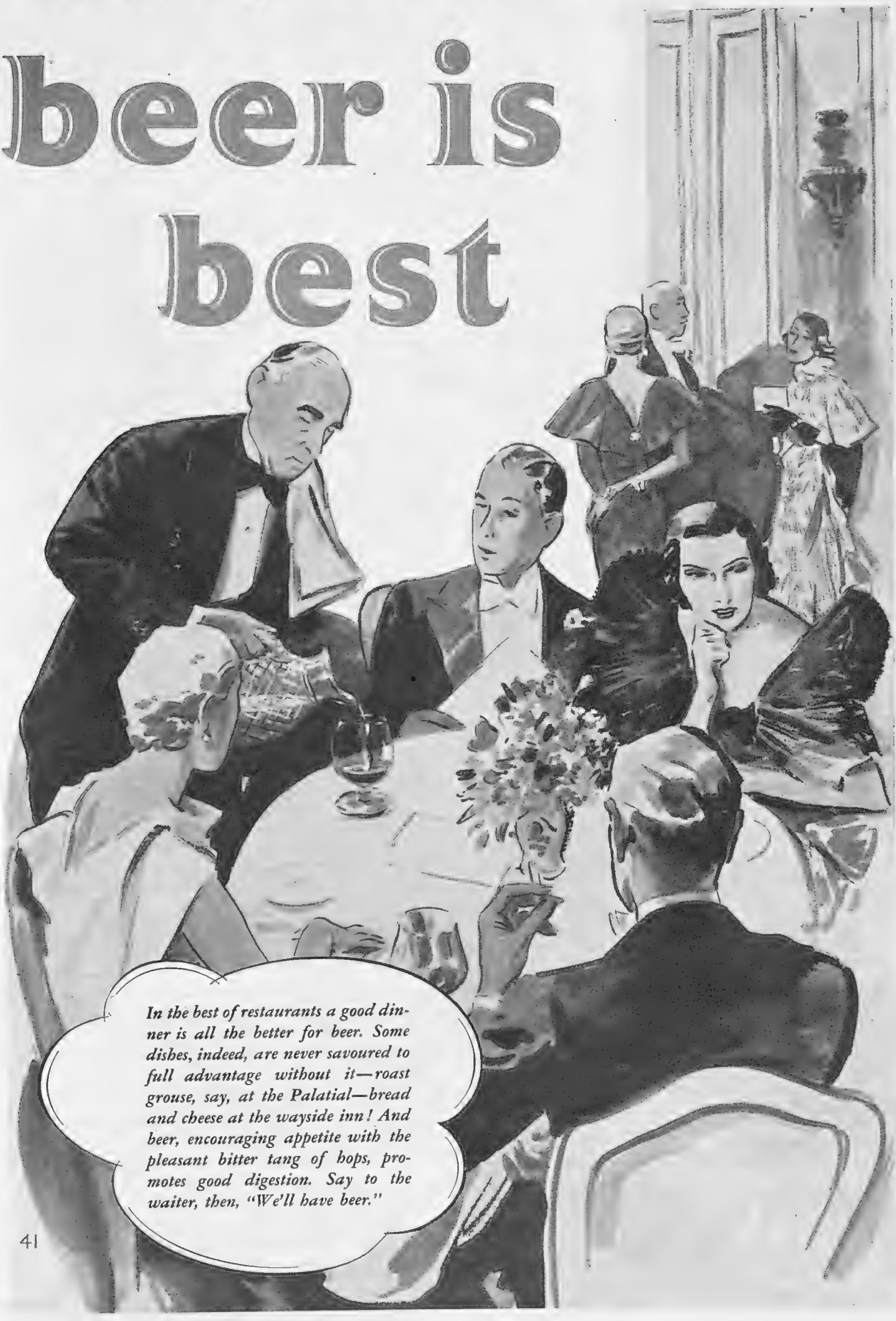

In the best of restaurants a good dinner is all the better for beer. Some dishes, indeed, are never savoured to full advantage without it—roast grouse, say, at the Palatial—bread and cheese at the wayside inn! And beer, encouraging appetite with the pleasant bitter tang of hops, promotes good digestion. Say to the waiter, then, "We'll have beer."

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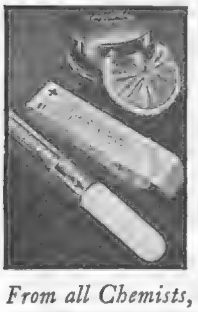

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Dressing to Please Men (*Continued from page* 59)

them, the unconscious imitation of their own light collar and cuffs on dark suits).

In sports or tailored clothes they hate trickiness. And they demand good tailoring. If you are going to compete with us, they say, do so. But don't, by your clothes, make our clothes look ridiculous.

They don't at all mind us wearing shirts and shorts and trousers, as we are wearing them all over the place this summer, so long as they are impeccably cut.

As for colours, any shade of blue is applauded. It looks soft and quietly feminine. So does the right pink, grey always, and black, which can never be wrong. Day and night no man finds it monotonous; it has 100 per cent. man appeal. It seems to accent everything a man looks for in a woman, allure, grace, elegance.

Men always like making un-funny jokes about large hats, but they like them. This summer's hats have had a lot more success with men than some of the absurdities we have been wearing in the last few years.

Berets are always praised by men. We are growing wise. Berets are all over the place again, large berets in velvet. Perhaps berets are women's favourites too.

You can never wear too often for man's fancy your cunning little eye-veils. They are always right.

The men who notice such things like to see a woman with gloves—always. They are not crazy about sensible heels, except for occasions which call for them, any more than they like unlipsticked mouths.

Most men prefer short hair to hair hanging in the neck, and palely shining nails to brilliant crimson nails. Yet every other woman wears brilliant crimson nails.

"If you ever go back to short skirts again . . ." threatened a young man dancing with me. Well, I am ready to take any odds that skirt lengths have found their home for every occasion, and will never change, except for an inch or so, in our generation. Floor length for formal, ankle length for informal, half-way down the leg for day wear and that much shorter for sports wear.

Men like the definite femininity which continues to mark our house and party clothes so long as we don't try to get girlish, and play with a fan and coquette, if that is not our type.

They approve the gaiety of spots and stripes and flowers with which we have enlivened our summer clothes so long as we don't overdo it.

They like shiny materials for shiny occasions. But they don't care a hoot if somebody has found a new way of looping four silver foxes together, as somebody has. They will stand two foxes, three at a pinch. They think four vulgar.

These are some of the things the men have told me whom I have questioned, men of diverse personalities, occupations and activities.

There is only one danger in taking too literally men's feelings about the clothes you wear.

As men cling with real affection to their own suit of the year before last, they might be inclined to feel that way about a favoured dress of yours, and prefer it, on all occasions, to a new one.

But I dare say every woman has her own way of dealing with this situation.

Summer Drinks (*Continued from page* 70)

cucumber peel, also two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let this stand for one hour and then strain into a large glass jug or bowl.

Add a few lumps of ice and soda water, the proportion being about three-quarters of a syphon to one bottle of claret, though this rather depends on taste.

Home-Made Ginger Beer

Put in an earthenware pan two ounces of bruised ginger, two ounces of cream of tartar, and two pounds of castor sugar. Pour over two gallons of boiling water, allow the liquid to get cold and stir in two tablespoonfuls of yeast.

Let the liquid stand for twenty-four hours, skim it and let it stand again for three days in a cool dark place, when it is ready fo bottling. Use clean, sound corks and tie them down carefully.

Raspberry Squash

For each person put a handful of raspberries into a jug, mash them and add the juice of half a lemon and half an orange, also a pudding-spoonful of sugar. Mix well and strain into the serving jug, which is then half-filled with crushed ice. Stir well and add a small bottle of soda-water per person.

Holiday Knitting (*Continued from page* 64)

Work across row to within 4 of the end, m. 1, k. 3.

Next row: Purl back. Work 2 rows more.

Continue like this, increasing every fourth row, until you have done 8 increases altogether. Then work plain stocking stitch for 48 rows.

Next row: K. 3, k. 2 tog. K. to within 5 of end. K. 2 tog., k. 3.

Next row: Purl back.

Next row: K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to within 5 of end, k. 2 tog., k. 3.

Next row: Purl back.

Repeat like this, shaping at both edges until you have 38 stitches left. Cast off.

Work the other side to match, reducing the stitches to 32. Cast off. Press and sew up side seams. Sew up cast-off stitches, matching the stitches neatly.

Work picot edge as described for vest round each leg.

Her Luggage (*Continued from page* 62)

empty spaces with woollies and other uncreasing oddments.

Place a covering cloth or cardboard sheet next, then day dresses, with evening clothes on top. The tray is left for underwear and light-weight articles.

Pleated skirts may be twisted and tied with string. If tucked in round the outside they will come out as if they had not been packed.

Where space is very limited, make-up equipment can be carried in tube form and packed into a flat tin box.

As far as possible seams should be folded to seams; rolls of tissue paper should be placed in between folds to prevent creasing. Every garment which can be turned inside out is best folded from the inside. Sleeves should be lightly packed with tissue paper.

Keep light-weight coat-hangers and shoe-trees for travelling, and be sure to take a small electric iron and cleaning ball; also a mending compactum. When travelling abroad it is always wise to insure baggage for all risks. In the case of certain countries the premium is increased, but it is precisely in these cases where insurance is necessary!

Insurance is a wise precaution in any case, as the law regarding luggage is apt to be somewhat difficult.

For example, excursion trains do not come in the same category regarding liability of the company as ordinary trains.

The definition of "personal" luggage refers to all articles like clothing, but not to bicycles, sketches, sewing machines and a host of other "personal" belongings.

Then, too, if a servant is travelling with his master's luggage the company is not held responsible for loss or damage. The company's liability is also modified in the case of baggage which is taken into a carriage.

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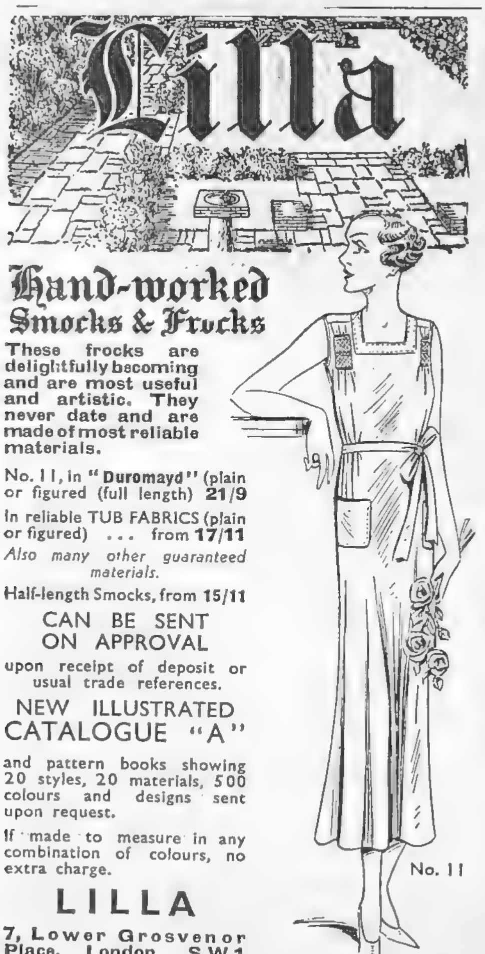
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The Wrong Sort *of* Story

(*Continued from page 31*)

replied Perkins. "It's got to be used exactly like that. I told you."

"Of course, I am all in favour of religion just now," said the producer. "They say we're in for a revival of religion soon. Altho' I don't believe it, I would like the talkies to be first . . . our company, of course. . . .

"The gangster boom is all over. They are sick, too, of all those frills. Musicals are through. We've taken the lid off graft for long enough. Now all the parsons are after us, saying that we've muck-raked for too long. Well, an idea based on these lines ought to put us a bit more right with the Church."

"I told you the story had to be used as I got it, or it won't be a story any longer," insisted Perkins.

"We'll soon see about that," replied the producer. "Now you've used up, of course, an old idea. Jesus has come back before in a good many books. Hall Caine used it, if I remember. Channing Pollock got the idea, too. It's been common to fiction, for many years now."

"It isn't merely that," said Perkins. "As I got the story, my Man Who Came Back attracted no attention of any kind. He was just good, and nobody made a fuss about that. Nobody would, you see. That is the point. As I see it, the lesson of it is that, if Christ did return, nobody would notice anything much at all.

"When I saw the story acted in front of me, I realised that, the next time, He wouldn't be a Jew. He might even be a Zulu or an Eskimo, this time, or someone even farther away from the usual haunts of white people. As I saw it, He would merely lead an ordinary simple life of virtue. He would merely teach that love was right and that cruelty was wrong and that we should be kind.

"No one would make a fuss of Him. They would merely say 'Oh, another of these preachers!' If He were in England and He cured people of illness, by laying on His hands—and, as I got it, many people do that—He would be victimised by the Medical Council, who would say He wasn't qualified. If, in His presence, something we call supernatural happened, He would merely be arrested for fortune telling or something and be fined ten shillings, and, as there would only be about six lines in the newspapers about it, no one would make a fuss of that.

"He would have a few lowly followers, of course, but they would be so lowly, living in some back street or other, that no one would pay the slightest attention. That is the story. The Man lives a simple life of goodness, 'doing unto others,' you know, and nobody takes any notice of Him."

"We can't make a film of that," said the producer. "It's too ordinary. Now you let your Man denounce gangsters. Let Him get in to some gunman's stronghold and brave their automatics with a flash from Heaven. Let Him indict the graft at City Hall and stop a great civic procession merely with His eyes. We'll take Him to Hollywood and make Him shame us all in the middle of shooting a big picture. He must lash all the sins of society. We could even, if we made Him live in a country where we don't sell pictures, let Him challenge the king on his throne."

"No, I can't write that story," said Perkins. "You see, the lesson of my idea is—no, it is the lesson of the idea that was given me—is that there is no need for that sort of thing, that all you have to do is just to be good. My film story is to teach that all the clever things, and all the big heroisms, and all the great dramatic challenges, have been done and said, and written and thought, for centuries and centuries, and that all you have to do is not to write them or say them or think them, but just to go and live them in your own life. My Man is just a small man in a back street. I saw His face. It was just the good kind face of a good kind man. He loved animals and birds and children. And the children loved Him.

"I seemed to feel, as I saw Him, that I had seen Him in a thousand faces of ordinary good men and women, that the goodness was here already, that all the rest of us had to do was to be like that, too. I seemed to feel that He was like an old grandmother of mine. She wasn't noticed much, but she was always kind to people. And there was an old doctor I remember whose patients always worshipped him.

"I seemed to see Him in a nurse I once knew. She died of cancer. . . ."

"Yes, but there's no action in all that," protested Cy Milliner. "We want big drama, crowds, processions, the Appeal Unto Cæsar, and all that sort of thing."

Temple Perkins pleaded with his eyes.

"I must insist on my story as it is," he said. "Something will happen to it otherwise, I know. The Voice told me that."

"Don't be a fool," replied Cy. "I'll tell you what I will do. I'll get three or four scenario writers on the job to-morrow They can each do a different script based on my general idea and then you can approve and we'll start shooting. Why, that plot's worth a million dollars. I'll call the Old Man up."

Before a couple of minutes had passed, he was shouting in the telephone, which a dull brained wit at the other end, pulled out of bed, was trying in vain to understand.

"Perkins has got a great idea here," Cy shouted into the receiver. "We've got to get busy in the morning. 'What is the idea? Wait a minute while I ask Perkins." There was a look of straining recollection on his face "Perkins, what were we talking about?"

"I, I don't remember," replied Perkins. "It's funny, but I've forgotten. Wait a minute, I'll get the script. . . . Where did you put it?"

"On the table, you fool," said Cy Milliner.

"It isn't here!" shouted Perkins.

"Well, it must have blown on the floor."

"How could it have blown on the floor? The windows and the door are shut."

"Well, it's somewhere about. I had it in my hand a moment ago."

No, the manuscript was not there! It had been on the table a minute before, and then it wasn't there any longer.

Both Perkins and Milliner had completely forgotten what they had been talking about. . . .

END

Cruises Below Decks

(*Continued from page 29*)

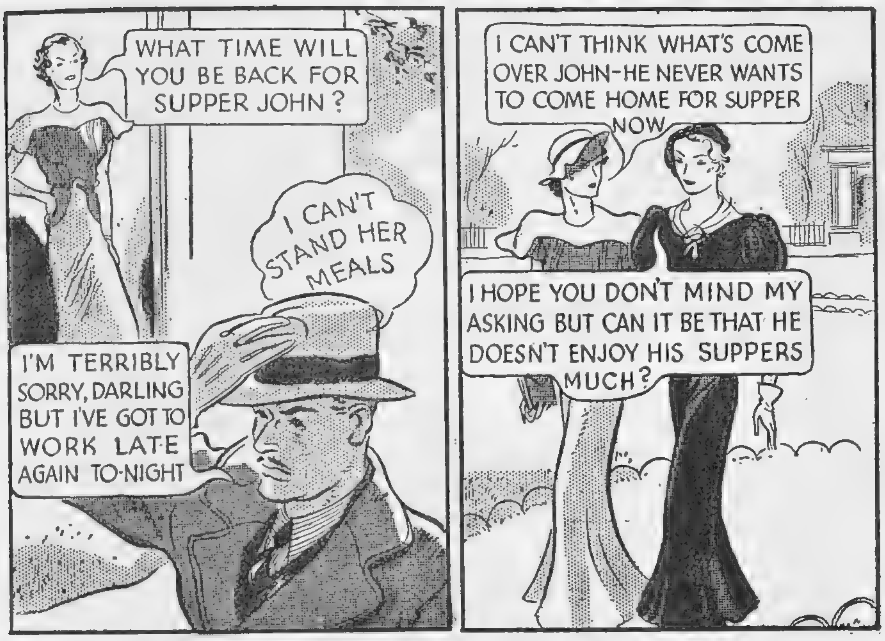
up? Like all the rest of the kitchen machines the washing-up machine is a marvel of efficiency. It will deal with 3,000 pieces of ware in an hour—and there is more than one of them, you may be sure. Hot water, cold water, and hot air are directed in turn on the trays of crockery which pass slowly through the machine, and the result is as thorough as hands can achieve.

At the end of a voyage you would see a number of pieces of crockery and glassware set out on a counter. They may look all right to you, but they are condemned. Tiny chips, cracks, and flaws of all sorts are deemed quite enough to finish the life of any piece of ware as far as the passengers are concerned. These collections of faulty goods will be inspected and either cast away or passed on for crew's use, according to the size of fault. Also, when the voyage is over, there is a Board of Trade Inspection of the foodstuffs provided for the crew.

One could linger for hours over these little details of ship's routine. But it must suffice to mention that all the

(*Continued on page 84*)

her puddings BORED her husband!


WHAT TIME WILL YOU BE BACK FOR SUPPER JOHN?
I CAN'T STAND HER MEALS
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, DARLING BUT I'VE GOT TO WORK LATE AGAIN TO-NIGHT
I CAN'T THINK WHAT'S COME OVER JOHN-HE NEVER WANTS TO COME HOME FOR SUPPER NOW
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING BUT CAN IT BE THAT HE DOESN'T ENJOY HIS SUPPERS MUCH?
I'M SURE IT COULDN'T BE THAT- I GIVE HIM LOVELY MILK PUDDINGS. THEY ARE EVER SO GOOD FOR HIM
OH YOU SWEET SIMPLETON! MEN DON'T LIKE MILK PUDDINGS, BUT HE'LL LOVE FRUIT SERVED WITH FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD. THAT IS DELICIOUS AND SO VERY NOURISHING
MY FIRST SUPPER AT HOME FOR WEEKS AND IT'S DELICIOUS DARLING. IT MUST HAVE COST YOU A PACKET
IT DID-BUT ONLY A PACKET OF FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD AND A LITTLE FRUIT I'M SO GLAD YOU LIKE IT.
c 68

USE PLENTY of Custard with fruit of all kinds. Foster Clark's Cream Custard improves fruit wonderfully, and adds greatly to the food value. Only fresh, natural flavourings and the purest ingredients are used in making it.

Remember that four-fifths of the cost of a custard is for the milk you use. Don't spoil the milk by using an inferior Custard Powder. Be careful to use Foster Clark's.

Get a supply to-day or make a note now to include it in your next grocery order.

RECIPE BOOK FREE. *Send your name and address on a postcard to Foster Clark Ltd., Dept. B.E.2, Maidstone, Kent, and you will receive a free copy of Elizabeth Craig's new cookery book containing 250 tested recipes.*

FOSTER CLARK'S

Cream CUSTARD

With the Creamier Flavour ● 4½d. packet (6 *separate pints*). Family-size tin 10½d.

For your Austin

COME TO THE EXCLUSIVE AUSTIN DEPOT

Here there are five floors of new and used Austin Cars, and you get not only a fine car but also the finest service offered to Austin owners; the full range of Austin cars is available for your choice, and you will be dealing with the firm which is rightly acknowledged as "the leading car firm in London."

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Stanhope House, 320-4, Euston Road, N.W.1.
Museum 2000.

kitchens are inspected every morning, and they must be spotlessly clean in every respect, for there is a doctor among the inspectors; everything that even suggests remotely any lack of hygiene will be noticed at once.

The cruising phase has led to the need for laundries on many ships not built to contain them. Many recently built liners have profited by lessons learned from the cruising liners and have established laundries from the outset. Wonderfully efficient laundries they are, too, with numerous washing machines, tumblers, presses, shirt and collar machines, calender, and collar shapers. All dainty goods and special fabrics are done by hand; the most critical caricaturist could hardly find cartoon material in a ship's laundry! On a recent world cruise of the Cunard Line, a staff of 56 was carried for laundry work, which included ship's linen, passengers' apparel and crew's uniforms.

Remember that such things as table-napkins, cloths, sheets, and towels run into thousands, and you will not be too surprised to hear that the ship's items alone came to 620,000 pieces on this voyage, while 59,000 passengers' goods were done, and crew's uniforms every week.

The social life of a cruise needs a great deal of planning. The games must be planned to assist a friendly atmosphere, and must be sufficiently numerous to give a fair chance to all who want to take part. While there are some travellers who wish to spend most of the time watching the passing scene from their deck-chairs, others are eager to join every dance and entertainment. To satisfy both tastes calls for careful management, for there must be neither disturbance of the restfully inclined nor boredom for the energetic. The purser has to think of all these things, and is rarely unable to supply the needs of a passenger wanting fresh amusement.

The men below decks who fire the vast furnaces which help to provide light, heat, ventilation and the power to move the ship, must be considered. Think for a moment of a ship like the *Aquitania*, which has no fewer than 168 furnaces. There are hundreds of cabins to heat and provide with electric light and electric bells, saloons to heat, ventilation to provide for the inner parts of the ship, and about 150 machines to work apart from revolving the four huge propellers which weigh nineteen tons each.

In all there are 10,000 electric globes and 1,800 bell-pushes. No small electric plant is required to deal with such a system of lighting.

One could go on roaming in the depths of the ship, seeing these men working away at their multitudinous tasks, for many hours without losing interest. Here is the printer's shop, where your menus are printed and even a miniature daily news-sheet. Here you may find the officials working out menus for a sudden change in the weather; there must be food to please all, and each item must go well with each other one. Here is the ship's doctor, with his surgery, ready to do anything from supplying a dose of cough mixture to performing an emergency operation.

Over there is the Jewish kitchen, where all the special foods needed by the Jewish fraternity are prepared under expert guidance; near at hand is a skilled chef doing the wonderful decorations and garnishings of the cold buffet. Beds are being made by deft hands, floors scrubbed while you are still sleeping in the early morning, cutlery brightened up and general cleanings going on all the time.

While above decks are the laughing crowds for whom all the trouble is being taken, for a pound or a little more per day.

Is it not this marvellous organisation which runs an hotel on the water without a hitch that is the greatest "sight" of a cruise? It certainly calls forth the most wonder when you come to examine what is really done for you.

Books

(*Continued from page* 67)

that the local tribes were violently hostile to the scheme and had threatened to kill and, if possible, torture anyone who attempted to begin the work; and that, as the site lay outside the confines of the Empire, no military escorts could be provided for fear of provoking a Frontier war. In his book, Mr. Bayley tells the story of the infinite patience and courage with which he overcame, one by one, these appalling difficulties. It is a wonderful story, and it leaves the reader with a great liking, as well as a profound admiration, for the man who tells it.

Lady Evelyn Cobbold is the first Moslem Englishwoman to have undertaken the Hadj. Her book, therefore, has none of the excitements of an unauthorised entry into Mecca, but it offers instead something perhaps more satisfying—a record of the Pilgrimage by one who went and was received openly by her brothers and sisters in the Faith. She is not a great writer, but she is a sincere one, and her book is unlike anybody else's because she wants to enter, and not merely to study, the life and traditions of Eastern peoples.

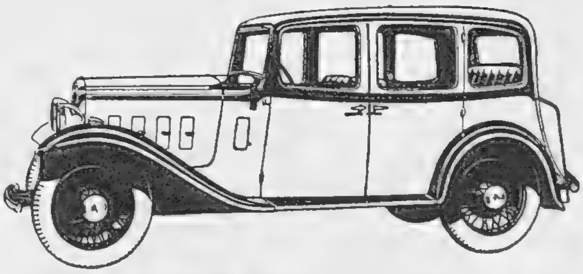
And so we come to *The Valley of the Assassins*, by Freya Stark. Just another of these women travellers—but one with an eye to see, an ear to hear, and a heart to understand. A splendid writer, and also famous already, it seems, as an explorer; and I had never even heard of her! Is that my fault? Or is the world so full of great women that Freya Stark has no particular claim to eminence? I should like to think so; but, as I don't believe that, I must shoulder the blame of my ignorance. Miss Stark's volume contains accounts of more than one of her expeditions into the unknown parts of Persia; and having said that, I can think of hardly anything else to say except that it is a magnificent book, full of every quality that can endear to us a book and a human being. I recommend it as strongly as I can to all those who like books of travel. With equal enthusiasm I recommend it to those who like good books, no matter what their subject.

Here end the wanderers' records. In conclusion, I want to mention a little book which I thought would be merely sensational, but found instead really interesting—*My Father*, by Maria Rasputin (Cassell, 5s.). I have never felt quite happy about the popular verdict on Rasputin, and I think that a good many readers of this page will sympathise with my doubts. Rasputin has been portrayed as a drunken and lecherous peasant, utterly illiterate, filthy in his person and personal habits. In our minds, there is apt to be the picture of an unshaven clergyman, with dirty finger-nails and a cassock stained with egg and gravy, with a foul tongue and frayed and grimy cuffs. We are asked to believe that this man, unaided, charmed his way into supremacy over the Imperial Court and nobility of Russia; and when we look puzzled, we have thrown to us the one word "Mesmerism!" and we are expected to gnaw it in a corner and be satisfied. Those who, like me, have not felt satisfied will turn eagerly to the evidence of Rasputin's daughter. She does not tell us as much as we should like, but she tells us a good deal, and, moreover, since she admits some of her father's failings, such as over-indulgence in wine, we believe much of what she says. Rasputin, then, was not a monk; he was (we have no English equivalent) a sort of religious pilgrim, unattached to any order, and technically a layman. He was not dirty or shabby, quite the contrary; he was not illiterate; and when he first came to St. Petersburg he was extremely abstemious at table. It is true that he owed his influence at Court to his gift of second sight and to a curious quality which may perhaps have been akin to mesmerism; but he was, according to his daughter, a simple man, who was vilified by the enemies of the Tsar in order that the Court should be brought into disrepute. Success, no doubt, turned his head; but I am no longer certain that he was a scheming villain. "In life, nothing is ever as good or as bad as one supposes."

AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN

Look ahead—and 'INVEST'!

Jane has never bought a technical journal in her life. And Jane admits that she is no authority on motoring. But, like thousands of other women (and men too), she knows what she wants from a car. She wants, before everything, a dependable car—one that she can rely on at all times, anywhere. She wants no fuss and bother, no worry, no unnecessary expense. She wants a smart and up-to-date car. She wants a car to last. When, five years ago, she invested in her first Austin, she got all she wanted. When she re-sold, she proved that the open market rated Austin investment-value as highly as she did herself. And this Spring, when she invested in one of the latest models, she found features like Synchromesh to simplify her gear-changing, cross-braced frames that made her car ride even more steadily, better braking and traffic indicators to complete her driving confidence, better all-round equipment and numerous other refinements. Yet she paid less than she did five years ago for an Austin that wasn't half as advanced. No wonder she says, "Take the long view—and INVEST!"



The Twelve-Six Ascot De Luxe Saloon

YOU BUY A CAR — BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN

The Twelve-Six Ascot De Luxe Saloon (*as illustrated*). A luxurious five-seater. Choice of 13.9 or 15.9 h.p. engines, without extra charge. Four-speed gearbox with Synchromesh gears. Combined spare-wheel compartment and luggage carrier. Triplex glass. Dunlop tyres. The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.

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ALTHOUGH of modest horse-power, the 12 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley is thoroughly sturdy and comfortable. It is, of course, a "six," and is notable for its smooth running

The 12 H.P. Armstrong Siddeley

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is always an agreeable change for me to be able to test a car over an unfamiliar, give-and-take cross-country route. The opportunity to do this occurred the other day, when a 12 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley saloon was placed at my disposal. I commenced my run in Wiltshire and concluded it in Surrey, having covered quite a lot of ground and encountered an unusually wide variety of road conditions.

I may say at once that my good opinion of this small Armstrong Siddeley was enhanced as a result of such a comprehensive test. In particular, I came to appreciate the car's essential sturdiness. We travelled throughout at a fairly high average speed, yet never once did one feel that the engine was being over-stressed. As a result, there was also a complete absence of that mental fatigue which a small car will sometimes engender.

As with all Armstrong Siddeley cars, the engine of this "Twelve" is of six-cylinder construction. It has many good features, but the most notable is certainly its freedom from noise, "fuss" and vibration when turning over at high speed. On at least one occasion, with a slightly favourable slope, I exceeded the maximum speed of which this model is nominally capable: even so, there was not a sound of protest to be heard from beneath the bonnet.

The nominal maximum of 60 m.p.h. is reached and maintained quite easily, while 50 m.p.h. seems such a comfortable pace that one cannot doubt the car's ability to keep going at this very useful cruising speed for an almost indefinite period. Acceleration is fair, without being particularly impressive, but there is plenty of power at the high and medium speeds.

It seems hardly necessary to state that the gearbox is of the Wilson pre-selective type, for it was the Armstrong Siddeley company which was first in the field with this very valuable form of gearing. Four speeds are provided, all of which run silently, and in no case is it possible for the veriest novice to perpetrate a "crash" change. Third gear is a most useful ratio, for it gives an honest 40 m.p.h. of speed, all of which, thanks to the smoothness of the engine, can be utilised on long hills or whenever a fast "getaway" is desired.

The car's road-holding qualities are good, and the springing (which I tested carefully by taking a spell in the back seat) is thoroughly comfortable. The steering is very pleasant, having a distinct self-centring effect, and being both light and definite in its action.

The brakes, in my opinion, are remarkable. They are of very great power, and can bring the car to a standstill within a shorter space than one would imagine to be possible. At the same time, they are entirely free from the reproach of "fierceness," and can be firmly applied without losing any of their smoothness.

The saloon coachwork is notably well planned and comfortable. There is plenty of space for all four passengers, and a good point is that a single wide front seat is fitted. For the "family" type of car, this seems to me very much preferable to the use of small individual seats. In this Armstrong Siddeley, for instance, one can easily carry two adults and a child in front, or even, for short distances, three adults. Thanks to this very simple expedient, therefore, the car's seating capacity may be reckoned to be above the average.

The price of the complete car is £300, or £312 if special equipment is desired. The most attractive item listed under this latter heading is a permanent jacking system (£6). In either case, the purchaser may count on getting first-rate value for his money, since, in addition to its more obvious virtues, the Armstrong Siddeley has an excellent reputation for long and consistent service.

The 12 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley in brief

ENGINE: 12 h.p. six cylinders. Very smooth running.

GEARBOX: the original pre-selective gearbox. Four speeds.

PERFORMANCE: top gear, 60 m.p.h.; third gear, 40 m.p.h.

STEERING: good, definite.

SPRINGING: comfortable.

BRAKES: exceptionally powerful.

COACHWORK: well planned and comfortable.

PRICE: with saloon body, £300.

Did You Know

That some cars might go faster if driven in "reverse"?

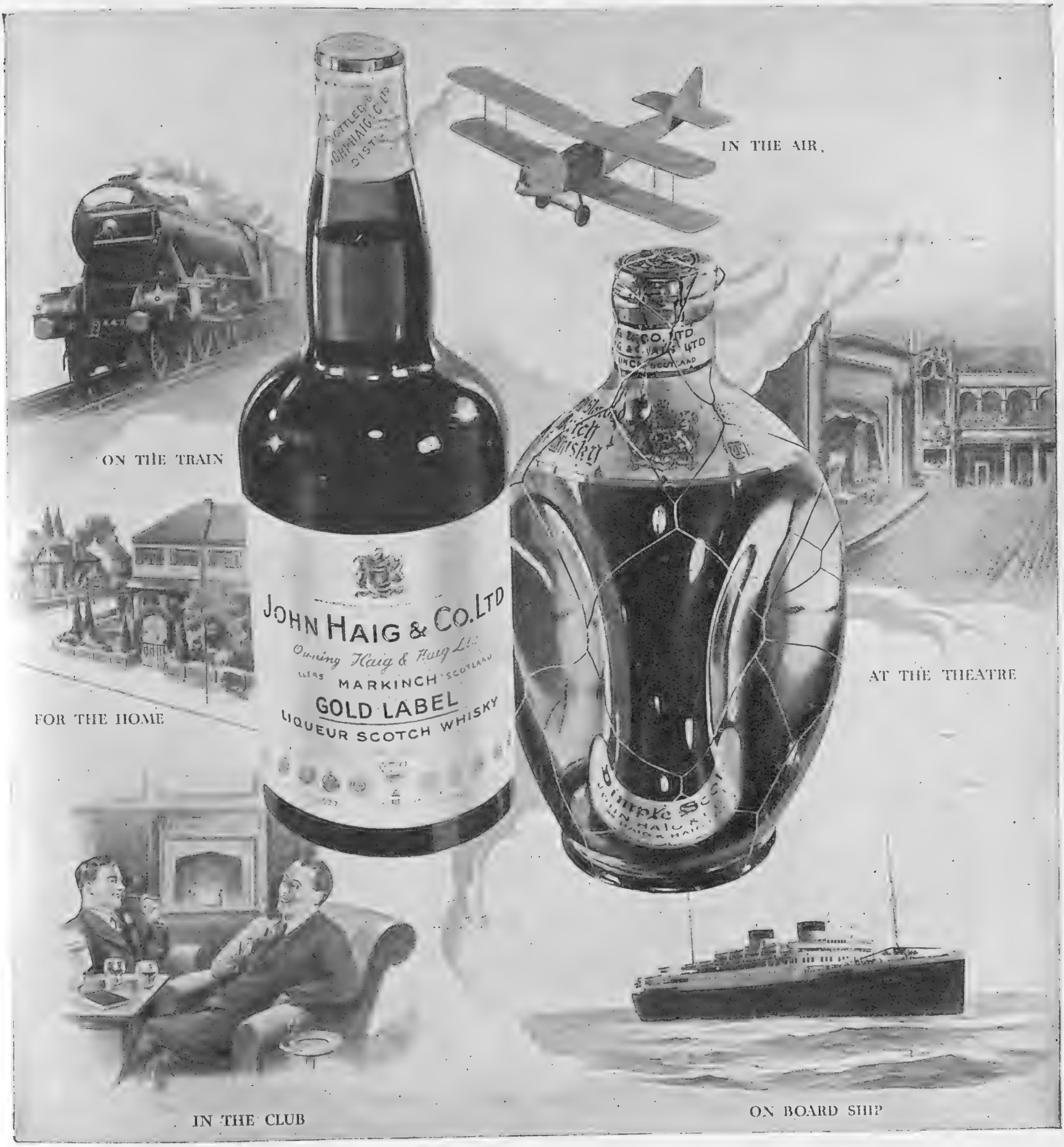
THE idea that a modern car would gain in efficiency by being driven backwards may seem, at first sight, rather bizarre and ridiculous. None the less, such a contention may be supported by sound reasoning

Generally speaking, a saloon car is of better stream-line shape when it is moving backwards. At high speeds, good stream-lining is of real importance, and may add several m.p.h. to a car's maximum performance.

One of the first rules of stream-lining is that a vehicle should move with its blunt end foremost, and that it should taper away smoothly towards the back. It is the disturbance of air behind the vehicle which chiefly retards its progress.

Since the seating space demanded by the passengers is far greater than the space required by the modern engine, it is clear that the general lines of an orthodox car must taper towards the front. Therefore it is potentially stream-lined in the wrong direction. To see this, it is only necessary to draw a sketch of a saloon car in silhouette, and to consider its shape in broad outline—neglecting such detail as lamps, wings, etc. Regarded in this way, it certainly begins to look a back-to-front affair.

Don't be vague—ask for Haig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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

GOOD OLD MATURED WHISKY IS THE BEST AND SAFEST BEVERAGE AT ALL TIMES

This Lubrication Business

By The Earl of Cardigan

OPERATING a Castrol high-pressure lubricator at a "lubrequipment" garage

IT is widely claimed by motor manufacturers that the more tedious and disagreeable aspects of routine oiling and greasing have become things of the past; but I fancy that such an optimistic view will hardly be supported by the average owner-driver. There are very few cars, if any, which are absolutely free from lubrication jobs of the back-breaking, neck-cricking, temper-fraying type.

The fact is that, while much good work has been done with a view to simplifying lubrication, cars themselves have become considerably more complex in design. I once owned a car the chassis of which was lubricated by means of screw-down grease caps. These were perhaps rather messy contrivances—but there were only three of them! It would probably be thought necessary for a similar chassis to-day to be lubricated at a dozen or more points.

Then, where gearboxes and back axles are concerned, cars are now generally less accessible than formerly. In the old days one merely pulled out the floor mats, lifted a couple of boards, and found most of the "works" immediately exposed to view.

Even I, however, who take some interest in such matters, find that I become dispirited when I attempt to reach the remoter portions of any modern chassis. I can remove the mats easily enough (although their complex shape sometimes makes them awkward to replace). Underneath I find one or more layers of felt, rubber or some such material. Finally, I get down to where the floor boards should be. What do I encounter now? Most probably a neat expanse of metal flooring, held in position by an array of maddening little screws!

Let us admit that the modern car, with its thorough lubrication system, its low build and its well-fitted flooring, is a more comfortable, better and more efficient car than any of its predecessors. None the less, one is still faced with the owner-driver's traditional bugbear—that tedious, more or less messy and exacting business of periodic oiling, greasing and replenishing.

IT would hardly be fair to accuse the average motorist of deliberately neglecting the proper maintenance of his car; but it is a fact that such jobs hardly ever seem to get dealt with either as promptly or as regularly as they should. There is a deplorable tendency to "let it wait." One feels that a hundred miles more or less does not really make very much difference. Next week there will be more time to spare—and that awkwardly placed grease nipple can be tackled then. This would be a natural and harmless argument but for the fact that it will be repeated next week, and perhaps the week after!

I IMAGINE that Messrs. C. C. Wakefield must have been giving some study to this very characteristic human weakness when they inaugurated their Castrol "lubrequipment" service. All motorists must have heard of this institution, although perhaps a good many may have failed to realise its scope.

Very briefly, there are some 2,500 of these Castrol service stations organised throughout the country. Each station is very thoroughly equipped to tackle all possible lubrication jobs in the speediest and most efficient manner. Grease can be forced into chassis nipples at pressures as high as 2,000 lb. to the square inch, which is a pretty good guarantee that the required lubricant will "get there."

A SMALL point which strikes me as extremely good is that every client is given a log-book for his car. In this details are entered, with dates, of every job done to the car, so that a permanent record exists of the lubrication service which it has received.

There are two advantages in this. In the first place, the owner can see at a glance how long it is since certain jobs were done, and when they will be due to be done again. Secondly, I can imagine a well-kept log-book being very helpful evidence as to a car's good condition when it comes to be sold. The value of any secondhand car is, of course, largely dependent on the regularity or otherwise with which it has been lubricated by its former owner. A trustworthy record of this might well make all the difference in influencing the decision of a "canny" buyer.

A Popular Delusion

IT is curious to note how, in the motoring world, an idea concerning a particular product will sometimes continue to cling to that product, no matter how completely erroneous the notion may be. If motorists have once convinced themselves that some make of car or accessory is good, bad, cheap, dear, convenient or inconvenient, it takes an extraordinarily long time to alter that opinion.

The India Tyre Company appears to suffer in this respect. Years ago India tyres used to cost rather more than other makes, and there are many people who imagine that this is still the case. For some time past this company has been making strenuous efforts to correct the misapprehension, and to assure motorists that Indias now cost no more than other tyres. As is usually the case, it has proved quite a difficult matter to impress the true facts on everyone concerned.

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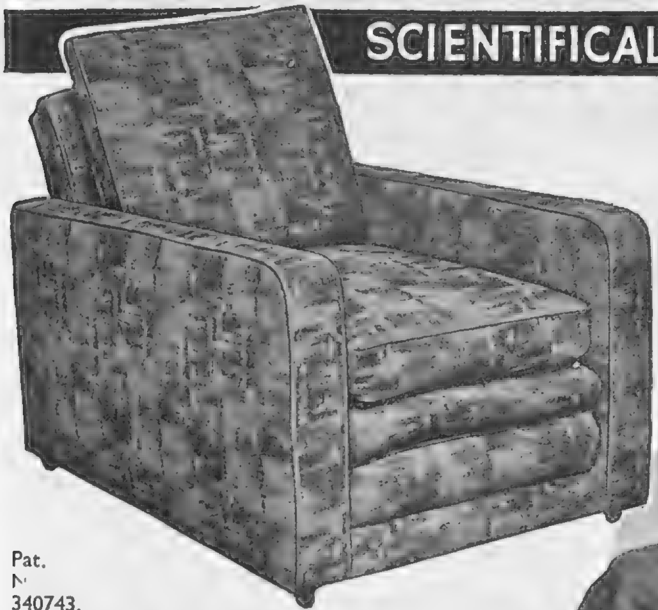
SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT FOR COMFORT

Modern stress calls for modern rest—not only for modernity of design, but a perfect union of ease and appearance. Minty chairs are the last word in comfort, practicability and sound construction. All Minty Chairs are made in three lengths of seat.



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THE "MERTON"

THE "ISIS"

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"ISIS" CHAIR from £5 - 19 - 6
according to length of seat.
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according to length of seat.

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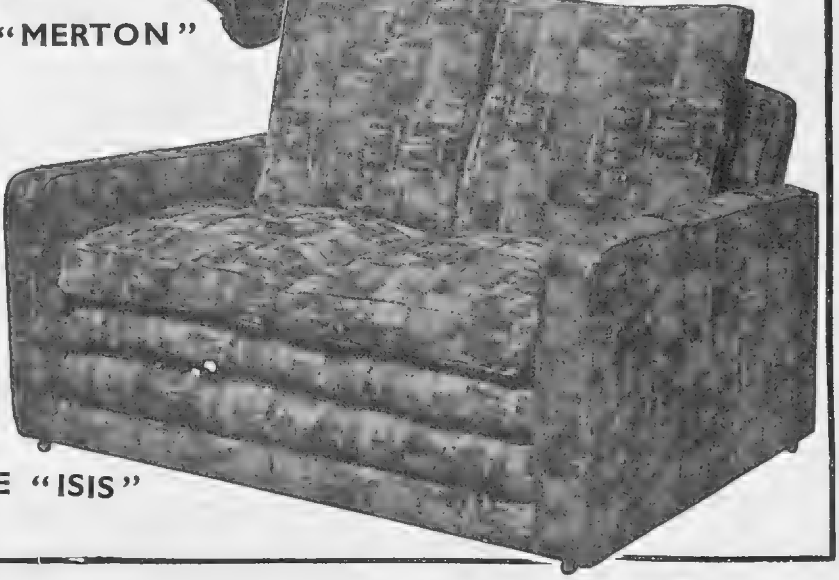
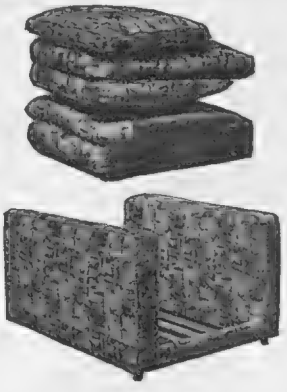


THE "ISIS"



Above is shown the unit construction of both the "ISIS" and "MERTON" Models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

MINTY CHAIRS ARE BUILT FOR STRENGTH.

Two Chairs and a Settee form an admirable Suite.

Write for Catalogue of the Minty "ISIS" and "MERTON" Chairs, and patterns of Coverings.

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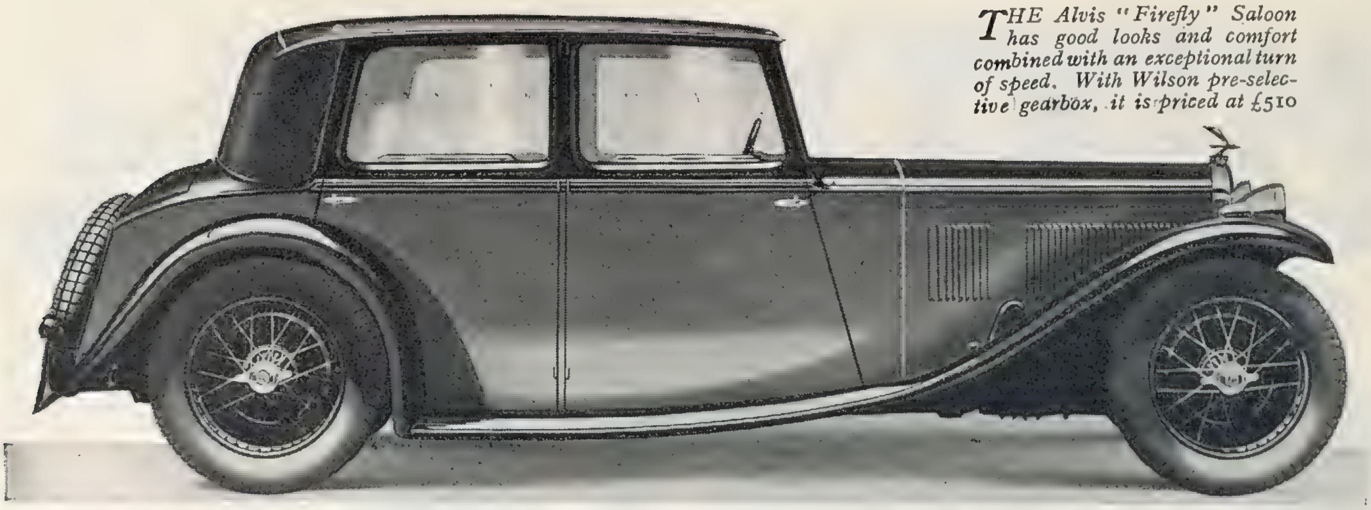


THE Alvis "Firefly" Saloon has good looks and comfort combined with an exceptional turn of speed. With Wilson pre-selective gearbox, it is priced at £510

An *Attractive* ALVIS Light Car

The 12 h.p. "Firefly" Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

A 12 H.P. ALVIS is a car which always suggests to me pleasant associations. Much of my early driving experience was gained in an Alvis "Twelve"—hardly a fast car by present day standards, but comfortable, sturdy and distinctly more efficient than the average 12 h.p. car of that time. Without being a "flier," it used to pass most of the others with agreeable ease.

The new 12 h.p. "Firefly" model is an attractive car, but of somewhat different type. It has an engine of the pronouncedly high-speed variety, which suggests that it could, if desired, give a good account of itself on the race track. A rev. counter is among the instruments fitted as standard, and this shows that engine speeds of 4,500 and even 5,000 revolutions per minute may be attained in ordinary running.

On one point at least I can reassure those who are apt to regard such high "revs." with apprehension. The overhead-valve Alvis engine is definitely not given to "fussiness." There is therefore nothing unpleasant in making the fullest possible use of its capacity for high-speed operation. Indeed, one does not see the "Firefly" at its best unless one is prepared to keep the "revs." fairly high. The most satisfactory performance is not to be obtained at engine speeds of less than about 2,000 r.p.m.

Realising this, the makers have supplied a type of gearbox which makes gear changing entirely simple and encourages free use of the lower ratios. This is an epicyclic pre-selective unit, giving the usual four speeds, all silent and all foolproof. An unusual, and very agreeable, feature is that the engine will also run quite silently in "neutral"—the whirring sound common to most epicyclic gearboxes having been eliminated.

As may be expected, a really impressive turn of speed is available. A few years ago it would have seemed hardly possible to record speeds of 80 m.p.h. or so with a standard 12 h.p. saloon car. Such figures, however, are well within the range of the Alvis, running in its 5·2 to 1 top gear. Acceleration, once the engine has got fairly into its stride, is also remarkably rapid.

THIRD gear is, of course, a most valuable ratio, and one which makes all the difference if intelligently used at the lower speeds. It also makes the car really fast on hills—for the maximum speed available with "third" engaged is no less than 60 m.p.h. One may safely infer that the Alvis driver, when he is in a hurry, is seldom likely to be passed!

Another factor which gives the "Firefly" a real capacity for speed is its extremely good road-holding. It is at all times admirably steady, and can be driven fast with perfect confidence. The springing is, perhaps naturally, a little hard when the car is travelling slowly, but it consistently improves as the speed is increased, so that its maximum efficiency is reached when the throttle is well open. The result is that bouncing and swaying, such as sometimes occur when a saloon car is running "flat out," are practically unknown phenomena.

The steering likewise is excellently designed for high-speed running. Once again, one detects a certain stiffness at the lower speeds—but this disappears completely when the car gets fairly into its stride. For fast road work, the definite action of the steering gear is admirable, and the firm self-centring effect adds to the general impression of steadiness.

AS for the brakes, these are extremely powerful, although demanding a pedal pressure perhaps somewhat heavier than the average. To many drivers this will prove no disadvantage. One can quite safely "stand" on the brakes in a moment of emergency, with the assurance that ample power is there, but with no risk of producing that sudden braking action which tends to bring one's nose into unexpected contact with the windscreen! The additional force required is, in any event, not very great.

As regards general comfort, the "Firefly" is very well equipped. The saloon coachwork of the car which I tested was possessed of decidedly attractive "lines," and these had been achieved without any sacrifice of practical convenience. I found ample head-room (a none too common virtue where sports cars are concerned) and plenty of leg-room both in front and at the back. There was also a rear luggage locker of really useful dimensions.

I MAY have given the impression that this new Alvis is chefly to be recommended to the sporting type of driver; but it must not be supposed that the ordinary novice cannot handle it with confidence and pleasure. What I have meant to convey is that, in nearly every instance, the car's good qualities are enhanced by speed, and are not likely to be revealed fully to the "potterer."

The price of the four-light saloon is just over £500, with the inclusion of a very full equipment. When one thinks in terms of performance, this figure is not really a high one. In addition, the Alvis experience in racing and competition work forms a guarantee of the car's general soundness which is of significance and value to the prospective owner.

The 12 h.p. Alvis in brief

ENGINE: 11·9 h.p., four cylinders, with overhead valves. Capable of high "revs."

GEARBOX: four speeds, Wilson pre-selective type.

PERFORMANCE: third gear, 60 m.p.h.; top gear, 80 m.p.h. or more.

BRAKES: powerful, with firm pressure.

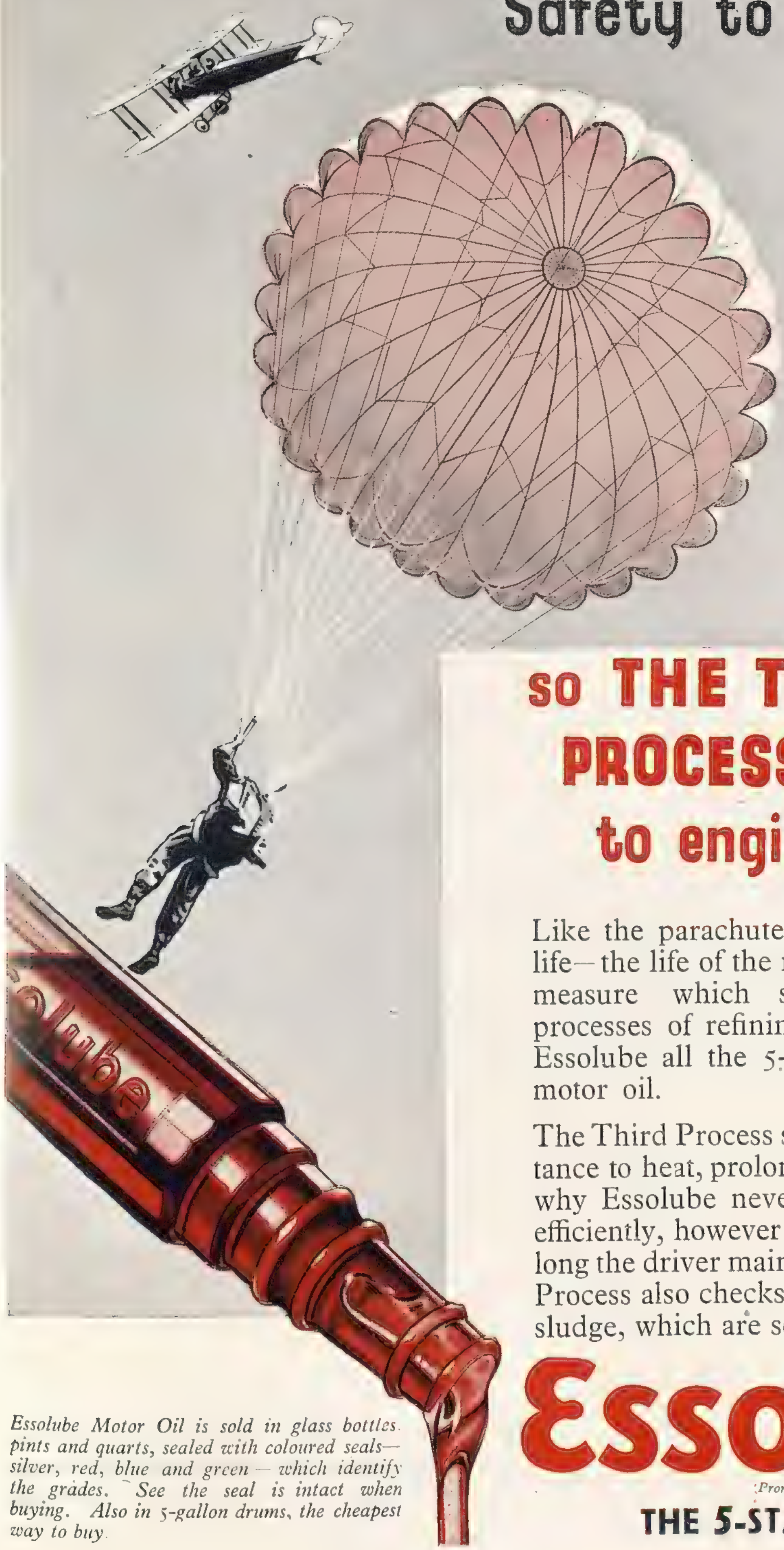
STEERING: good, definite.

SPRINGING: admirable for high speeds: good road-holding.

COACHWORK: good looking, comfortable.

PRICE: with saloon body, £510.

As the parachute adds Safety to Flying



so THE THIRD PROCESS adds safety to engine lubrication

Like the parachute, The Third Process saves life—the life of the motor engine. It is an added measure which supplements the ordinary processes of refining and blending, and gives Essolube all the 5-star qualities of the perfect motor oil.

The Third Process strengthens Essolube's resistance to heat, prolongs the life of the oil. That is why Essolube never gets too thin to lubricate efficiently, however hot the weather or however long the driver maintains high speed. The Third Process also checks the formation of carbon and sludge, which are so ruinous to the engine.

Essolube Motor Oil is sold in glass bottles, pints and quarts, sealed with coloured seals—silver, red, blue and green—which identify the grades. See the seal is intact when buying. Also in 5-gallon drums, the cheapest way to buy.

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Reward for Thirst . . .

Sparkling Grape-Fruit, cooling, thirst-destroying, fresh as the newly picked fruit itself, sipped gently, slowly through long, lean straws — what better reward for thirsts than

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

New South Wind

(*Continued from page 23.*)

Whether or no, while one Guard unsheathed his sword and smote the behind of the woman with the flat of it, his comrade drew his revolver and held the men until reinforcements arrived. Whereupon the Americans were bundled off to prison; and there they had to remain all last summer and autumn, at the end of which time they were glad to mobilize 5,000 depreciated dollars for the privilege of being expelled from the Island.

As I say, I was pretty certain I had come to the right spot for excess and eccentricity in exile. Extraordinary women and drug addicts were pointed out to me. Hermits and derelicts. I only had to keep my eyes open up at Terreno, Palma's *extranjero* suburb, to determine all the accepted perquisites of the pepped-up sophisticated hedonism of the bronzing age. Here was the cosmopolitan keepaway of several sexes, only odder. Majorca has a special line in sandals and in flapping straw hats and shopping bags, and everyone seemed to belong to the club, even when riding bicycles, a richly-coloured club if ever there was one, since these *extranjeros* also seemed to have assimilated in their scantiest raiment large layers of the Island's marvellous colour offering. When I passed by, in May, the place was the most magical glory of flowers I have ever seen. One would stop, struck to the road, and simply stare. What a thrill you can get from colour. Natural or contrived.. The rose-windows in the Cathedral also did the trick. However, we were talking about oddness. When I said point-blank to a leading British resident: "What is the principal attraction in Majorca?" and he unhesitatingly replied: "Drink—the cheapness and quality of it," I said to myself, "So that's it"—and had some. Lots; in fact, too much. The effect upon an unacclimatised one was disastrous. It was only a matter of alternating Orange blossoms and burly local wine, but three things happened at once and what I shall term "*svindstroke*" resulted. I had treated the southern sun too lightly; a south wind was blowing; and—there was that deceptive local *vino*. A heady island, I decided—and repaired to my hotel for repairs.

SUCH had been the beginning. Majorca soon reconjured those international stay-aways and strange people that Norman Douglas once unforgettably mobilised on his Nepenthe, where the south wind also did such odd things to the foreign colony. There is even similarity between the extraordinary fortunes of the missionary Dodekanus, patron of Nepenthe, and those of the missionary Ramon Lull, patron of Mallorca, of whom one reads that "his youth was spent in loose and riotous living, and many colourful stories are told about this period of his life. At 30, he had five separate visions and, taking a Moorish slave, ascended Mt. Randa, where he remained eight years studying Arabic and receiving divine inspiration . . he made three missionary expeditions to North Africa, the first two leading to imprisonment and expulsion, and the last, when he was 80 years old, resulting in his being stoned to death by the mob at Bugia." As for the caprices of Aeolus in each island, Majorca's south wind blows regularly for several hours in the middle of the day during the summer months, a moist, clammy enervating performance. It must be very much the same as Capri's in its effects, but whereas Nepenthe's variety blew and blows o'er a cliffy, hothouse settlement of expatriates for ever unable to avoid treading on mutual toes at street corners, this sirocco of twenty years later is wafted towards a large-scale, pushing island of leaping population. The whole thing is vastly more spread out, excess and eccentricity being but patches in the wider foreign mosaic; while it is clearly a case of other times, other tastes, even with the queer ones. Not the same mortals are lapped by this new south wind. The Nepentheists of 1934 may also have come in search of sun and wine and beauty and do-nothing and cheapness and tranquillity or forgetfulness, but they are more active and social, better versed in the affairs of the day, and far better turned out, both physically and otherwise, more enterprising and less neurotic than ever could have been their forerunners. To borrow from the Inter-Slang Society, they go places, sit up and take nourishment. They have interests. They don't just hang around in stagnant self-pandering.

Well—the Blackshirt advent altered goings-on on Nepenthe, and I am much afraid something akin threatens in Majorca and that this ultimate Continental stronghold of inveterate stayaways, pathological and other, may soon be engaged in a form of Wilson's Last Stand. It is a pity. This kind of hothouse vegetation ought to be preserved, like the Cotswolds. At least a solitary specimen should be. But I've watched them go down one by one. And now we may be in danger of losing the last. I could give you half a dozen operative reasons. Angry political clouds brood over the Balearics, bringing constraint and regimentation, also far too many thundering lorries piled with troops, plus the general trappings of militarisation. The builder's crazy hand is everywhere, overdoing it—as if matters would always be the same as when people were not allowed to land from liners for lack of accommodation or food ashore! Again: Once upon a time Americans swarmed in response to

LIVE AT MAJORCA AT A DOLLAR A DAY

—but those days are over. And the hand of Hitlerism lies heavy on the German majority element, impoverishing as it also intimidates. In general, there's no more money available from home, and this, added to the fall in dividends affecting the more stable element, has put lots of the *extranjeros* in a dilemma and sent many away. Majorca may be the cheapest place I know. There's a retired scrivener living, all included and on Palma Bay, at 4s. a day, and he said it was O.K., while I was told that up country all over the place are studded chronic won't-go-homes or can't-ditto who manage on as little as three pesetas a day, though it usually means isolation in a peasant family. All this may be so, but you must have *something*. And that is what many seem to be progressively not having, particularly as spending sojourners incline to thin out. Not a few resident *extranjeros* used to "help matters" via these transients—pensions, shops, bars, services, hard luck stories. An unpleasant drawback is that the Mallorquins will not allow foreigners to take jobs as salaried employees, only as employers. They won't allow foreign professional men to function at all. An exception is made in the case of one English doctor, but a Spanish colleague countersigns all his prescriptions.

The Americans were the first to crack, and when I arrived I found a repatriation fund afoot for stranded U.S. citizens. For whom may the next fund be necessary? Austrians? Germans? Hungarians? French? Italians? English? Swiss? Three or four thousand of all kinds remain, of which the overwhelming number are Anglo-German (1,500 German, 800 British).

I mentioned constraint. I was surprised by the amount of it that surrounds the visitor, which only goes to show that monarchy can mean greater liberty, as has often been said. I was chatting with a young Englishman who had shared my cabin from Barcelona, both of us lolling on the rail watching the gangway go down, when abruptly from behind came: "*Paseport!*" Three or four police, or whatever they were, closed in on us and there followed a lengthy process of scrutiny and stamping and listing of details. That over, our baggage was rummaged through and I was asked what a small bottle contained. Salt. That didn't click at all, apparently, because one fellow said he'd like to see more of me below on the quay. "Oh, hell!" said I. "What's all this?" Weren't we on an island, by all accounts a very free-and-easy one?

No, we were not. I was later to learn that there is much dope smuggling locally, and that my salt was suspected of being heroin or cocaine. I explained that if they'd give me an egg I'd demonstrate. One gathered that tobacco smuggling prevailed on a colossal scale, and that a policeman had the right to pluck from the hand of anyone, in public, any packet that he may spot as contraband. That sounded lovely. Nor was it all. As we were preparing to move off, we were informed that we should be required to report within three days, both to our Consulate and to the police. I was beginning to think that the best thing in Palma might be the boat back to Barcelona. Never, round Europe, had I had such a hedged-in reception. But this reporting business was also explained to me. The Republican Government in Madrid, feeling itself none too secure, is fearful of monkey tricks in the strategical Balearics, and everyone landing there must be known and reknown to the authorities, who, among other things, entertain a lively fear of espionage as local fortifications and harbours are developed and altered. The régime has well and truly got a spy-bug at the moment. They have arrested several Englishmen, among a host of others, already this year. One of the former I was to meet in Palma, following his release. A very bright young soul. His yacht was burnt off Vigo and he and two friends were arrested, the police alleging that the fire had been provoked to get rid of compromising charts and papers in an emergency. Prison. But young Mr. Stebbings had a brainwave. He dispatched a sheaf of cables to influential England—to Whitehall, to Fleet Street, I believe, even to the Archbishop of Canterbury—with the result that the next day the British Vice-Consul at Vigo was snowed under with urgent return wires urging that the trinity be immediately un-prisoned, and on the Consul's showing of these alarming signatures, the thing was done. Which is what I call resource. Among the younger generation.

A second local surprise is the absence of privacy in one's personal life. Of course, I know islands are ingrowing chattering-boxes of people sick and tired of meeting each other. I've lived on several: Jersey, Guernsey, Bréhat, Belle Isle, Corsica, Malta, Capri, and a few more smaller fry. But a new terror has come to Majorca. If, thinking to duck the conventions, you have the place in mind, you'd better reconsider. It would be an ideal spot for a *solitude à deux*—breath-taking Formentor seems just made for that and naught else that I could determine—but if you want to get away with it, call her your niece or cousin or something—and I'm not so sure they're educated up to "cousin" yet, locally. Majorca possesses the most alarming English-speaking Press, to wit, two dailies and a weekly.

In Majorca, you live in reportorial limelight, some of it American, "keeping tabs on people." And pretty hungry reporters just now, celebrities being few. The best I saw was Robert Graves, who lives near Palma. He wore a bright red scarf as stock, and I very nearly went over and told him his young brother and I had once executed a journalistic *tour-de-force*, but the Graves are a curious family—I knew Philip in Palestine and I wasn't *absolutely* certain if Robert knew Charles. Natacha Rambova, Valentino's widow, was also in red—pyjamas; and Cecil Aldin lives out at pretty Camp de Mar with his sketching kennels. And that's about all, so that this foreign Fleet Street is driven back on keeping a beam permanently fixed on everybody who is nobody, even to how long they stay in bars, though, of course, on occasion there's the real stuff:

> One day last week at Mrs. Bloom's Emporium, the usual humdrum question of "What time does

(*Continued on page* 94)

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the eleven-fifteen bus leave?" was suddenly replaced by: "But Doug darling, you must, you simply *must* have these slippers! Gertrude Lawrence went into a song and dance over Jugoslavian slippers, while Douglas Fairbanks Jr. nonchalantly turned a few cartwheels and hung carelessly from the beams. They all, that is, Gertie and Lizzie and Gertie's daughter, decided that Doug darling must have the slippers, until finally Doug's resistance was no more, whereupon the largest size was produced, and in the grand manner he bought a quarter of a dozen pairs. By that time everybody was very gay. Doug asked Mrs. Bloom what she was doing so far from home, to which she answered that she'd like to know herself, which brought tears to Doug's eyes, he being a very tender-hearted lad, and he shook her hand saying that he hoped some day she would find out. They left in a mad dash to catch the boat back to Formentor.

Item:

Mrs. McCalmont expects to remain for several months, and is writing enthusiastic articles about Mallorca for French and English magazines.

Item:

There's been a fever of parties breaking out attended by the usual party-going members. You are sure to see the Tattons, the Harrises, the Roses, the Wallaces, the Lincolns, the Westons, the Duanes, the Chanters, Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Massy, Miss Doris Nevin without her bicycle, Captain Bodell without his tennis racket, and so forth and so forth . . .

Item:

It was a grand afternoon for Jaime Pericás, the Mallorquin *Novillero*, at the bull-ring last Sunday; not so grand for the old white horse that had to face the bull five times, and was finally killed . . . I was glad to see that the crowd was furious at this utterly heartless piece of pettifogging economy, and that the Spanish papers commented strongly on it. Neither Spaniards nor foreigners like unnecessary cruelty, and this sort of thing can only keep many people away from the fights.

"Jaimito" escaped by a miracle being badly gored. He showed that he was a master of the cape, and his work with the *muleta* was classical, finished and emotional. After his tossing, which ripped his breeches to the waist, he killed superbly with a thrust to the hilt. He was deservedly awarded both ears and the tail.

Niño de la Estrella's killing was messy in the extreme.

The *picing* was bad, except for one *picador* who was applauded for holding the bull well off his horse; nor were the *banderillas* placed with any marked distinction.

Good for Jaime Pericás; but pretty rotten for the old white horse . . .

How do these journals pay? They circulate over in Spain, too. The largest touches 1,200 copies, many given free for advertising purposes. I may add that, viewed with the professional eye, *The Majorca Sun* and *The Palma Post* are much the best efforts of their kind that I've come across.

At this stage I find that I've said nothing about anything, so I'll have to buck up. Let's start in on the natives.

The Mallorquins are not at all easy to look at. I saw only one local girl that I shouldn't have turned round at, the whole time I was in Palma. Officially, "the origin of these people is unknown." Fudge. Heavily North African. Listen to labourers singsonging at their hire and the noise is 100 per cent. Moorish. The natives are now in that state of sullen acquiescence towards the rather alarming *extranjero* best conveyed by: "They're daft and privileged parasites, and we'd gladly feed them to the bulls, only they bring money." Aniseed is their whitish poison at 7d. a bottle, and strong and good wine at about tuppence. Breakfast consists of coffee, bread and oil. Midday means inevitably one kind of *sopa* or another—a dish of vegetables fried in oil and water, soaked up with slices of saltless brown bread, the whole cooked together and well spiced. The same at eventide, plus perhaps small fishes (the natives are too lazy to fish well for the market, as they could do by going out a little). Meals are taken in low, white-washed kitchens, the family much of the year hugging an open pan of charcoal. Everything is spotlessly white-wash, but highly insanitary, pigsties and things. Besides enjoying by far the cheapest living in the Western world, the natives have a lucky, fertile isle, doing a rich export commerce in oil, fruit, vegetables, almonds. It also breeds pigs, has minerals, and brings up silkworms. The lord of all this is Señor Juan March, Spain's richest man, who was this spring triumphantly acclaimed after bribing his way out of prison in Cadiz (the Governor went with him), where he had long lain on a political charge. He is now selling out in Spain and concentrating on Majorca, where he has four residences and the chief bank. What is he "in"? What isn't he in! I know I'd love to get him to write a book, *Secrets of the Middle Sea*, with special reference to war time. . . .

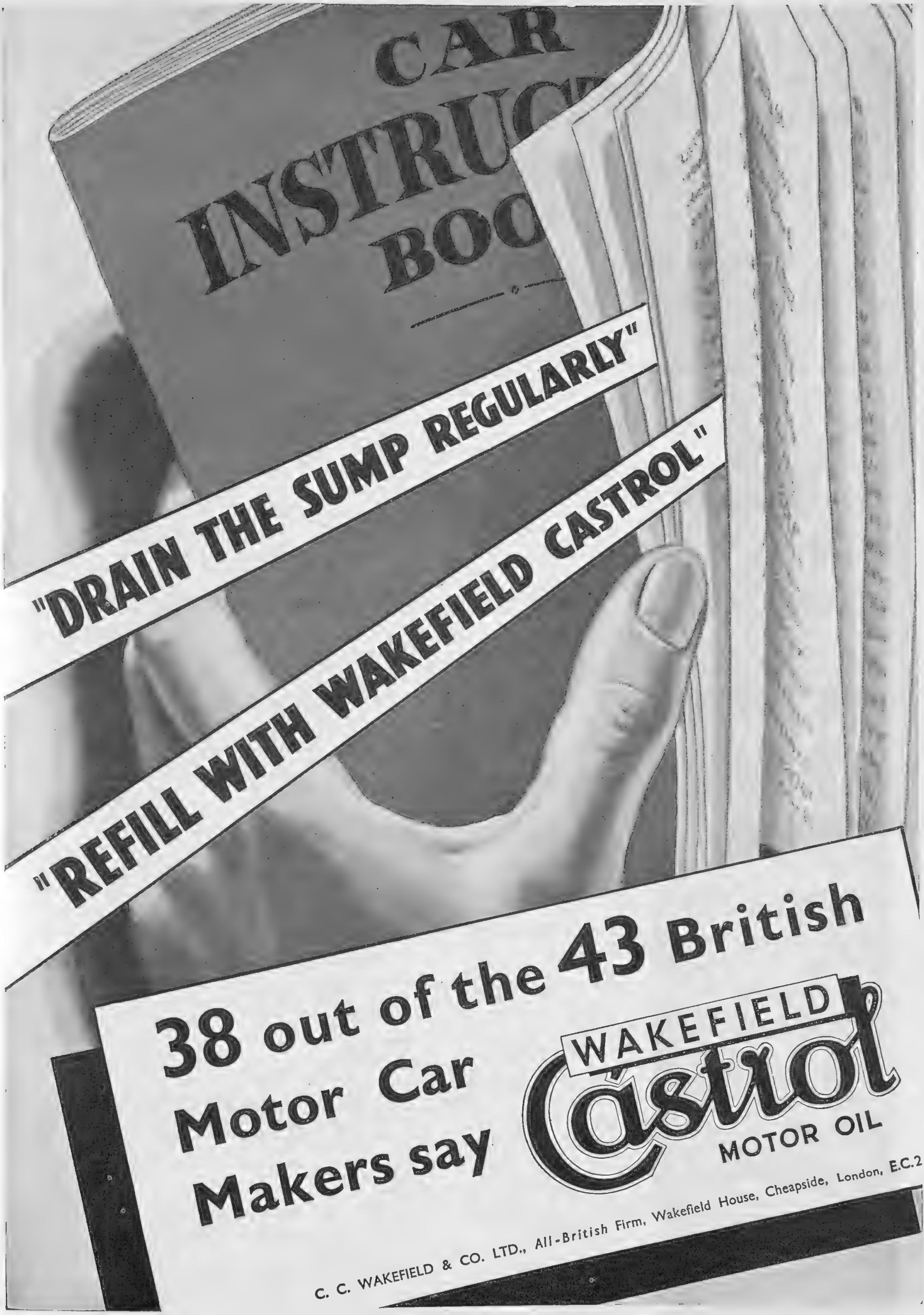
Lucky, fertile Majorca. Also: secret, mysterious isle. Look where it is situate, so wonderfully central. All day long I could watch a shipping panorama from the terrace of my hotel. Consider the matchless harbours and coves. All night long smuggling goes on—often tobacco will be sunk in "crabs" by visiting vessels, to be picked up by confederates rowing out from shore. The chug-chug of the patrol boats sometimes kept me awake. But these craft are only manned by three men who can do little save "shake defiance" at the bigger smuggling smacks. This is what happened one night with the *San Bartolomé*, which got away after opening fire. She flew the British flag. Many of the smuggling ships do, though entirely Spanish. *Contrabando* is the suppressed topic of the island. Even officialdom blithely smokes contraband in its bureaux. What odds if the State, which has a monopoly, loses?

The Balearics are sheathed in more mystery than smuggling. During the War great fortunes were made by insuring vessels and their cargoes and then having them conveniently sunk by appointment in these waters, which were also the happy refilling and revictualling ground of U-boats, also by appointment.

Mallorcan morality needs manicuring in other respects. There's bribery. Bribery seems to be the Mallorquin's middle name. Said an Englishman: "When I decided to settle here two years ago I wanted all manner of household fittings out from home. Altogether they weighed 19 tons on arrival. I got the whole lot through for a 25 pesetas bribe." This informant was also eloquent on drink costs. He swears by a white Masarino at 7d. a bottle, and quoted Gordon's and Scotch at 8s. In the bars they serve you a large-size purest gin and orange juice cocktail at under fivepence a whack. Oranges lie about the fields, and the gin is untaxed. There are no taxes. Lucky Mallorquins. But curious customers. "The young men dance together. The girls are really only allowed out once a year, at Carnival, often with distressing consequences. One of my Mallorquin friends (my English speaking acquaintance) once boasted to me that he was growing quite liberal-minded on the woman question. 'I let my wife go everywhere,' he explained, 'but I always follow her.' The Mallorquin will visit you in your home, but he will not want you to return the compliment. He'd think it an indecent intrusion. Once, my dentist almost shushed me away when he found me talking to his wife in the hall." Unfortunately, the Spaniards do not always extend to foreign women the immunity they would have for their own. In my hotel was a well-known B.B.C. exponent, who related: "These ——! Four times my wife has been accosted while out alone. I thought she might be safe carrying the baby, but it made no difference at all!"

I mentioned bars. These loom largely in the social life of the peppier Palma and Terreno *extranjeros*. A series of articles was appearing about them. *Victor's*: "A jolly little place amusingly decorated, Victor's shaker accompanying Leté at the piano and a guest now and then taking up the guitar. The prices are really staggering." With this last remark I entirely agree. Staggering. *Joe's* was the first of all and is "a small, quiet bar, no

(*Continued on page* 96)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gramophone, people do not dance, and after the evening cocktail hour it firmly closes down. More of a club; casual strangers don't go there. But Mr. 'Mat' Mather, genial Canadian banker, will drink his regulation two Martinis at noon, tell you the latest funny story, and depart with a 'Well, may the Lord love you!'" *Lena's:* "About tea-time a different crowd comes in, mostly the aged English, who would rather die than miss their five o'clock cup of tea. And they sit and gossip until somebody says: 'Well, what about one for the road?' And they have one, and maybe two." Which sounds an awful lot of tea to have at a session. The *Morisco:* "A big bar, a gay bar, a cosmopolitan bar, open for dancing far into the night. Despite its size, the Moorish decorations and heavy hangings contrive to give it a cosy, intimate atmosphere. Billy and Charly, who run it, are young Germans of perfect manners, who show no sign of getting frayed even after the most hectic evening." *Turkey Bar:* "A queer place with a mysterious blue sign, opens late, closes late, and a non-stop gramophone, and the Baroness calling you, 'my dee-urr!'"

There are others besides, including open-air places like Los Pinos where bronzed, nordic dream children dance with their gallants until comes the dawn—literally. Palma is thoroughly southern, siesta-ing in the hot hours and living by night. The palm I should certainly give to the fair German girls who burn so beautifully—I imply their fair skins. For expensive night-work, there's the Trocadero, where young Coty, of not-so-good memory, crashed in with a party off his yacht one early morn. And there's the Andalusia for *les girls* from Barcelona. But the most interesting of the bunch is the outdoor café filling the Plaza Gomila at Terreno, where you see everybody, a proper salad of foreigner and local. Down in Palma, the Mallorquins of quality and the officers are on view at the Alhambra, but beware of entering in the summer undress, as I did. The authorities have set aside noisy, bustling Terreno, of incessant motor traffic, as the foreign zoo. Not even pyjamas are permitted down in Palma.

I am not going on a Cook's tour of the island. Go there by all means, and go by sea: 8 days, £8, is sometimes possible. Nine out of ten people will fall for Majorca; if I didn't entirely, perhaps that's because I may have been spoilt forever by the High Pyrenees in early summer, fresh and green, silent and away, place whence one could tip fingers with eternity. I found Majorca too volcanic of soil, dried up, crags and cactus, too rocky underfoot and too reminding of the horrid Corsican maquis. Another complaint is the absence of handy, lying-out sand beaches and the dirtiness of the water where they do bathe from the Terreno hotels. But don't mind me. Go to Majorca in April-May and October-November. Go over the mountains to lovely little Soller Port and let them show you where Chopin and George Sand loved intellectually, in cells, up at Valldemosa. Go and see Victor. And if you want to see grottos and caves, which I never do, go to Drach. I went to Formentor and had the most lovely bathe, enjoying it as much as the Marquis must have done. And on the way back I met an English lady in Pollenza and over the sherry she told of complete mental stagnation, absolutely nothing for an intelligent person to do. Why stay? Cost. Only £6 a month for a modern furnished house, and everything else in proportion. And her daughter had got a silly little hotel job and loved it. While we were sipping, her daughter came in and, picking up a Spanish paper, read that the Spanish Fleet was coming back. She skipped, she flushed, she clapped her hands. "*Oh, Mother! Isn't it just too gorgeous!*"

I hope I haven't overdone the jazz side because there's a good deal of that absentee Mother in Majorca, hidden tragedies of pride or poverty or self-sacrifice tucked away in the countryside, with little save bridge and books and the *Times* and teas to relieve the monotony. Time was when all and sundry might vary things by visits to one of the other islands or to "the Big City" (Barcelona). Even so, fares remain perfectly laughable. You can get across to Ibiza, six hours away and where the quietude fans are re-settling, away from exploited Palma, for 6s., and I returned to Barcelona, an all night journey in a slap-up oil steamer, for 5s. 6d. I slept on deck, rugged up in the balmy night. The rug cost a shilling. And in Barcelona your avid Mallorcan *extranjero* will make the round of the Barrio Chino, starting with the Apolo and ending in the Criolla, with its made-up, hopeful waiter-boys. The only thing that nauseated in Barcelona, last million-city on the Continent where they are still enjoying themselves.

Majorca is to have a one hour's air service from the Big City. Her harbours are to be dredged to the tune of another £800,000, so that the biggest liners may disgorge their tourists-of-a-day whose passage already enlivens so. A funicular is to be built up 5,000 ft. Puig Mayor. Majorca is going to be *developed*. Where they now check: "63 arrivals, 23 departures during the week—net gain of 38 visitors to the Island," they hope to be dealing in hundreds. Going down to meet or see off the boat (leading Palma attraction for the self-exiles) should be replaced by a socially-exciting aerodrome parallel. It all sounds grand, but I'm glad I saw Majorca and its *extranjeros* when I did.

Keeping the Children Happy on Holiday

(*Continued from page 63*)

ON an average, there are more "Don'ts!" to the square inch on a seaside beach than in any other place where children are assembled to enjoy themselves.

Frayed tempers among toddlers are too often due to the perpetual obstruction by their elders in the vital business of finding out about everything.

One cannot, of course, allow the young two-year-old to wade out, fully clothed, up to his armpits in water, but by first removing the clothes and wading out with him until he is satisfied by investigation that the water is stronger than he, and not at all pleasant when it sweeps him off his feet, he will probably be quite content to remain dry.

This simple expedient is often successful when obstinate naughtiness is inspired by curiosity.

Over-excitement and fatigue undo much of the good that a change of air does to young children on holiday. Sleep should be as long and as regular as usual.

Sweets and ice creams and similar menaces from the beach vendor's basket should be tactfully restricted, and too much physical activity in the heat of the day discouraged.

I doubt if any kind of holiday gives more pleasure to children than those spent on a farm where they are allowed to help with the work in hand. Their occupation carries a dash of responsibility and they have a sense of personal importance in their tasks.

Jobs like drawing water from the well, for instance, provide them with an opportunity to show their skill and resourcefulness —always unadulterated pleasure to children.

Haymaking is glorious fun. It provides an outlet for their inexhaustible energy and it is creative.

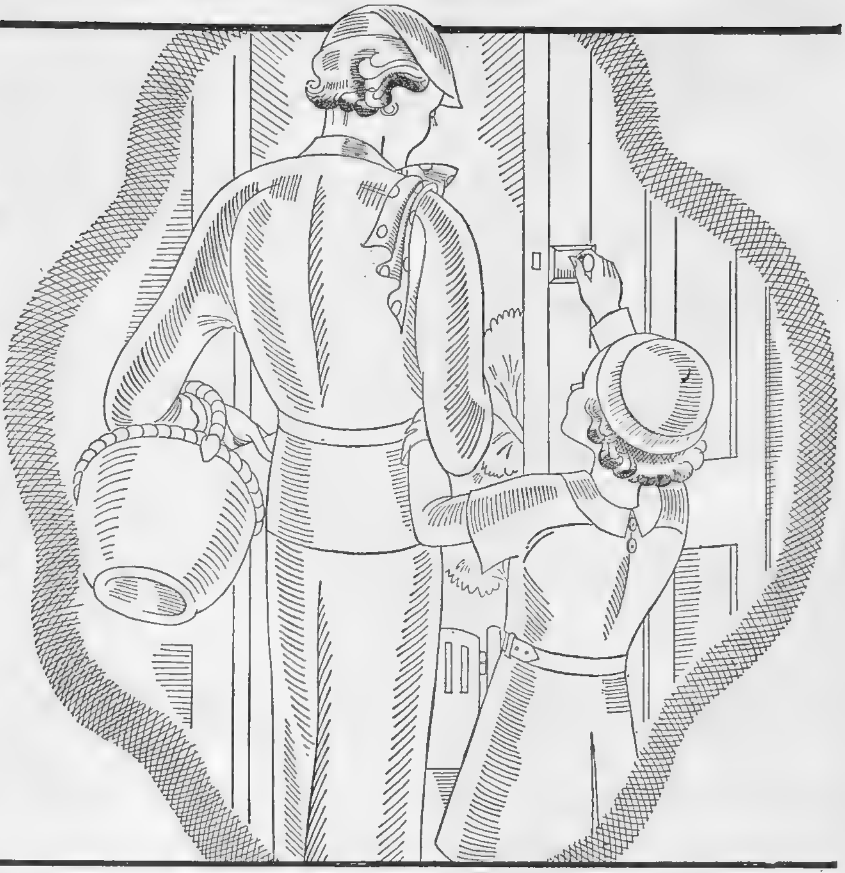
Children of all ages love to be *doing*. Give them something to make, something to accomplish, something to knock down and build up again.

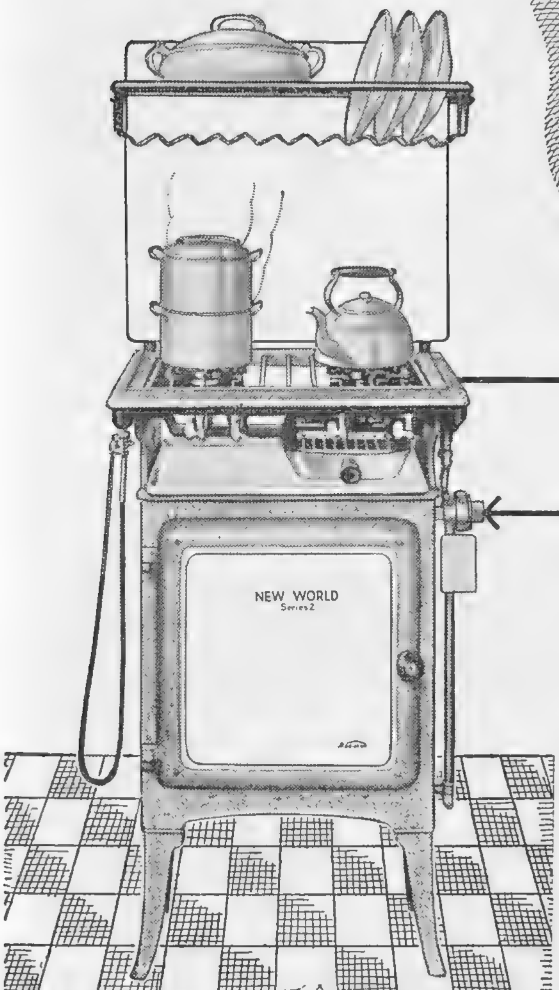
Occasionally they will knock down one of your dearest possessions, but if you are properly resigned to your fate you will overlook it, perhaps even regard it with pride.

That's parenthood?

END

No need to worry about the dinner . .





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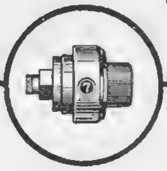

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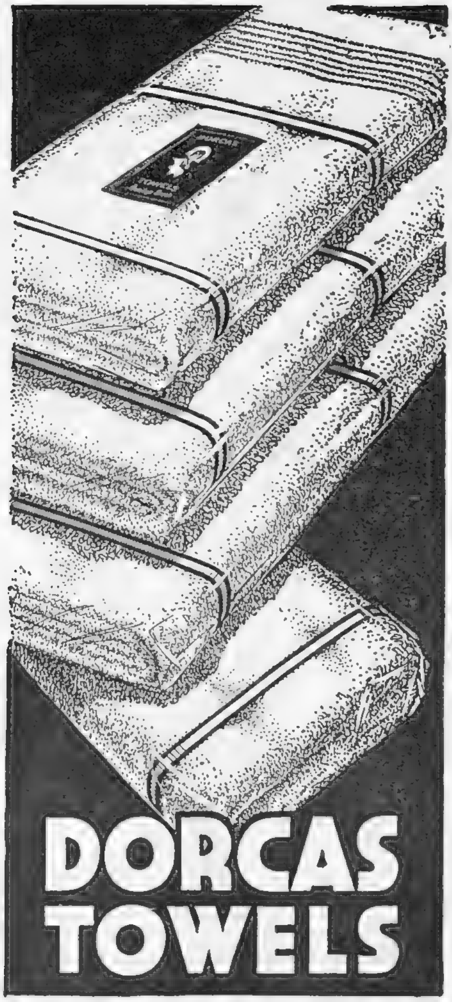

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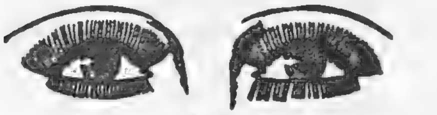

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Shandrake

(Continued from page 27)

Thompson's case I don't suppose the Spahi Captain had ever given a thought to the fact she had a father. As I passed their table Miss Thompson looked up for an instant; she appeared to me to be radiantly happy. She was still in the "love and be loved" stage. My guess that she had anything to do with Shandrake might be the wildest conjecture. Anyway, I should know before very long.

I went into the hotel and looked round to see if I could see any sign of Shandrake. He was not in the lounge. Possibly he was still in his room. I went upstairs and knocked on the door. He called out: "Come in," thinking I suppose that I was a servant, for when I opened the door he did not move or look round. He was sitting at the window looking down on the terrace. As I walked up to him I saw he could see the table where Miss Thompson and the Spahi Captain were sitting. He was in fact watching the pair intently. I had to make a lightning decision. Should I tell him I had heard about Miss Thompson? I decided not. If she was anything to do with him it would be better that he talked first to me.

"Aren't you coming out?" I said.

He started at the sound of my voice.

"Hullo! You! I thought it was one of the servants. No, I'm going to stay here. I think I got a touch of the sun on the ferry crossing the Mekong. I've told them to bring me some food up and shall go to bed."

SHANDRAKE looked ill; his face was pinched and there were sweat beads on his forehead. I did not like leaving him alone in that room.

"I should try to come down; maybe you'll feel better if you get out in the air. What about hiring a car and having a run round?"

Shandrake shook his head, "I'd rather stay where I am. You go."

This was just what I did not want to do. I did not want to leave him as long as he had that gun in his pocket. I sat down on the foot of his bed.

"I met a fellow who says he can take me to see Cambodian dancing after dinner. Would you care to come along?"

To my surprise Shandrake's face lit up. "Yes, I would like to see Cambodian dancing. I shan't come down to dinner though; couldn't stand the clatter of the plates."

I guessed that there might be another reason why Shandrake did not want to come down to dinner. The restaurant of the Grand Hotel was the only place in Pnom Penh to dine. The Spahi Captain and the English girl were sure to be there. If "Miss Thompson" had anything to do with Shandrake, he had reasons for not wishing her to see him.

I had an idea of leaving Shandrake in his room and going up to the Spahi Captain and telling him that an Englishman whom I believed had something to do with the girl he had run away with, had come to Pnom Penh with a gun in his pocket. If I did that the fellow would go to the police and Shandrake would be arrested. On the other hand it was possible that Shandrake had nothing to do with Miss Thompson and I should only get snubbed for my trouble. It would be better to wait until something definite transpired. I believed I could look after Shandrake as long as he was with me.

"All right," I said: "you have dinner up here; I'll come and fetch you when it's time to go and see the Cambodian dancers."

"Thanks," Shandrake answered without turning his head. He was staring down at those two on the terrace; the expression in his eyes was really rather terrible.

I dined alone in the restaurant. I saw the English girl and her Spahi officer at a table in the corner; the girl still appeared to be blissfully happy; poor little fool! How long did she think it would last? I watched them all through the meal. It was obvious that she was the one that was in love. The Spahi officer was tiring of her, if not already tired. Signs of this which had not been evident on the terrace showed now there was an opportunity to watch the pair together over a prolonged period.

Jack Silva's orchestra played during dinner. He came over to my table when they had finished.

"We go to see Cambodian dancers when you ready," he said.

I told him about Shandrake wanting to come with us. Jack Silva said that would be all right. He had ordered a car which was waiting outside the main entrance of the hotel. I went off to get Shandrake. As I passed the table where the English girl and her Spahi were sitting I noticed they were quarrelling. The storm had probably been working up for some while; the Spahi officer first trying petting, then appeal to reason, then polite but firm refusal; finally, after the fashion of his race, going straight up in the air. At any rate, he went up in the air as I passed. He shook the girl's hand off his arm, jumped to his feet, and said: "Fiche moi le camp!" Which is a very rude thing to say in French. "I am through with you" is a rough translation.

I hurried out into the hall. I did not want Shandrake to come into the restaurant at that moment. The girl was crying; the Spahi officer was reaching for his cap.

Shandrake was standing in the hall. I hurried him into the car before the Spahi officer came out. Jack Silva joined us and we set off for the place where the Cambodian dancers performed. The dancing display was given at a Chinese restaurant. It was a private show run on the same principle that geishas are engaged in Japan or singing girls in China. Silva had reserved a room for us and ordered two dancers.

Our car stopped outside a flaringly-lit building in the native quarter. We climbed up some glass-fronted steps and found ourselves on the upper floor of a Chinese restaurant. The rich smell of Chinese cooking permeated the air. Private rooms, partitioned off, ran along either side of a long corridor. From the end of the corridor there came the high-pitched voice of a Chinese singing girl. We entered one of the compartments and sat down on hard, shiny black wood benches. Silva ordered beer and bowls of chop suey; we had just finished dinner, but apparently in a Chinese restaurant guests are expected to eat as well as drink. Then the Cambodian dancers came in. They were picturesque little creatures, in their high golden headdresses, with dead white painted faces. The dance consisted almost entirely of lissom movements of their arms and long tapering fingers; occasionally they swayed their bodies from above the waist. Shandrake gaped at them, and I do not think he saw any meaning in the dance. Jack Silva had seen Cambodian dancing too often to have any feeling for it. For my part, as I watched the white-painted expressionless faces of the two girls, there was something in the rhythm of the dance that grew upon me. I felt as if I had been carried back into a world that lived two thousand years ago. As indeed I had reason to feel, for frescoes of the dancing goddess Asparas show that she might be a Cambodian dancer of the present day, even to the minutest details of her dress.

THE display tended to get one into a mood in keeping with our exotic surroundings. I forgot all about the English girl and her Spahi officer; I even forgot about the gun in Shandrake's pocket.

As the last dance ended I was brought back to everyday affairs. The swing door leading to our private compartment opened brusquely, and a subaltern of the Infanterie Coloniale walked in. He hailed Jack Silva boisterously, looked round at us and the two dancing girls, and

(Continued on page 100.)

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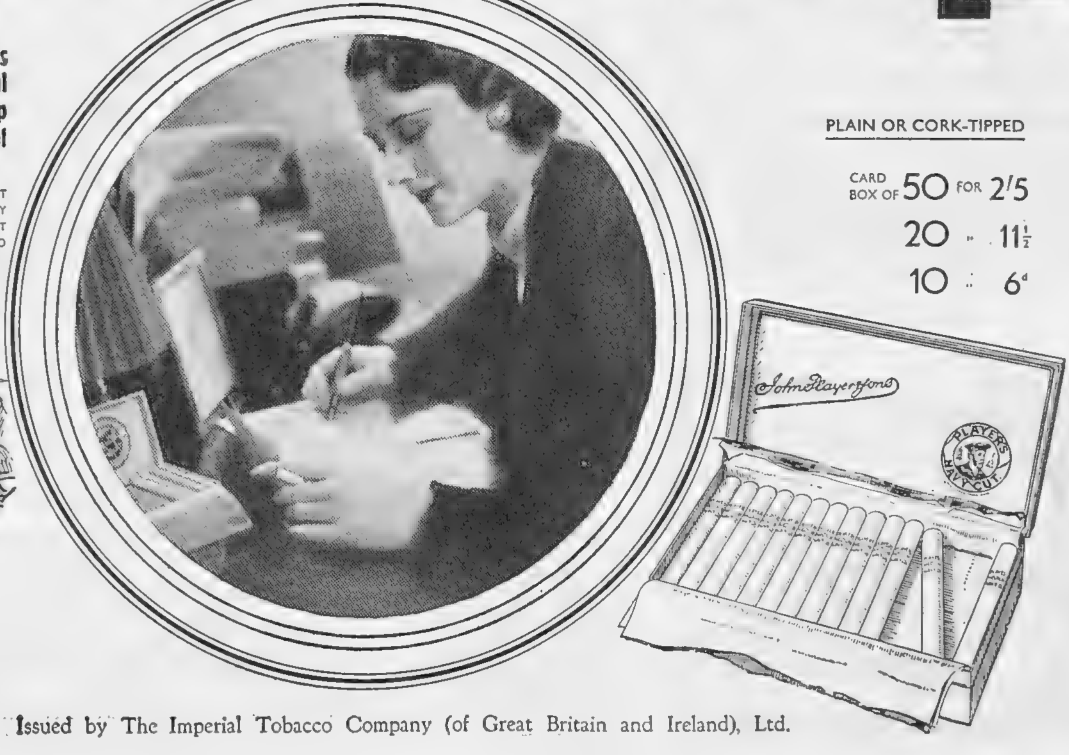

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said in French that he was with a party of friends in the next compartment, and wanted us all to come in and join them. As he would take no refusal, we went with him.

In the next room we found his two companions. They were stretched out on couches placed on either side of a small table, on which paraphernalia for opium smoking was set out. Both were dressed in uniform of French officers; one was holding an opium pipe over the lamp; the other had his back half turned and appeared fast asleep; a sky-blue Spahi cap lay on the floor near him.

I turned to Shandrake. He stood in the middle of the room, staring down at the Spahi officer. I suppose I should there and then have grabbed Shandrake's arm. The phrase "he looked as if he would have liked to kill somebody" exactly describes the expression in Shandrake's eyes. I felt absolutely certain now that my suspicions were correct. Shandrake had come out to Indo-China because of "Miss Thompson." She might be his daughter; she might be something else. But she was the reason he had come out.

As for that young Spahi officer, the East had taken him. There are many other white men like him in Indo-China. Claude Farrère's novel still rings true to-day. Shandrake had told me so, but I had not believed him till I saw this scene with my own eyes.

I looked down at that drug-sodden Spahi. I thought of the scene I had witnessed in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel. "*Fiche moi le camp,*" he had told the English girl. So he was through with her! He had enticed her away from her home, brought her out to the East, grown tired of her, and now he did not care what happened. As a study of villainy in still life the motionless body of the Spahi stretched out by the opium stool would have appealed to Hogarth. The picture did not appeal to me. I had no longer any inclination to intervene in his affairs.

I looked at Shandrake. His face was set like a Benda mask; it was horrible to look at. I wondered if all men's faces became like that when they were going to kill. I saw that his right hand was moving in his hip-pocket. I could easily have caught his wrist, but I did not move.

Keeping his hand in his pocket and his eyes upon the Spahi, Shandrake spoke to the Infanterie Coloniale subaltern; his accent was the accent of an Englishman who had lived in Paris.

"He is often like that?" Shandrake asked, pointing to the Spahi.

"No; it is the first time he has been here," the Infanterie Coloniale subaltern answered. "We make him come with us and try a pipe of opium for a joke. He is not accustomed; first he very sick and now he sleeps."

"A joke!" said Shandrake.

The subaltern noticed the scorn in his voice; he looked a little shamefaced. "He had the cafard—how you say in English? The 'pip.' We tell him if he smoke one pipe he forget his troubles."

"Why had he the pip?"

"He have a quarrel with his wife." The subaltern laughed a little nervously; he had observed, as I had, the look in Shandrake's eyes.

"*His wife!*"

I shall never forget the way Shandrake spoke those two words.

"Si." The subaltern nodded. "She is really his wife, though nobody knows it; all the world thinks she is his little companion. She calls herself 'Miss.' It is done expressly on account of the career of Jules. He is upon the staff of the Administrator-General; he is concerned with matters of military organisation; it might injure him if it were known that he was married to a foreigner; you understand, Messieurs. It is the same thing in England, is it not?" The Infanterie Coloniale subaltern looked from Shandrake to me; he was obviously nervous. So should I have been had Shandrake been questioning me instead of him.

"Why did they quarrel?" Shandrake asked.

"I will explain; she is a compatriot of yours and I understand that you naturally are interested. It was like this. This evening Jules' wife tell him she wants to go back to Europe; he does not want her to."

So I had got the situation all wrong when I had watched the two at dinner. I made a resolution never again to try to read a woman's thoughts by watching the expression of her face. It is not a bad resolution for any man to make.

"She wants to go back to Europe?" Shandrake repeated.

"Yes, Monsieur. On account of her father. She has had no news from him. She write to tell him she is married and he do not answer."

"When were they married?"

"At Ceylon, by the English Chaplain. Like that they keep the secret."

"I see." Shandrake slowly took his hand out of his hip pocket.

The examination in chief was over; the tension relaxed. I was the only person in the room who knew what might have happened; but I am certain both Jack Silva and the Infanterie Coloniale subaltern had guessed there was something in the air.

Jack Silva said: "Let's go back to the hotel and have a drink."

Shandrake said: "All right; let's take him with us"—he pointed to the Spahi Captain

I CAN give a rough summary of how the matter ended. Shandrake saw his daughter and explanations were exchanged. He did not get her letter saying she was married, because as soon as he found she had run away he got leave of absence from his Paris firm and went after her. He had known of her goings on with the Spahi Captain during the latter's leave in Paris, and guessed where she had gone.

The Spahi Captain on his part was sufficiently shaken up to announce his marriage to the world. No trouble came of it or of his first attempt at opium smoking, which made him so sick that it was most certainly his last.

Shandrake remained on in Indo-China another month. I found him in Saigon on my return from Ankhor. He still intended to go to Yokohama. He never talked about the matter of the gun to me; and I shall never know what he meant to do with it. But I have an idea, if the Spahi Captain had not been married to his daughter and she had refused to go back with him to Europe, he would have shot her, too, rather than leave her to the life of the China ports.

END

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And Now—What ?

(*Continued from page* 13)

average half-wits who monopolise the roads, hadn't as yet turned out. And so they made the distance in good time and were remarkably unscathed. The morning was too lovely for the need to talk. But once, when the limbs of London had been finally escaped, Norah said, " Are you going back to your nigger drive or have you worked that out ? "

" I've worked it out," he answered. " I'm rather at a loose end and on the hunt for a job. They've asked me to contest a by-election and I'm inclined to take it on."

" Wouldn't you choke in that atmosphere of pettifogging talk ? Of course, you're the sort of person who would catch the Speaker's eye—so safe and loyal, I mean. Party first and all that and never a personal kick."

Her flippancy at the mother of Parliaments almost sent him up a post. A poor look-out for the country if hers was the general idea. He was almost inclined to believe that she wore a black shirt next to her skin.

And another time she said, having gazed with love at a garden in which rambler roses bloomed, " How's your heart, old boy ? Isn't it time you settled down and produced a blue-eyed heir ? "

At which he came out startlingly and entirely from his shell. " That's up to my brother now," he told her simply. " I shall always love you."

She touched his arm with her fingers and nearly swallowed a gnat. There was something to be said for Die-hards in spite of their anachronism in this progressive age.

Having threaded their way through men and women in worship of the sun, the men, to Brecon's comfort, in the scantiness of trunks and the women in the three little pieces which even freedom decrees, they found Pamela oiling herself. Bill appeared to be grubbing for food at the bottom of the pool and there were people who looked like the natives of darkest Africa on several of the courts. As it was not quite half-past ten it was pretty certain that they were what Bill called " on the books." The itinerants were in the habit of pouring in to lunch. Most of them stayed to dinner, which was served, if fine, out of doors. Then they danced and bathed again before going their various ways. It was wholly Continental and, as such, a long-felt want. Only the house, a lovely example of fifteenth-century architecture with black uneven beams, and the invulnerable oaks and beeches and wide herbaceous beds, recalled the fact that England was moving with the times.

Brecon had already booked two rooms in the house, which the clerk, after an experienced glance, had marked off side by side, but Norah, before she shed her clothes, went briefly to the bathing pool for a few words with Pam. Brecon marched at her side. They were welcomed with a shout. An arm like ripe mahogany shot up in the Nazi salute. Once more the carrying voice. " Ronny darling, how splendid ! I had a hunch you'd come. And, by gum, you've picked up Norah ! I call that pretty hot stuff. For heaven's sake go and peel and come and bask in the sun."

With a little gurgle of joy Norah turned and fled. She cried out, " Come on, Ronny. Be a sport. A gorgeous day ahead ! "

Well, he'd be a sport. He would be damned if he would spoil her fun for a single moment of it. He would prove that even he, whom she had chucked for unresilience, could be elastic when he chose. The broadening process, eh ? He would dive into inconsistency as bodily as she. And so he followed at a run.

He didn't catch her going up two stairs at a time. He found her in the hall. She had come to a sudden halt. Her expression was one of bewilderment in which horror began to creep. Humiliation and anger were coming into her eyes.

He saw that they were fixed upon a man who was obviously aghast. A man in blue pyjamas between whom and a newly cooked dish of succulent bacon and eggs was seated a girl in a peignoir with cinematic hair.

" *You !* " said (*Continued on page* 102)

Elizabeth Arden's

Leg Make-up **idea figures so importantly in the Summer Scene**

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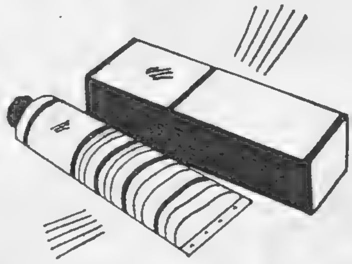

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EAU DIXOR

Unwanted hair removed in one minute.

Norah, involuntarily, before she could swallow the word.

The man stood up and laughed, A most uncomfortable laugh. " Yes," he said, " and now—what ? As I've missed the enormous pleasure of meeting you before, I owe a grudge to my double who must have had that luck."

" Your—*what ?* "

" Some joker for whom I'm taken so often that I'm getting rather fed up." He emitted another guffaw.

Whereupon, like a Die-hard or the sister of a Die-hard whose loyalty was his, Norah went upstairs. Slowly, therefore, and stiffly and with a frozen spine.

Brecon was amazed. He hadn't the ghost of a notion what this curious episode meant. Being an excellent soldier, imagination was not a thing which was included in his gear. But a gleam of light crept into his brain when she turned to him at her door. He saw that her face was white.

She said, " A house has fallen down."

" What house ? What do you mean ? "

" A house in Sussex, Ronny. It's fallen with a crash." She smiled a little wanly and went inside to strip.

Before she emerged in chastity and those three little bits, a car went down the drive and in it was a man of forty and a cinematic girl

The gleam became a glare and in it Brecon saw a disillusioned girl. It was a very painful sight. It was so extremely painful that for the whole of the rest of the week-end it blotted out thoughts of self. It forced him to quadruple his efforts to make her holiday good, so that he became a temporary convert to all the creeds of the Cause. He mucked about in the pool with her and laughed at all her gibes. He lay without his upper part on the blanket at her side. He took her on at tennis and made her work for tea. He danced with her till midnight and cooled off in the pool. He sat on her bed and rambled on until she fell asleep. And on Sunday he repeated the process with such utter selflessness that he had the joy during dinner of seeing two normal eyes. They were dressed again by then, with four stinging shoulders and an enormous sense of health.

He dropped her in her dingy hall at precisely ten o'clock. " Well, goodbye, " he said.

" To quote the words of that nasty worm, ' And now—what ? ' " she asked.

He shook his head and was silent. He saw a lonely future and some-day soon a nephew who would carry on the name.

She said, as she held his hand, " Thank God for inconsistency and a marvellous escape. You've helped me to feel pre-Arthur and proved how sound the things are from which I asked to be chucked."

She stood on tip-toes and kissed him and made a dive at the lift.

End

Town or Country ?

(Continued from page 39.)

" We eat here when we're alone. It's cool and airy and saves me work. I prefer to cook myself because I know then what goes into the food. That's so important with children.

" Our fruit and vegetables are from the garden—and what pounds and pounds that saves us ! Our milk comes from a farm and we have our own chickens."

You wander from room to room—from the charmingly disorderly nursery to the perambulator in the garden. The hours pass quickly in this cool, reposeful, lovable house. Its charm is as deeply seated in the simple mellow furnishing as in the notice pinned upon the study door :

> *This is MY room. I can do as I like in it. No boys or dusting parties are admitted unless on a lead. Signed . . .*

Your last impression is of your hostess descending the stairs from the nursery, a little flushed with exertion, a tennis racquet under her arm.

" They're asleep," she says ; "now the evening's mine. Please, what *should* I do with my evenings in Town ? "

Balbo *the* Magnificent

(*Continued from page* 15)

at present Colonial Minister, and Senator de Vecchi, now Italian Minister to the Vatican, earned the title of Quadrumvirate. Ancient Rome, stronghold of tradition and cradle of ambition, became his background. To "sermons in stones" he turned an eager ear. He let the Past speak to him of the Future, intensifying a mental acquisitiveness that made the Present for ever a thing of Yesterday.

A man of his imagination and adventurous spirit could not long resist the call of the sky and the lure of aviation. His background shifted from the stability of the Eternal City to the ceaseless change of the unexplored, uncharted cloud-world. Roaring aero-motors drummed him to achievement for his country in the air. Here was a test of the man's character. It is one thing to dream a vision of aeroplanes triumphantly winging Italian colours across the Atlantic, to anticipate the glory and prestige that such a feat would bring to his homeland, the satisfaction that it would be to his Chief, Mussolini, to whom he was devoted, and to whom he wanted to show himself grateful, and quite another matter to tackle the jig-saw puzzle of detail before such a plan even began to take shape.

I have a very clear idea of what that means, having been *au courant* with all the work and organisation involved before the three big pioneer Zeppelin flights in 1928, 1929 and 1930, in which I took part. To me personally, the strategy of preparation, the selection and training of personnel, the thousands—and I do mean thousands, not hundreds—of details that had to be worked over and over again before the project was even feasible, were more of a character-test than the tremendous strain of the actual flights themselves.

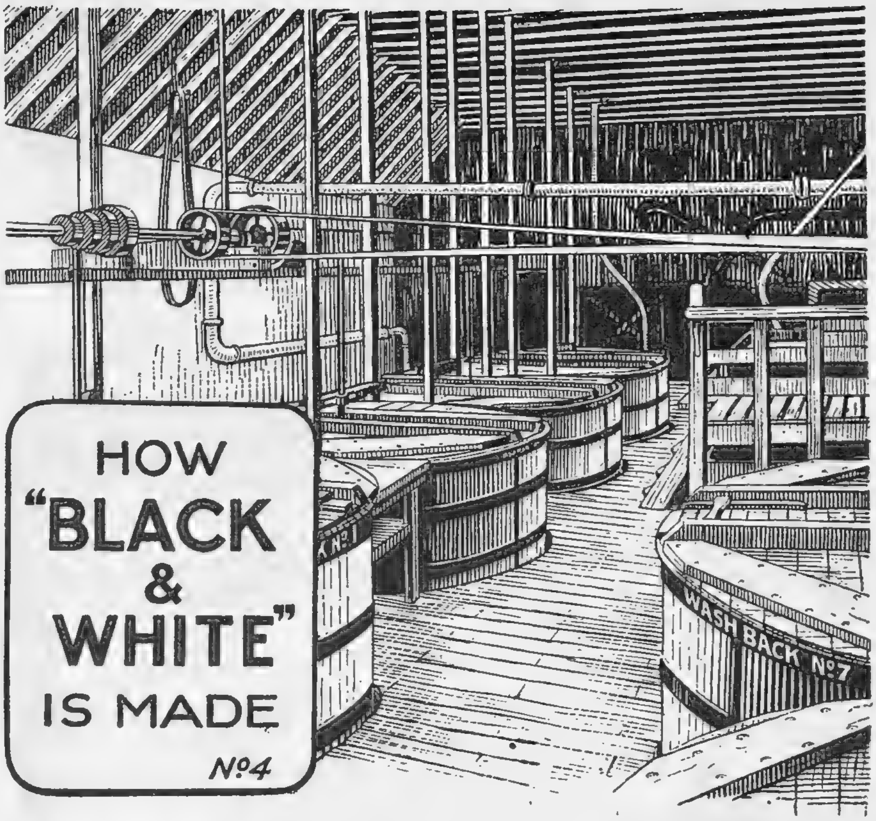
I remember speaking to Balbo in Rome about that, some time before he started off on his spectacular formation flight last year with twenty-five flying-boats over the Alps to Amsterdam, and across the Atlantic to Ireland. He recalled the organisation of several shorter flights, long enough and thrilling enough in their time; the heavy task of preparing the 1931 Atlantic flight of fourteen flying-boats in formation from Rome to Rio de Janeiro via Bolama, and training fifty-six men. The 1933 flight was with twenty-five aircraft and one hundred men. One man confident enough to lead a hundred through nebulous spaces that can never be charted; past atmospheric shoals and reefs that can never be mapped; through intangible perils that can never be foreseen. One heart big enough to share its courage round a hundred. One soul lofty enough to remain the simplest and most modest of them all.

The Roman Eagle raised Italy's prestige and glory in the air to highest point. Italian aviation became the cynosure of the world.

Glory for Italy who had produced the men and the machines. Glory for Mussolini who had supported the scheme and made the flight possible. Glory for the officers, engineers, technicians and workmen whose bravery, science, skill and loyalty had contributed to this peak performance. Glory for Balbo, whom the Duce raised to rank of Marshal. Balbo's title of Marshal of the Air is equivalent to that of our military Field-Marshal, and to the French Maréchal. It ranks much higher than the British Air-Marshal. There are only a few Marshals in Italy and, as the first Marshal of the Air, Balbo is a kind of Lord High Admiral of the Italian Air Force.

Balbo's homecoming was almost a revival of the ancient Roman Triumph. He was a national hero. A world figure.

The world was all the more amazed when, upon the heels of all this, came the announcement that Mussolini had removed Marshal Balbo from the post of Minister of Air and sent him to North Africa as Governor-General of Libya, with headquarters at Tripoli. Clipped the wings (*Continued on page* 104)



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of his spectacular young Marshal of the Air. Earth-bound him to the desert, to the arduous and often monotonous task of colonisation and administration. Scattered his band of highly trained aviators. What did it mean ? Was it exile ? An honourable but none the less effective removal from the Capital of his triumphs ? And why ? Was Balbo's popularity becoming "dangerous" ? Was Mussolini recalling past Roman history ? Rumour suggested a dozen possible reasons, most of them incompatible with the believed magnanimity of Mussolini's character and his known friendship for his dashing junior. The idea of jealousy on Mussolini's part was surely impossible. A Mussolini could never deign to fear even a Balbo. No. There must be some other reason. Some important State reason, perhaps. State chancellories, salons, and Press speculated and gossiped briskly awhile. The world wondered, then dropped the matter, to let events reveal the mystery.

Why was Balbo sent to Libya ?

I put the question quite bluntly to him in Tripoli.

"I am a soldier," he replied evenly, after a moment adding, "The Duce has a certain confidence in me and sent me to govern out here, so that I might learn civil administration. That necessary experience has been lacking, and I will need it."

"But don't you find it dull administrating out here after these last years of flying adventures ? Don't you miss flying very much ?" I asked with more feeling than discretion.

A slight flush. "Of course I do miss the flying, just as much, if not more than you can imagine ; but I get some here all the same When I visit Rome I always go by air. I am having a new flying-boat for myself, too. Then I keep in touch with the interior by 'plane. It is interesting, here, too, in a different way, and I mean to leave a worth-while record behind me in Libya."

Watching the crystal cascade of a tinkling fountain, he continued slowly: "The Duce raised me to the rank of Marshal in peacetime, and that is usually only a war honour, but he considered my various flights as 'war service.' I am so grateful for the honour that I will accept any post the Duce wishes me to fill, always say 'Thank you,' and carry out his commands to the best of my ability." For a few moments he continued to gaze at the free-flung sparkling water, silent, seemingly lost in thought. As if to himself: "Yes, I *do* miss the flying, especially as the world is entering upon a real Air Age." To me, but with his eyes towards the star-studded sky, "The world's future in the air is as unlimited as Space itself." Squaring his shoulders, he turned with his frank smile. "There is a tremendous lot to be done in North Africa. I reckon that Libya can absorb a million Italian colonists within twenty years."

AS Governor-General of Libya, successor after a lapse of many centuries to the famous Pro-consuls of Ancient Rome, Marshal Balbo has stepped into an exotic setting which suits him as well as he suits it. He thinks always in a big way. He has big ideas, big ambitions for Italy, an unbounded horizon of imagination. His natural magnificence is never ostentatious or superficial. When I found him in Tripoli, I did not wonder any longer why, or how, he got there. I only wondered how he came to be born a modern Italian, instead of riding the crest of the last wave of Oriental prestige and splendour, forty or fifty years ago.

Behold him against his latest background—the tawny Libyan desert, with whose sands mingles the dust of a civilisation far older than Rome ; along whose coast the ancients have established their claims to immortality, and the Italians to-day are staking the nucleus of a New Roman Empire in Africa. On the ruins of Oea, founded by the Phœnicians twelve centuries before Christ, stands modern Tripoli, white, palmy, and now endowed with beautiful public gardens. The Governor's Palace is on the eastern side of the city, a commanding structure in the so-called "Moorish" style rich with arches and domes. By day, under an azure heaven, its dazzling walls are shadowed with fretted sunlight playing through the swaying trees.

Night under the purple velvet sky. The picturesque Palace is softly floodlit. Every one of the numerous tall palm-trees in the surrounding park heavy with a brilliant burden of electric light date-clusters. Illuminated fountains and still waters outrivalling the stars and moon in glitter and radiance. Between each one of the columns of an imposing semicircular colonnade at the end of the park stands a crimson-cloaked, turbaned Zaptié (guard), all as motionless as effigies, floodlight playing on their proud, swarthy features. Between the double row of columns flanking the main entrance stand more of these handsome native guards, as immobile as their companions in the park, except when they simultaneously click a salute to the entering guest. Facing the portals, mounted Zaptiés, horse and man in frozen rigidity. I felt that I must be entering the enchanted palace of the still-Sleeping Beauty and her bewitched Court.

Inside all movement, life and gaiety. Balbo the Magnificent in his element. Perhaps I should say in an element created by his unbridled imagination. Beside him, receiving two thousand guests, stands Donna Balbo, young, attractive, petite brunette, with the gracious composed manners and easy courtesy of the veritable "grande dame." This entertainment made social history in North Africa. It is safe to surmise that there has never been anything like it since the days of ancient Roman splendour.

The family life of Marshal Balbo and his charming wife is of contrasting simplicity. They live in the Palace with their three little children. Two daughters, aged eight and six, and their four-year-old son, Paulo. In some indefinable manner, the Balbos seem to have taken possession of the huge Palace as "home," and do not at all give the impression of being temporary residents in a State-provided official building, as I have sensed in the case of many Diplomatic or Government representatives. No matter how vast the hall or room, Donna Balbo's personality commands it to become her personal salon for the time.

The Marshal's time is heavily occupied with work.

"If he had not any work to do, he would create it," his wife told me. "He cannot bear a moment's inactivity."

That seems to apply to leisure hours as well. One evening after dinner, the Marshal suggested we should drive to the beautiful Tagiura Oasis, about twelve miles out of the city, and have our coffee there. Colonel Cagna, his A.D.C. (who was the youngest pilot of last year's Atlantic flight), ordered the cars. Two high-powered motor-cycles for the police guard stood waiting to escort us.

"I'll be your escort!" Balbo cried gleefully, throwing himself on to one of the motor-cycles, and motioning Colonel Cagna to mount the other. With headlights ablaze, away we sped through the Stygian night, the cars having some difficulty to keep pace with the powerful motor-cycles racing ahead. Donna Balbo, by whom I was sitting, seemed to take it all quite for granted, and when we arrived at the Oasis café, the Marshal, wiping the dust off his face, said to me "Ah! I feel a lot better now! I work all day so formally, receive people, and have to listen and talk, and talk and listen. When that is over, I feel I *must* have a fling of liberty, drive or fly, ride or run!"

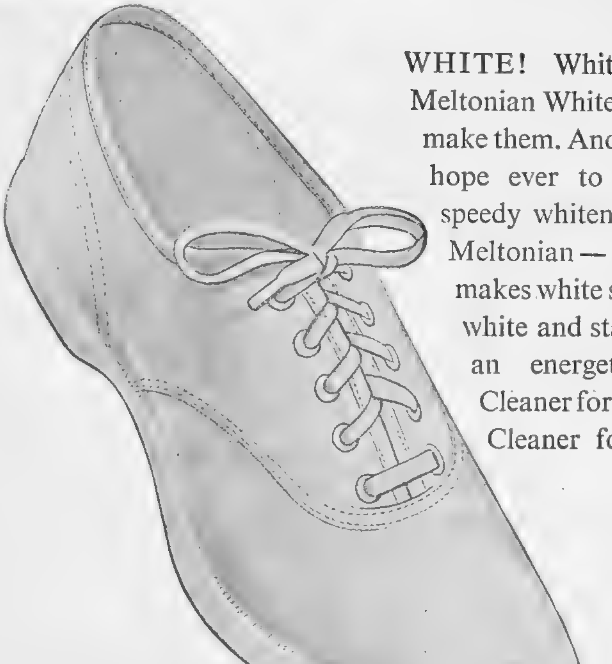
"I can drive anything on wheels from a motor-cycle to a train, and fly anything with wings," he told me during the evening. He certainly drives marvellously well. Returning to the city by a longer route, the Marshal preferred his own big motor-car for a change. Inviting me to sit beside him, he took the wheel, and away we went, gathering speed along the

(*Continued on page* 106)

BY APPOINTMENT

What white should white shoes be?

BY APPOINTMENT



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*** Send 6d. for booklet and liberal sample of these Toiletries. State if skin is greasy or dry and shade of powder and rouge used.**

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smooth road which is one of the tracks maintained for motor races in Tripoli.

I glanced at the speedometer registering in kilometres per hour. It marked the equivalent of 74 miles per hour. Soon it was 80 m.p.h. Quickly it climbed to 90 and, fascinated, I watched the needle oscillate around 97 and 100 m.p.h. Never before have I travelled so fast on wheels.

"Now I enjoy this". . . changing gears round a corner. . . ." I can do 125 miles an hour on this road". . . . momentary concentration. . . . "I took some American friends out last week for a run". . . .Honk! Honk! a white-robed Arab had stepped out of the shadows. . . ." They said so little that I don't know to-day whether they were too scared to talk, or just too used to speed to notice it". . . ." I felt they did not properly appreciate the art of night-driving in this country" . . . . the powerful brakes, applied in a flash, saved a black goat—and probably us. . . ." You see odd things like that wandering on the roads". . . .Palms, walls, houses flashed past in a blur. . . ." Why, here we are back again.". . . .

"Why! So we are," I echoed dazedly, feeling to see if my hair had been blown off. The front seats were open to the wind. Donna Balbo, the Marchesa Negroni and the not-so-young General Fougier, Commander-in-Chief of all the Troops in Italian North Africa, stepped out quite unconcernedly from the back.

"A delightful drive," his wife smiled to the Marshal.

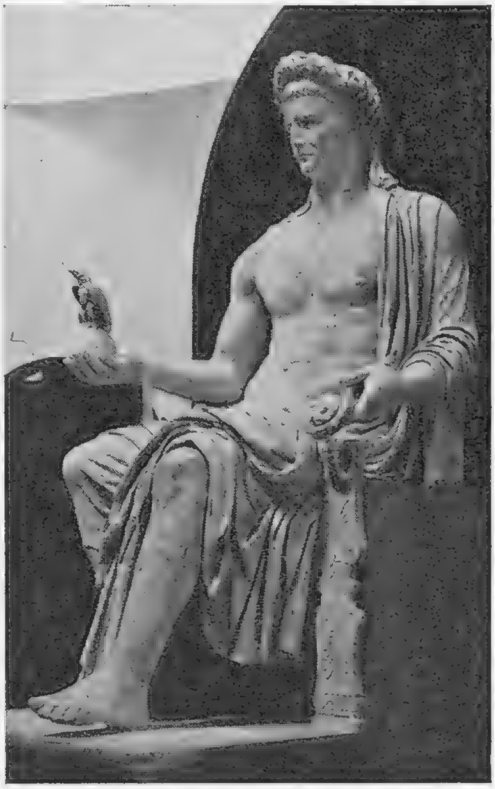
Balbo's hero and inspiration is Alexander the Great. Mussolini told me in Rome as far back as 1925 that Julius Cæsar was his model, and the succeeding years have proven it.

"Alexander the Great is my hero and my inspiration. I admire his spirit of always advancing. I admire his youth. He died at the age of thirty-four, never conquered by Man, but only by Nature."

While Marshal Balbo is taking more interest in the antiquities and excavations in Cirenaica and Tripolitania than did any of his predecessors; while he is scrupulously fulfilling every detail of his administrative duties; while he is making almost superhuman efforts to advance the colonisation of Libya, his heart is in road-building.

"I am a man of Roads," he said to me. "The ancient Romans were great road-builders. Roads are the finest civilising factors and economic investment. One of my ambitions is to see a fine motor road right through from the Atlantic coast of Morocco to the Egyptian coast of the Red Sea. That would provide the most wonderful motor trip in the world, and bring motorists and tourists to all the countries in North Africa. As far as Libya is concerned, I am hoping very soon to finish a good motor road right along the coast from the border of Tunisia on the west, to the border of Egypt on the east."

Marshal Balbo's next-door neighbour in Egypt, Colonel A. W. Green Bey, British Governor of the Western Desert, is also an enthusiast about road-building. When I was staying at Mersa Matruh this January, Green Bey, who has his headquarters in this almost unknown but perfect little paradise, talked to me a lot about *his* ambitions to see a fine road along the Mediterranean coast of Egypt. I was doubly interested, therefore, to learn from Balbo that Green Bey and his wife were motoring home to England on leave, from Mersa Matruh to Tangier, and would be staying a few days in Tripoli. The Greens duly arrived, and Balbo invited me to the dinner which he gave in their honour. The conversations between the two road-building enthusiasts were as interesting as I had anticipated. Balbo revealed yet another angle of his character, so amazingly acquisitive of knowledge. Road-building might have been his lifelong study, so thoroughly and expertly did he handle the subject.



THE famous statue of Claudius holding the World in his hand. This piece of sculpture is housed in the Castello at Tripoli

Entirely characteristic is his decision that he wants his offices in the old Castello, against whose sheer walls lap the blue waves from which the Mediterranean stretches in boundless horizon. There was probably a Roman fortress on the site of the present Castello, which dates back about three hundred and twenty years. The Castello has been repaired by the Italians, and the interior modernised. A priceless collection of antiques, statues, and marbles excavated in Libya is housed there.

A whole wing is in preparation for Marshal Balbo and his personal staff in the Castello, and is nearing completion. Rooms for his secretaries and a magnificent ante-chamber, of which the ceiling is decorated with Roman Eagles, a compliment to the winged Marshal, and a national symbol at the same time. The decoration and arrangement of Balbo's own office are the especial care and pride of Professor Giacomo Guidi, Superintendent of Monuments and Excavations in Tripoli, who has brought an infinity of poesy and imagination to bear upon the task.

Passing through the various rooms, one mounts a few steps here and there, to find the Governor's room at highest level. The floor, chequered in black and white marble, corresponds in geometrical design with the ceiling. The old Romans held that the floor should be the mirror of the ceiling. On the wall, facing the Marshal's desk, is a beautiful mosaic of Orpheus charming the wild animals. "Quite an apt symbol," Professor Guidi smiled. On the wall behind the desk is another marvellous mosaic. The right wall contains a large niche, with two smaller niches either side. A statue of a Nymph will stand in the large niche; two caskets of rare marble in the two smaller ones. These caskets will be filled with small antiques recently excavated, the idea being that, when Marshal Balbo receives distinguished visitors, he can withdraw these precious objects from the caskets and show his guests the latest discoveries. The small objects will be constantly changed in the caskets, fresh ones placed there as discovered, and others eliminated to be placed in the museum.

The desk itself is the chief item of interest. Professor Guidi found a large piece of unworked green marble in the ruins of Leptis Magna, a block unpolished, unwrought, probably quarried two thousand years ago. To what more worthy purpose could it be put than to furnish a unique desk for Italo Balbo! The desk was not quite finished when I saw it, but it promises to be a thing of sheer beauty.

Behind the office is a retiring room in perfect Arab style, again the creation of the poetic Professor. The entrance to the whole wing is another artistic achievement.

To leave the main door, Balbo will stand at the head of fourteen broad antique green marble steps. Behind him will tower the famous statue of Claudius, seated, holding the World in his outstretched hand. On the right wall, a mural decoration of Victory offering a palm-crown or laurel-wreath. Glancing left, the Marshal's eyes will fall upon a wide path on the battlements lined with ancient columns. If he wants to address a gathering of people he will descend the green marble steps and remain on a large raised dais, such as the ancient Romans used for outdoor oratory. From there he can step down either to his pathway of columns or to a fragrant garden, centre and on the right. That is how the Professor visualises and has dramatised the scene.

It is all very "Balboan," with just that touch of glamour and the dramatic that seems to surround him wherever he goes. Even in the desert, those with whom he comes in personal contact appear moved to romanticise his personality.

In the meantime, the world heard little or nothing of Italian aviation until Mussolini announced that Italy is prepared to spend a billion lire as an extraordinary grant on a new air programme within the next six months.

The Fur Coat

(*Continued from page* 53)

"He can, though."

She went back to the drawing-room. There was a bookcase between the windows, and she began to read a travel book. Presently she saw Monsieur Dumont cross the garden. She heard him come in. He went towards the dining-room. She read a little more, and then she looked up. He stood in the doorway.

"Mademoiselle, have you been at the bread?"

"The bread? What bread?"

"The bread in the dining-room. Have you been at it?"

"Really, monsieur, how do you know that anybody has been at it?"

"I'll show you," he said sternly, and he went out and brought back the half-loaf. "Feel it," he said, "where it has been cut." She put her finger on the place. "You see," he said, "it feels soft and moist. If nobody had been at it since lunch-time it would feel stale."

"Well, monsieur, I did take a slice of bread."

He considered her. "It's all right, since it wasn't the parlour-maid." But he spoke in a grudging voice. Then his voice changed; it became low and significant. "Madame Dumont went out with you this afternoon, didn't she?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, just walked."

"Did she leave you at all, meet anyone, go off with anyone?"

"No, certainly not."

He breathed deep—it was a sigh of relief; and she stood up and said:

"I must see to Antonia now."

He took hold of her arm as she passed him. "You can be very useful to me. If you're as useful as I hope, you can count on—on my generosity," and he pressed her arm.

She found Madame Dumont in a fur coat preparing the south bedroom for her. It was a wonderful fur coat, a silvery, silken thing, but Madame Dumont said it wasn't real chinchilla, only imitation, a birthday present from her brother. Helen interrupted her.

"Well, madame, I've had to lie for you already."

"Lie? How?"

"Monsieur asked me if you met anyone, went off with anyone, this afternoon."

"Well, what did you say?"

"I lied for you. And I'm a prig. I hate lying. Why did I do it?"

"Because you couldn't help yourself. We women always stand by one another, don't we?"

"Monsieur is very suspicious."

"Oh, he's always suspicious."

"You ought to cut this baron out."

Madame Dumont laughed. Then she said in a gentle voice:

"I've been putting up these lace curtains for you. Is the bed too hard? Would you like a softer mattress?"

"Fire me if you will," said Helen, "but I won't lie for you again."

And Madame Dumont said with another laugh: "You can move in to-morrow maybe."

But she didn't move in on the morrow; she didn't move in at all, for Monsieur Dumont claimed that if they gave her the south room, she would waste the electric light, an extravagance he couldn't afford. At that he watched her candles, and whenever she sat up reading or sewing after ten he would shout from below: "Are you going to burn that candle all night, mademoiselle?"

He continued to question her about his wife, and she, since his wife still met the baron—well, she continued to lie. Nor did her conscience trouble her. "I may be a prig," she thought, "but he shan't turn me into a spy."

One afternoon at Rauba Capeu he suddenly appeared before her with his little dog.

"Where is madame?" he asked.

Madame was driving with the baron, but she said:

"She has gone into town to shop."

"Is she coming back?"

"Oh, no."

He sat down on the bench. "Well, it's pleasant here. I'll rest a little while. She may come back."

"Oh, no, monsieur. She's going straight home after she finishes her shopping."

He took his little daughter on his knee. "Where did your mother go?" he asked her.

Antonia didn't like his knee. She struggled to get down. But he held her fast. "Where did mamma go?"

"Shopping," the child said.

"Who with?"

But Antonia was down now, gliding off on her scooter, and she didn't answer him.

He sat there, silent, stern, and the minutes passed. What a fool Madame Dumont was! Soon she would come driving gaily back with her baron, and what would happen then?

"Oh, dear," said Helen Lancaster, "I've made a great mistake."

He looked at her gloomily.

"After lunch madame sent me to the storeroom to get the cook a kilo of sugar, and I forgot about the key. I left it in the store room door."

"*Zut!*" said Monsieur Dumont in a dreadful voice, and, taking the little white dog under his arm, he made off like the wind.

Madame Dumont was saved—saved and terrified. She said she would never meet the baron on the promenade again. It was too dangerous.

"You should never meet him anywhere again, madame. Why do you keep up this silly flirtation?"

"It isn't silly. It's serious."

"You're not in love with him, I hope?"

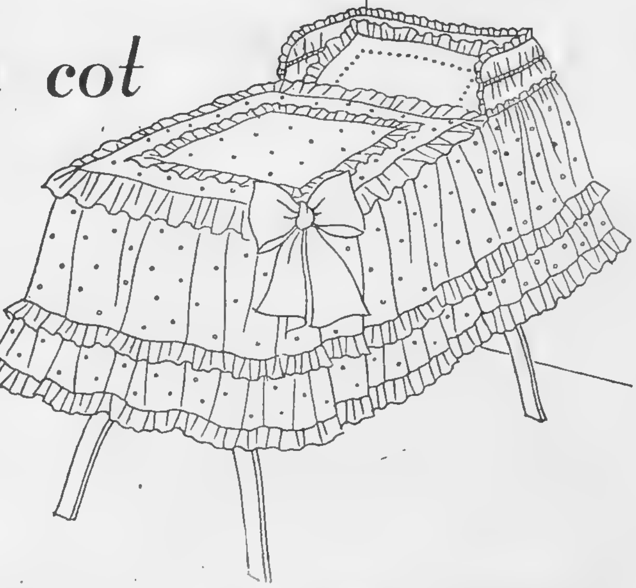
"I'm very fond of him. He's wonderful."

And as they walked back to Mon Repos in the sunset Madame Dumont told story after story about the baron's bravery as a flying ace in the war, about his success as editor, financier, politician, breaker of girls' and women's hearts.

"Who told you all these stories?"

"He did."

(*Continued on page 108*)



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"Well, they sound like lies to me."

"All France knows they're true."

"Do you care for him enough to give up little Antonia ?"

"No ! Never ! Besides, he wouldn't marry me. He couldn't. He's got a wife already, and six children."

"This is the limit," said Helen Lancaster. "I hate lies, and the way I lie for you . . ."

"I'll never forget it," said Madame Dumont. "It's wonderful. You're the best friend I ever had."

"This storeroom lie will put me in a hole."

"No. I'll say I remembered the key and got it before we started out."

"Yes, that will satisfy him. But, madame, why don't you give the baron up ? I may be a prig; there may be no harm in these secret motor rides; you say there isn't and I don't say there is; but suppose monsieur found out ?"

"Yes, if he found out ! What would become of me ? I haven't a sou."

"The cook said you were rich."

"When I married all my money went to my husband. That's the law."

"If he divorced you, then, could he keep all your money ?"

"All of it."

"Madame, give the baron up !"

"I will."

But she didn't; she continued to meet him as before; and Monsieur Dumont was certainly suspicious.

"Why doesn't she wear her new fur coat ?" he said to Helen one morning.

"She thinks it is too cheap-looking to wear except at night."

"Is it as cheap as that ?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur."

Afterwards she told Madame Dumont what he had said.

"How difficult he is ! Suspicious of everything." Madame Dumont frowned, bit her lip, tapped the floor with her foot. "Well, I'll wear the coat this afternoon."

"I'm wearing my imitation fur coat, Georges," she said, when she came out into the garden. "Does it look very bad ?"

Monsieur Dumont, dusting a gnome, thought it looked very good. But at the gate she turned back abruptly. The cheap lining of the coat, she said, had come undone; it would be trailing on the ground next; and she ran upstairs again and changed to her cloth coat.

Soon after this queer episode the detective appeared on the scene. Madame Dumont pointed him out in Vogade's, a thickset man in black, with dyed black hair and a dyed black moustache. He had now been following her a week.

Helen Lancaster stared at the detective curiously. He was drinking a bock at the bar. The way he wouldn't look in their direction was suspicious too.

"At that, madame, you may be mistaken about him," she said.

"I'll show you if I'm mistaken." Madame Dumont's voice trembled with excitement. "Choose a place for us to go to, the unlikeliest place you can think of, and if he doesn't follow us there . . ."

So Helen Lancaster chose from the *Eclaireur* a lecture on childbirth in the little museum by the Paillon, and soon, sure enough, the detective clumped sheepishly in. He sat down by the door. He sat there all alone, very conspicuous, for the audience was a mere handful of young wives. Staring back at him, Helen said:

"He might at least have disguised himself, the ass !"

"Yes," sneered Madame Dumont, "he might have put on a maternity gown or something. I suppose Georges got him cheap."

"Has he ever seen you with the baron ?"

"No, thank heaven."

"Does the baron know about him ?"

"Yes, I wrote."

Day after day the detective followed them, and Madame Dumont said in her fright that she was done with the baron for ever.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that," said Helen Lancaster, "though of course I've heard you say it before."

"Why are you glad ? What difference does it make to you ?"

"This difference. If you kept on meeting him you'd be ruined, and I don't want you to be ruined, for I like you somehow."

"I like you, too, Hélène, and without any 'somehow' either."

Then the detective was taken off the trail.

"Now," said Helen, "you're all right. Unjust suspicions squelched, and all that sort of thing." They were sitting in the winter sunshine on a bench in the Place Wilson, and the young girl touched the young matron's hand. "It's like beginning a new life, isn't it ?" she said.

"Yes, it is," said Madame Dumont. "I haven't seen that detective for two days, and I'm going to meet the baron here at three o'clock."

"Well !" Helen Lancaster jumped up. "I'm through."

"Do you mean you're going to leave me ?"

"That's what I mean exactly."

"And this is my reward for giving you half my dress allowance."

"I don't care. You're incorrigible."

"How much money have you got, Hélène ? A hundred francs ?"

"Almost."

"Hélène, you'll starve !"

"No, I'll get another job *au pair*. Stew in your own juice," she said, turning away.

But just then the baron drove up in his splendid open car, the car stopped, and Madame Dumont gave a little moan.

"The detective !" she moaned. "Hiding there in the post-office doorway. Watching like a hawk. And the baron ? Look, he's waving to me. What am I to do ?"

What was she to do indeed ? She could do nothing, of course. It was the end. It was justice, the wages of sin. It was everything it should be. Yet Helen Lancaster turned back.

"Madame," she said, "we'll pretend he's come for me," and she hurried to the car and got in.

"A detective," and she sat down close beside the baron. "He's hiding in the post-office. Pretend you came for me."

The baron stared at her.

"Don't stare like that," she said. "He's watching us. Do something, for heaven's sake."

He put his fat arm round her waist limply. "She wrote me about a detective," he muttered, "but I couldn't believe it."

"Tell your chauffeur to drive on."

"Drive on, (*Continued on page* 110)

A Guidebook *of* Much Interest

GUIDEBOOKS on Cornwall are apt either to ponder obtrusively on its history or to be gaily flippant about its golden sands and saffron, but the Architectural Press have just published the perfect guide, edited by John Betjemann and sponsored by Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd.

It is an anthology of Cornwall, a dish of all the good things you find there.

The first six pages are taken up by excellent maps which give the reader a comprehensive idea of Cornwall at the start. Cornish towns are dealt with next and a series of excellent photographs show Cornwall at its most picturesque.

A page is devoted to sketches and notes on the particular style and period of architecture of the churches in Cornwall.

A special feature is made of sport, and you may find out just where the best golf courses lie and what are their green fees.

Round the Cornish coast the currents are very strong, and fishing round the coves is an excellent pastime. This guidebook on Cornwall will tell you which fish give the best sport in these waters.

Sailing is the darling of the Cornishman's heart, and in the estuaries of Fal and Fowey are two of the loveliest harbours in his county.

In fact, there is nothing about Cornwall you cannot find some mention of in John Betjemann's little book.

Food is treated with the seriousness proper to the subject, and six famous recipes are given for the perusal and trial of the epicure.

A page is given to the Cornish language, which died an untimely death somewhere around 1777. And you must not forget the Scilly Isles; two lovely views show the Abbey Gardens at Tresco and the Island of Bryher. This is a book to rejoice the heart of those who relish queer facts, and the beauty of their country at its best.

It is published at 2s. 6d., and is bound by a spiral wire which enables it to open flat, making it particularly useful and convenient for the motorist.

Gibson, Penzance

THE "Crowdale" on the rocks at the Lizard. One of the illustrations in the excellent guidebook on Cornwall recently published by the Architectural Press

OUTSPOKEN FOOD FACTS

by

Lady Mount-Temple

If you will pardon my outspokenness, I think those people are foolish who are proud that they 'don't notice what they are eating.' It is a stupid boast—and to an epicure, an outrageous one. I would as soon hear a person say he 'does not notice what book he is reading.' Myself, I have always regarded food as one of the major issues in the high art of living. And what intelligence I possess I apply as strenuously to the choice of dishes as I do to the choice of clothes, friends, surroundings.

I am, amongst other things, a keen—I hope, a discerning—devotee of salads. There is romance, poetry even, in a salad. I don't mean the lazy restaurant's idea of a good old English Salad—one drooping lettuce leaf supporting sliced potato and a hard-boiled egg, not forgetting the vinegar! That, to me is as distasteful as the remark, when one expresses preference on a sizzling hot day for salad rather than hot roast beef, 'Oh, are you a faddist about your food?' I mean a salad made with discretion and rare imagination. Artichoke, endive, chicory, asparagus, spinach, sorrel, dandelion; and amongst the fruits, cranberry, tangerine, mango, melon, fig, avocado pear, lychee—here is a handful of ideas for salads. Don't imagine I have any complaints against those dear old friends, tomato, potato, beetroot and cucumber—of course I haven't.

I don't believe for one moment that it is difficult to make a good salad, or that it is the prerogative of the French only. Certainly it is much easier than making a good omelette, or a drinkable cup of coffee. The whole skill rests in suitable and clever choice of the ingredients. And with England's fields and gardens bursting with fine, fresh vegetables and fruits, it requires no more than intelligence and a little forethought!

But I am—I confess—fastidious about the Dressing that accompanies—nay, crowns—the Salad. Some well-meaning hostesses spend hours concocting strange dressings whose final taste belies the trouble taken. This is wasted energy. Having considerable knowledge about food, I am bold enough to stake my reputation upon this unequivocal statement that no mere amateur, however enthusiastic, has ever made a salad dressing to equal Heinz Salad Cream. Let the cobbler stick to his last. Heinz know all there is to know about making Salad Dressing. They have achieved ultimate, undeniable perfection. Go you and do likewise—with the preparing of the actual salad. You, with your salad, Heinz with their Salad Cream, can combine to make a meal fit for the gods.

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Pierre. The Var road." His voice was hoarse with fear.

It was a stormy drive. She could never be persuaded to talk about it afterwards. It would seem, however, that she told the baron what she thought of him; his fright turned to anger under her words, and he stopped the car and growled:

"Get out!"

They were on the Var road by that time, five or six miles from home.

"No, thank you."

"Get out!"

"No. Be reasonable; I haven't any money. I can't——"

"Get out and walk."

He leaned across her, opened the car door and gave her a push. She fell out; it may even be that he threw her out—she would never talk about it afterwards—and she limped back to Mon Repos with a cut knee.

DINNER was being served when she got back, and above his plate of lentils Monsieur Dumont glared at her. As for Madame Dumont, she kept her eyes lowered; she never once looked up. And not a word was spoken.

Helen Lancaster said, "Sorry I'm so late," and she began to eat her régime lentils. How they had bungled! Madame Dumont should have contrived to see her alone and tell her what to say. She would be questioned now—where had she been, and so forth—and no matter what she answered, truth or lies, it was probable that she would only contradict her mistress.

But no questions came; the parlourmaid brought in the épergne of fruit; Monsieur Dumont pawed over it as usual; then he accused the girl of making away with an apple. She denied the accusation; she had thrown out the apple because it was spoiled, she said; but that, he told her, didn't go down with him.

And ominous, silent, he set off for the Café du Commerce. Madame Dumont said to Helen:

"You saved me. Twice you've saved me now."

"Tell me what happened, madame."

"As soon as you drove off I came home. Georges was out; he didn't get back till dinner time, and I knew at once that he had seen the detective."

"I knew it, too, the way he glared at me."

"He asked where you were, and I told him that a friend of yours had met you in the Place Wilson and taken you for a run in his car."

"Did he ask who my friend was?"

"Yes. I said I didn't know."

"Well, you've pulled through, probably."

Madame Dumont said: "What happened in the car?"

"I don't care to talk about it."

"I suppose the baron made up to you."

"No, he didn't."

"What happened, then?"

"I tell you I won't talk about it."

Madame Dumont went into the salon. Helen limped after her and, sitting by the radiator, she drew down her stocking and examined her cut knee.

"Oh, Hélène, did you have a fall?"

"Yes, I had a fall."

Madame Dumont hurried out to fetch warm water, iodine and lint, and as she bound up the cut knee she said:

"You'll stay with me now; you won't leave me, will you?"

"On one condition I'll stay."

"I accept your condition."

"Ah, madame, you've said that before."

"I mean it this time, truly."

And truly, whether she meant it or not, Madame Dumont never saw the baron again. For the baron left Nice in the morning without a word. They wouldn't have known he was gone if they hadn't happened on his name in the list of departures in the *Eclaireur*.

Madame Dumont showed no grief over his loss. She seemed, if anything, the happier. The days passed, and Helen Lancaster, in her cold room, in her *au pair* job, was content. Youth must have something to love, and she loved her mistress and little Antonia.

Her mistress was silly, yes, but Helen loved her for her kind heart. She gave the servants nearly all her dress allowance so that they could buy themselves extra food, and she gave what she could to Helen, too. In consequence she was shabby, especially in her underlinen. She was mending, darning, patching underlinen day and night. Certainly this was not the underlinen of a *femme fatale*. And she was a hard worker; she worked as hard as the servants to keep the villa spotless.

Monsieur Dumont amused Helen. Except when marketing in the cheap Vieille Ville or card-playing at the Café du Commerce, he prowled about Mon Repos like a troublesome old dog, always in everybody's way. With pompous gravity he did any ugly thing, any mean thing, that came into his head. It was as if he couldn't help it. It was as if a sense of dignity, a sense of shame, had been altogether denied him. Yes, he was amusing in a despicable kind of way. And if, after all, he couldn't help it——

So the days continued to pass happily.

Then, one rainy morning, Arturo, Madame Dumont's young brother, burst in on them like a thunderbolt.

"I met Georges half an hour ago in the Old Town," he said, "and he questioned me in the strangest way about your fur coat."

"He did!" Madame Dumont seemed horrified. "You stuck to our story, I hope?"

"Yes, I told him I gave you the coat for a birthday present."

Arturo looked in embarrassment at Helen, but his sister said, "Oh, you can speak out. Hélène is my best friend;" so he went on:

"You see, mademoiselle, she bought the coat herself out of her savings, but she didn't want Georges to know." Then he turned back to his sister. "What's the idea?" he said suspiciously. "It's just a cheap coat isn't it?"

"Yes, just a cheap coat." But Madame Dumont's voice was dreary.

"He asked me," said Arturo, "if you knew Baron Marius de Mouton, the big financier. What the devil did he mean by that? I felt like punching his face."

"Oh, you know Georges," said the dreary voice.

And after Arturo was gone Madame Dumont went to pieces. "I'm ruined," she moaned. "The fur coat is my ruin."

"Oh, what rot!" said Helen. "Even if monsieur finds out you bought it yourself—still, since it's only a cheap imitation——"

"I didn't buy it myself, and it isn't a cheap imitation. It's real chinchilla, and the baron gave it to me."

"Good heavens!"

"It cost a hundred and eighty thousand francs at Raybaud's in Paris. It's a—a museum piece. I should never have accepted such a gift. It's no good to me, anyway. I'm afraid to wear it."

"You'd better get rid of it."

"How?"

"Well, sell it, say."

"No, I'm afraid to. Selling such a costly coat might lead to scandal, blackmail, anything."

"And you were only friends," sneered Helen Lancaster. "Strange he should give a friend a coat like that."

"You don't understand him. He's so rich and generous, a coat like that is nothing to him."

"Well, said Helen, "we won't borrow trouble. Monsieur Dumont is always suspicious."

"But the baron has been drawn in somehow. I don't understand it. The detective never saw me with the baron."

The next morning a queer thing happened. Monsieur Dumont came back from market with a chicken. A chicken! It was queer, incredible.

"I met my cousin Pierre on the Promenade," he explained (*Continued on page* 112)

PYORRHŒA?—not me!

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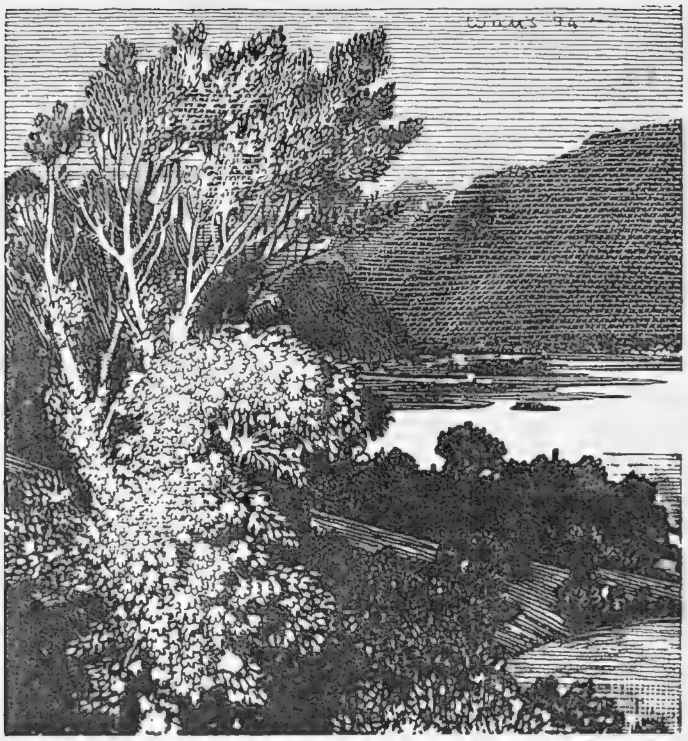

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at lunch. "I asked him to dinner to-night. The chicken's oldish; we'll have *poule au pot*."

"Pierre Arnoux, the furrier?" said Madame Dumont.

"Yes." His cold eyes rested on her for an instant. "We'll get him to value your fur coat," he said, taking up the wine bottle.

"Why, Georges, what nonsense! A cheap coat like that! I'd be ashamed."

But Monsieur Dumont, as if he hadn't heard her, turned to the parlourmaid. "A full glass of wine has disappeared. I suppose the cat drank it," he said.

On their bench in the Jardin Public after lunch Madame Dumont said that she would now have to kill herself.

"Pierre Arnoux is an expert, and when he comes out with the real value of the coat Georges will believe the worst."

"Oh, madame, isn't it too bad? Still, belief isn't proof."

"He can get proof enough. I've been to the baron's flat for tea."

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

"Madame! Why were you so foolish?"

"I was hungry, I suppose," and Madame Dumont began to cry. "We were so happy, weren't we, after we got rid of the baron?" Helen nodded vigorously; she couldn't trust her voice. "I was getting you a work-card; he'd have had to pay you then—he couldn't have got round it; and it was almost settled about the south room. But now he'll turn me out, he'll turn you out, and he'll divorce me. I'll never see Antonia again." She looked at Antonia gliding down an alley of palm-trees on her scooter. "Oh, what a fool I've been! There's nothing left but suicide."

"Don't think of suicide, madame. But I know you won't do it. People who talk of suicide never do it."

"There's nothing else to do."

"There is. If the worse comes to the worst we'll go away and work together. After all, you don't love your husband."

"I do love him. There's a side to him that nobody knows but me."

"Suppose you told him what you told your brother, that you saved the money for the coat?"

"Saved the money for a real chinchilla coat? He'd believe that, wouldn't he?"

"Suppose you told him you'd been indiscreet—made a kind of confession?"

"A confession? With that coat against me? Oh, I'm in a hole, and there's no way out."

"There must be. Let's try to think."

They thought and thought, but nothing came of it.

Madame Dumont took a lot of aspirin on her return to Mon Repos. Then she undressed and got into bed. She said she felt very ill. Helen read to her till Monsieur Dumont rattled the locked door. It was nearly seven, and he wanted to wash his hands for dinner.

"Brace up," Helen whispered. "We have a bad evening before us, but we'll pull through."

"I can't go down. I'm ill."

"You must go down."

"Why? What's the use?"

"Unlock this door," said Monsieur Dumont.

"A moment, monsieur," and Helen whispered on, "Yes, yes, go down. Wear your backless frock, the red. Be yourself. Maybe you can make him forget about the coat."

"No use," said Madame Dumont.

But she did go down in her backless red frock, and she looked lovely. She was conversing with the furrier guest when Helen came into the salon at half-past seven. And she was trying to be herself too, only she overdid it. She talked too fast and laughed too loud. Her husband watched her.

At dinner Helen started an argument about Fascism. Monsieur Dumont hated Fascism, but he wouldn't take part in the argument. He sat there looking murderous. As his wife had said, it was no use. Nothing could turn him from (*Continued on page* 114)

“SUN TAN” BEAUTY

Summer requires special beauty preparations that “proof” the skin against painful, disfiguring sunburn and yet perfectly simulate a flattering, natural tan.

Sunburn Oil. Induces an even *natural* tan, but quite prevents burning and blistering. Suitable for sea-bathing and all sports use. Easily applied, flattering to all types and quickly removed with cleansing cream, 6/6.

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“Sun Tan” Eye Make-Up. The Blue, Blue-Green and Green shades of Eye Shadow, 4/6, and Mascara, 5/-, 10/6, give the final touch of glamour to tan make-up.

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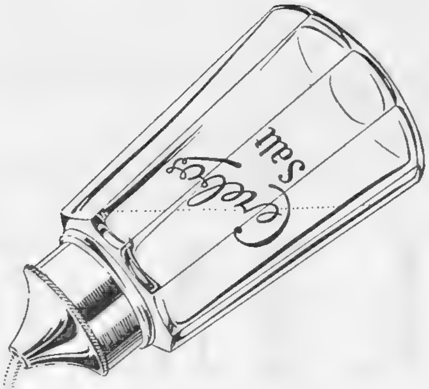

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Arks

his purpose. Well, get it over then. Get the ordeal over. It was torture to Helen Lancaster. What must it be to Madame Dumont? And Monsieur Dumont didn't seem to be enjoying himself either.

He spoke at last. "Pierre, I want to show you something."

The parlourmaid had just removed the *poule au pot*. She was putting on the cheese and fruit.

"Bring down madame's fur coat," he said to her.

Helen looked at Madame Dumont. Suddenly silent, she was peeling an apple. Her hands shook.

The maid came back with the coat. The furrier took it, studied it a moment, then he got up, chuckling, excited, and carried it to the sideboard to examine it by the light of the sideboard candelabra. "Well!" he said, and he kept on chuckling. "Well!"

Helen felt a kind of awe; she felt that she was in the presence of tragedy; and she looked swiftly from the absorbed, delighted furrier to Madame Dumont, to Monsieur Dumont. Silent, and with downcast eyes, Madame Dumont continued to peel her apple; she had peeled it half away. Monsieur Dumont stared straight before him; his face was dark, cruel, murderous, yet it was the face of one who is being tortured.

"What do you think of it, Pierre?" he said.

"It's wonderful," said the furrier. "I never saw anything like it. It's the best, the very best ——"

Madame Dumont rose so abruptly that she upset her chair. She stood, her hand on the table, swaying a little. She was like a victim on the scaffold who stands waiting for the drop. Helen righted the chair for her and she sank down in it lifelessly.

"Madame, are you ill?" the furrier asked.

"She was very ill after lunch," said Helen. "I'm afraid ——."

But Monsieur Dumont's harsh voice broke in on her: "What is that coat worth?"

"Oh, eight hundred francs, perhaps nine hundred. As I was saying, it's the most wonderful imitation ——."

Monsieur Dumont changed. He beamed. For once he looked kind and good—kind, good, human—a change indeed.

"You must lie down," he said gently to his wife. "Mademoiselle, take her upstairs to her room."

On the way upstairs Helen began to laugh. "Oh," she said, "that baron."

Madame Dumont stopped and leaned on the banister. Then she too began to laugh. "The crook!"

Madame Dumont's laughter was a queer mixture of happiness and chagrin, but Helen's happiness was unalloyed. Life, all the same, is strange. Life is hard on the idealist. Still Helen was happy, for her mistress had been saved; not saved by any act of hers, but by the baron's outrageous fraud.

END

Get That Professional Finish

THERE are so many needlework tasks that the amateur shrinks from attempting herself, not because they require unusual skill, but because of that amateur finish which publishes her inexperience from every seam. Yet a great deal of money might be saved if this small difficulty could be overcome.

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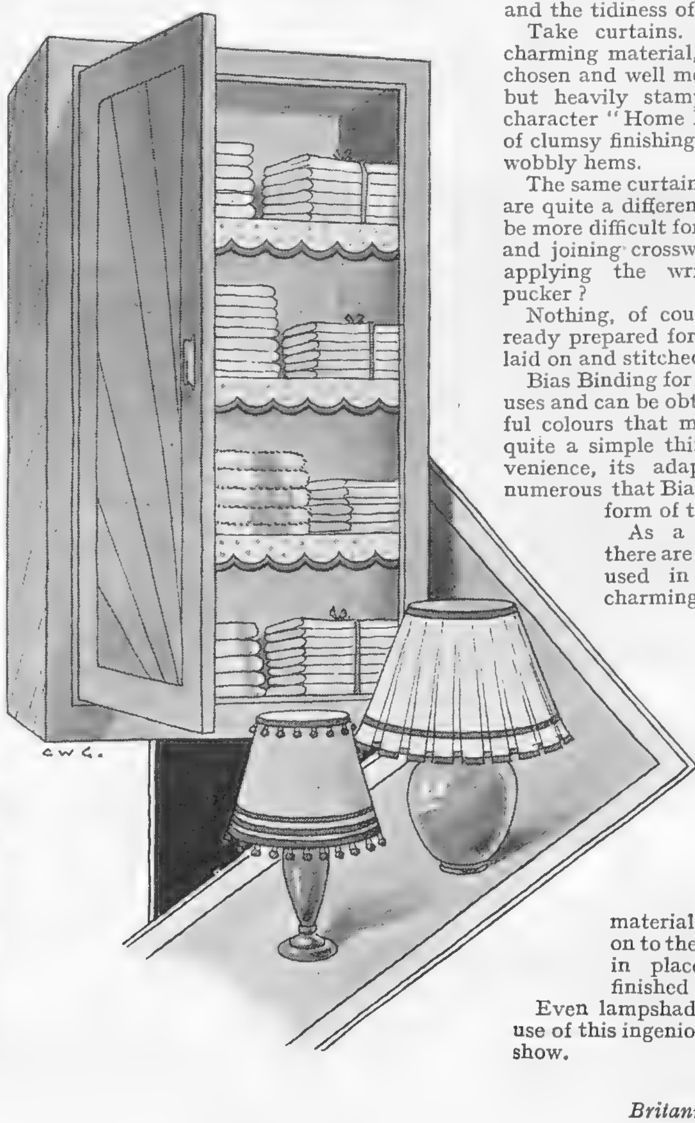

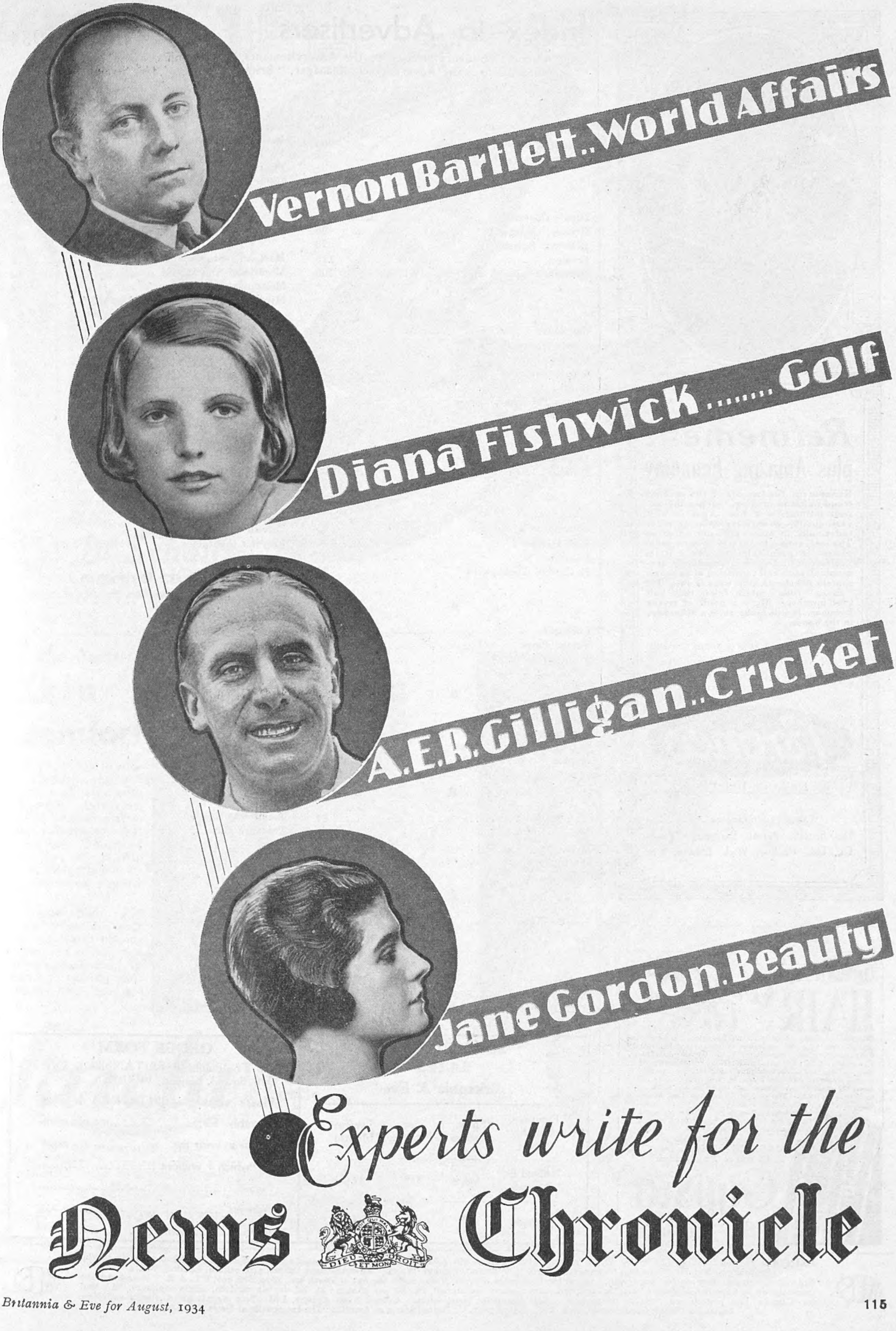

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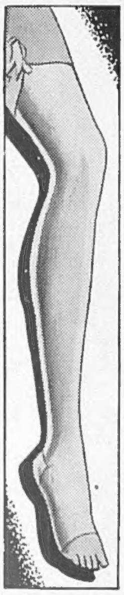

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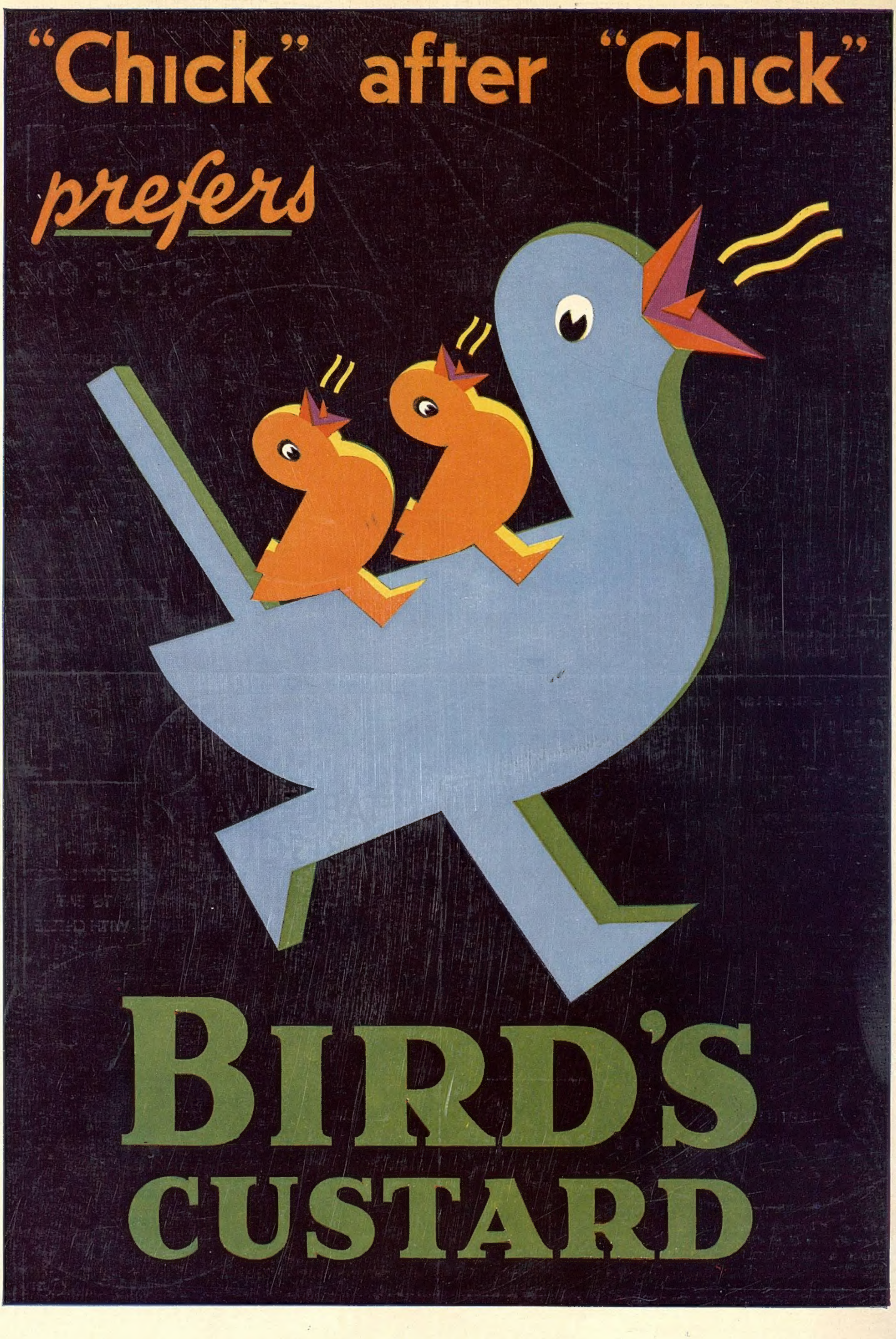
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